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A Mistake "Genuses are seldom understood."



Deal Promptly With Kidney Irregularities. When bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache keep you miserable, don't take chances!



Something Wrong "Will you have another piece of cake, Eric?"



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The Handsome Man by Margaret Turnbull

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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THE STORY

Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aggy."

CHAPTER III—Continued

He remembered now that Roberta had ailedly observed that they would have to get along somehow until the new servants came from the city, and it was possible they might not arrive at the island until tomorrow.

Robert, the millionaire, groaned, and turned to watch the car cross the bridge and make its way toward the house. It came to a standstill just beneath him, and he saw Joe lift out two or three traveling bags and then turn to speak to the first of his passengers who alighted.

He raised himself painfully in his chair, rapped loudly with his cane and called out: "This way!" They turned and came toward him.

He glanced at the man to whom she was talking, and whistled, low. Seldom had he seen such a handsome man. The fellow was striking, both as to his height, the clear-cut beauty of his features and his fine head with its brown hair, gleaming gold in the sunlight.

Oh, this man will never do! Robert said to himself decidedly. Have all the maids neglecting their work to look at him.

The woman came forward with a quick, decided step. She planted herself solidly on her feet as she walked, as though each small plump foot was a flatiron.

"Harden me, but I am unable to rise, owing to a bad attack of rheumatism. Won't you sit?"

"Rob, do you know me? I'm Aggy!"

He stared at her, speechless. His eyes searched her face for traces of the young and blooming sister he had left, so many years ago, in Scotland. It couldn't be Aggy! Yet, when he looked again, this might be Aggy—an Aggy that the years had stunted and thickened and rounded out a little too much, and put gray in the great mass of red hair which Sister Aggy used to have.

"Aggy!" He said it aloud. "Is it you? I cannot rise."

after my refusing your kind offer so decided-like; but I'm Aggy." Robert, his eyes still on her said softly: "Aggy!" Then he smiled. "It's like you, coming this way without warning." He laughed. "Why, I thought you were the new cook or the housekeeper."

Aggy smiled. It was a slow and reluctant smile, but it was pleasant. "So did your lady-daughter, who passed us on the road here. She told you driver that you were at home and would see us."

"You didn't tell her—" "Gild Sakes! No! I didn't tell her anything about who I was." She looked at him again. "Rob, is it not convenient? You need not stand on ceremony with me."

All the old protective feeling that he, as elder brother, used to feel for "wee Aggy" came over Rob MacBeth. He forgot the years that had lost—somewhere, somehow. He forgot that this was a middle-aged, strange woman.



But She Had Not Told Him They Were Scots.

an, almost as old now as the mother they had lost so many years ago. He forgot that he was a middle-aged man with a grown daughter and a million or two. He saw himself once more a strong young man leaving Scotland, while a red-haired girl clung to him and cried: "Oh, Rob, I cannot let you go! What'll I do without ye?"

He reached out his hand and said: "Aggy, I'm glad to see you. Did I not tell you that? Except for Roberta, there's nobody left but you and me."

The little woman stooped over, smoothed his hair and kissed him. "Dear Rob," she murmured.

He indicated a chair beside him and she sat down.

"What brought you, Aggy," he asked her, reverting unconsciously to the almost appalling directness of the true Scot, "and who's that?" He indicated Sir George, who was standing at the edge of the terrace and looking off toward the river.

"That's Sir George," said his sister quietly.

"What?" roared Rob MacBeth.

"Sir George Sandison," explained Aggy, with a self-conscious smile that just escaped being a smirk.

"I might have known it," said Rob MacBeth slowly. "I might have remembered those good looks. He's the same handsome devil that his father was before him. By the way, what's become of Sir Steenie? Drunk himself to death?"

"Yes," said Aggy solemnly. "Just that."

"Well," and her brother gave her a puzzled look, "what's Sir George doing here?"

"I invited him," answered Aggy, demurely. "Have you room or shall I send him back to the town for the night?"

Her brother gave her a quick look. "What's it mean?"

"Nothing," said Aggy stubbornly. "It's but natural."

Famous Statuary Hall Senator Morrill's Idea

Justin Smith Morrill suggested the plan of putting statues in the Capitol of prominent men from each state. The National Statuary hall, semicircular in shape and designed by Stribbe, after a Greek theater, is one of the most beautiful rooms of the Capitol. On the north side it has a colonnade of Potomac marble with white capitals, and a screen of similar columns on the south side supports a noble arch. The domed ceiling, decorated after that of the Roman Pantheon, springs 57 feet to a cupola by which the room is lighted. Above the door leading from the rotunda is Franconi's historical clock. This room was the hall of representatives, and was the forum of debates by Webster, Clay, Adams, Calhoun and others whose names are indelibly associated with the history of congress. In 1864 at the suggestion of Senator Morrill of

"Good G—d!" exclaimed her brother, "is anything wrong with him? Are you still his nurse?"

Aggy looked at him scornfully and yet a little proudly. "I am not, and have not been for many a year. I'm his stepmother."

"What?" roared the owner of the island, who had been thinking how best he could in a modest way introduce to his poor, but proud, sister the great story of his success, his millions.

"Yes," said his sister, with a matter-of-fact calmness that deceived her brother, and then proceeded to spike all his guns by her declaration: "I'm Lady Sandison, of Sandisbrae."

She kept her eyes away from her brother, until she thought he had digested this and then added: "I'm traveling, with my stepson, Sir George. We thought we'd just drop in and see you on our way."

The master of the island stared back at his sister. There was a considerable pause during which Robert thought hard before he asked: "How did you manage it, Aggy?"

Lady Sandison looked at him with quiet dignity.

"It's a long story, but it'll be told in time, Rob. Are we invited to bide the night, or am I to tell the taxi-man to wait?"

"Here, Joe," called MacBeth, "put the bags in the hall. Open the door yourself. There are no servants in the house. Get the trunks up from the station tonight."

"Sure-a, alla right!" Joe responded blithely, and carried the bags toward the door.

Lady Sandison waved her hand, and summoned her stepson imperatively. He started toward them.

"Is he no beautiful?" asked Aggy proudly.

MacBeth groaned. "Handsome is as handsome does," he countered. "Aye," agreed Lady Sandison, "in the same way that beauty is only skin deep, and Gild kens that's deep enough. Sir George, this is my brother, Rob."

"How are you, Mr. MacBeth?" Sir George asked quickly. "Can I do anything?" he continued as Rob MacBeth shifted uneasily in his chair and groaned with pain at even that slight movement.

"Sir George, you're welcome to my house and everything in it," MacBeth paused, thinking with a little awe of the changes time brings. The last time he had seen this man was as a tiny boy, in Aggy's arms. With a start he continued cordially:

"I'm unable to do the honors. My daughter is out and there are no servants, temporarily. Will you go in and make yourself at home? You will find plenty to smoke and drink in the library. My sister has something to say to me before I ask you to help me in."

"Thanks," Sir George said, hesitating a little. "Frightfully good of you, I'm sure. I'll leave you to talk over things, but remember I'm within call if you need a strong arm."

He nodded to Aggy and went toward the doorway, inwardly amused and puzzled at this country that could make a millionaire of Rob MacBeth and yet leave that millionaire alone and servantless on his island. But he knew he was going to like MacBeth. He was as fine and simple in his way as good old Aggy.

Rob MacBeth gave a long sigh, as Sir George disappeared. "Out with it, Aggy," he said quietly, turning on his sister. "I remember you of old. You never made a trip all the way from Sandisbrae to this island, without wanting something. What is it?"

"It's this way, Rob," began his sister.

Aggy laid frankly before him the urgent reasons for her visit, Robert MacBeth's daughter sat in the cabin at Indian Lodge some ten miles way. The Lodge was an old Pennsylvania stone house on the highway between New York and Philadelphia, lately restored and operated as an inn.

Roberta MacBeth had often dined here with her father when servants had fallen them at home, for the Lodge was famous throughout the county for its food, but this was her first visit without him. Indeed, so short a time was it since Roberta had left school that this was the first time she had ever dined quite alone with a young man. She was determined, however, to keep that fact to herself. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

Not all tomorrows can be sad, Let's put by our foolish fears And through the coming years Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

DISHES FOR CHILDREN

Every mother knows how hard it is to force children to eat the food they should eat. The only way to accomplish this is to begin with the baby. Food and feeding time will be a happy time if habits of correct eating are formed early.

The child who has had his own way in all things is going to make a difficult adult to live with or for other people to enjoy being with. It takes but little patience to train a baby, but often it is difficult when the child has become willful.

All foods given children should be simple, well cooked, easy to digest and attractively served. Tasting the food before being served is an important duty for the mother or nurse, to be sure it is palatable, for often dislikes have been formed that are hard to overcome by one dish of poor food.

The following are a few breakfast suggestions:

Orange Honey Crispy.—Peel an orange and separate into sections, removing the membrane. Allow six to eight sections for each serving. Dip each section into honey and turn over in rice or corn flakes, puffed wheat or any of the light cereals which have been warmed until crisp in the oven. Arrange on an attractive plate and serve. Maple syrup may be used in place of honey for variety.

Breakfast Cocktail.—One beaten egg yolk, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of honey and the juice of two oranges. Beat well and serve cold. This supplies iron from the egg yolk and vitamins from the orange juice. This is a good drink to give as a mid-meal.

All the above recipes are equally good for the nursing mother who needs to take as much liquid as possible.

For a child of six years the addition of orange juice to a lemon to a glass of orange juice is recommended to give increased vitamin C and to prevent and cure tooth troubles.

Frosted Orange Juice.—Into a large glass pour a cupful of orange juice. Add a spoonful of vanilla ice cream and stir a moment, then serve.

Nellie Maxwell

Scientists Find Many Metals in Human Body

Such figurative expressions as "a heart of gold," "the iron fist," and "with leaden feet" are recalled by the recent investigation of two French chemists. Through spectroscopic examination of the ashes of human organs, says Popular Science Monthly, they found there are copper, aluminum and a little silver in the heart; cobalt, nickel, lead and silver in the pancreas; copper, lead and silver in the liver; aluminum, silver and copper in the kidneys and the near-by adrenal glands, and silver, tin and copper in the spleen.

The brain appeared to be rich in tin, and this metal was also found in the thyroid gland, in the neck, which also contained silver, copper, lead and zinc.

Faithful to Duty

The devotion of Lester Bunch, restaurant chef at Modesto, Calif., to his cookery nearly cost him his life when his kitchen caught fire. His stove "backfired," and Bunch called the fire department. And then, despite flame and smoke, he dashed back into his kitchen to rescue a pork roast that was the cause of the trouble. Firemen found him unconscious beside his stove. When revived his first words were: "Was the roast burned?"

Memory of Austerlitz

On the Austerlitz battlefield the Czecho-Slovak government has erected to Napoleon a memorial on which is engraved the order of the day issued by the great commander on the eve of the battle which gave Austerlitz a niche in military history.

True to Type

"Who is that fellow over there stuffing himself?" "Oh, that's our local taxidermist!"

Afraid of Life

"You're not afraid of life, are you?" she asks him, and Finch is startled in to truth. "Yes, I am. I'm awfully afraid of it."

Personality

The term "personality" was used by Wyclif in 1380 to designate the quality peculiar to a human being or person, and yet it was not until recently that the word began to enjoy any popularity. Neither Shakespeare, wielding as he did an extraordinarily comprehensive vocabulary, nor Milton, with his stupendous command of the English language, even to its most recalcitrant recesses, ever employed the word that has had such a long history and, more recently, has come to acquire an interesting past in assuming the abbreviated and piquant form "it."—A. A. Roback in the Century.

Homing Pigeons

A pigeon's wings move at approximately 150 to 200 times a minute in fast flight. The bureau of biological survey says that racing pigeons are bred only from birds with known records and that no breed besides the homing breed is used for racing pigeon breeding today.

Shepherds Came First

The shepherds were the first to visit the Christ Child. The Wise Men did not appear until three days later, according to the Bible.

World's Largest Bells

Russia possesses the largest church bell in the world. Some authorities declare that this bell, known as the Czar bell, when cast in the days of Boris Godunoff, weighed 135 tons. Others claim it weighed 198 tons. Its size can be imagined if one considers the statement by H. M. Grove in a book on Moscow that the bell itself has done service as a chapel.

Grove recounts that the bell was recast in the middle of the Seventeenth century and raised into its belfry. It had only been there two years when fire destroyed the belfry and the bell crashed to the ground and was broken. There it lay until 1735 when Empress Anna ordered it to be recast on the spot.

Two years later the scaffold for recasting the bell caught fire, the bell became almost red hot, and the tremendous amount of water used to extinguish the fire cracked the bell and a large piece fell out. It was then left on the ground until 1834 when Emperor Nicholas I had it raised and placed on a granite pedestal where, for a long time, it was used as a chapel, the broken side serving as a door.

According to reference books the world's largest bell ever actually in use is also in Russia. It is said to weigh 128 tons—nearly two and a half times the weight of the next largest bell, in Peiping.

Attention Hunters

In another column of this paper the Remington Arms Company announce a brand new three-shot, shotgun. It is made especially for quail, grouse, pheasants, snipe, woodcock, ducks, rabbits and all upland game. Read the ad and return the coupon today for descriptive folder to Remington Arms Company, Ilion, New York.—Advertisement.

Then and Now

"Fifteen of my first active years were spent in Kansas," said W. F. Jensen, now residing in Chicago, "and, like all Kansans, I have the fondest feelings for the dear old state."

"Thirty years ago Kansas was happy but rated poor. It still is happy but is now eating cantaloupe for breakfast."

"I recollect a business trip connected with the early creamery development, in the year 1900, to a little town in western Kansas, where I stayed at the best hotel. On entering the dining room for breakfast I was met by a prim little lady who asked me where I wanted to sit—at the 25-cent table or at the 50-cent table. This aroused my curiosity and I asked what the difference was, and received the answer that, at the 50-cent table I would get an orange and at the 25-cent table I would not. I still remember sitting down at the 25-cent table and enjoying a breakfast of oatmeal, ham and eggs, cakes and coffee.—Chicago Post.

Revolutionary Barbarity

During the French revolution's reign of terror, the revolutionary agent, Carrier of Nantes, had prisoners who were bound and placed in boats with movable bottoms. These were taken out in the River Loire and when in midstream the bottoms were opened, precipitating the condemned persons into the water.

The Ideal

"What was the matter with that girl?" asked the boss. "I asked her if she wanted walking shoes," replied the shoe clerk, "and she flared up and told me she wanted me to understand the news dated with boys like that."

The Modern Way

Cynthia—Are you engaged to Herbert? Roxanna—Heavens, no! I've merely got an option on him.

Wakeful restless CHILD needs Castoria

WE can never be sure just what makes an infant restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as Baby has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Other times it's constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked promptly. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't you should call a physician.

All through babyhood, Castoria should be a mother's standby; and a wise mother continues it in more liberal doses as a child grows up.



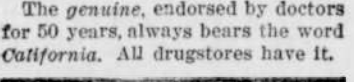
Her Reward

When children are weak and run-down, they are easy prey to colds or children's diseases. So it is never wise to neglect those weakening and depressing symptoms of bad breath, coated tongue, fretfulness, feverishness, biliousness, lack of energy and appetite, etc.

Nine times out of ten these things point to one trouble—constipation—and mothers by thousands know this is easily, safely relieved by California Fig Syrup.

Mrs. Chas. J. Connell, 1434 Cleary Ave., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I gave Virginia California Fig Syrup for constipation and she was more than rewarded for taking it. It regulated her bowels, helped her digestion, increased her appetite, made her strong and energetic."

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W. N. U., Portland, No. 45-1930.

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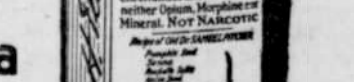
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All through babyhood, Castoria should be a mother's standby; and a wise mother continues it in more liberal doses as a child grows up.



Readily obtained at any drug-store, the genuine easily identified by the Chas. H. Fletcher signature and the name Castoria on the wrapper like this:



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The adv news, this big day in they are merchants M. E. Josie J. Sunday R. J. Davis Regular Wednesday 30 P. M. Legal IN THE CO STATE OF COUNTY IN THE M TATE OF NOTICE That Laura Itratrix of I deceased, has sent her i ministration tion for du as such ad day, the 1st at the hour forenoon of Court Room House in ty, Oregon, fixed by the an order m 27th day of line and plo to said acco if, and her which time i vested in and object ment thereo and all per are notified cause, if an; count; and proved and settled and charged. LAURA Adminis H. B. Surr Date of f 31, 1930. Date of l ber 28, 1930 This piles for three pr ("Six m This GENERA Pers St Cc Cl Supp Elec Lega di Othe Tota tr INSTRU Pers Te Te Supp Text di Tota OPERAT Per J Jan Feb Ligh Wat Tele Tota MAINTA Rep ni Rep bt Tota at AUXILIA Libr St Tra Pj St R buai Tota cl FIXED Insu Tota CAPITAL Alte ps New Tota DEBT S Priu Hntu Hntu Trai Tota EMERGI Tota I. C was pre and the compiled