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The Worst Yet Sacha Guitry, the French playwright and actor, hates the movies, and on his American visit he said one day to a critic in New York: "The movies have done the legitimate drama a lot of harm, but last night I heard the worst thing yet." "Yes!" said the critic. "Yes," said M. Guitry. "I met at a supper party last night a movie star who kept calling the drama the speaker."

Past Turned to Account A new profession has sprung up in France to meet popular demand, that of "rent agent for prehistoric deposits." These are agencies which have obtained options on fields suspected of hiding rich archeological deposits or prehistoric cemeteries and allow them to be worked at a fixed rental.

Sister's Bob? Visitor (speaking of little boy)—He has his mother's eyes. Mother—And his father's mouth. Child—And his brother's trousers. —Tit-Bits.

The world will spank you harder than your parents ever did.



POST Toasties THE wake up food & quick energy for work or play



crisp and delicious

CHERRY SQUARE

A NEIGHBOURLY NOVEL by GRACE S. RICHMOND

"Oh, Jo!" There was a big armchair close beside the footstool, and he sat down upon it, leaning forward so that he was very near her, his head bent over hers. If he had had her in his arms then, she couldn't have more surely felt his presence. "Jo, don't put me off. The time is flying. Let me have your promise that you'll marry me when I come back. And then let me have—you, Lassie!—I can't go without both!"

She looked into his eyes. "I'm not trying to put you off. I just—do you know what you said about being potentially mine from the beginning? Well—Gordon Mackay—I never meant to own it, but—I'm going to give you this to take with you to South Africa. When you told me about seeing me in the church—Doctor Chase's church—that first Sunday, I didn't let you know that I saw you then at all. But I did. I was conscious of you every instant as you sat there beside me. And when Alice Ingram asked me in the aisle, going out, where I was living, I turned my head so that the answer might come over my shoulder to you. There—what do you think of that perfectly shameless confession!"

"Jo! Listen to me. Answer me! You've refused to marry other men? I know that. I know that perfectly well." "Yes. One or two—or three." "Do you know why you did it?" "Sure of it!" "Tell me why. There's only one answer, but I want to hear it."

"I didn't know why at the time," said Jo Jenney, with all manners of lights in her face—enchanted lights to the man who watched her. "Except that they didn't please me. But of course the reason was—" He said it after all, because he couldn't wait for her to say it. "—you were waiting for me." "Yes—Gordon Mackay—you persistent Scotsman."

"Persistent, am I? Well, I've heard a lot tonight about that granite will of my countrymen. But I've also heard it acknowledged that the fires burn underneath. Jo, those fires—those pure fires—are flaming tonight. . . . That they were flaming she had convincing evidence during the silence which followed on these suddenly breathless words. It would seem that the fires must have been long kept under rigid control, or they could hardly have broken faith so ardently. Yet they did not burn her, instead they warmed and fed her. If she had been cold and hungry, she had not realized how cold and hungry, until she knew the deep joy of feeling another, who had been cold and hungry, too, warmed at her fires, and fed of her abundance.

"Oh, how I shall need that Scotch will I'm supposed to have," he said at last, with his lips against hers, "when after I've tasted of such joy as this I'm denied it again—for two years." "Would you rather not have had it, then? It's too late to take it back." She breathed it on a sigh. "Thank God for that! No—if I never had it again, I'd thank God for this hour on my knees." "So would I. I do." "We'll do it together. Dearest"—he came down on his knees before her—"let's say our prayers together tonight—and pray Him that after I come

Good Cheer to Others Lincoln Star. It was just a newspaper picture cut from a Sunday supplement and mailed to a friend who was not likely to see it otherwise. Without a word it spoke of a friendly interest which carried your message to your friend. Nearly every week you see something which might interest a friend in a far away city or country but do you take the trouble to mail it? Why not resolve to do at least one thoughtful act each day in the interests of an outside friend? One woman has decided to write

back we may say them together all the nights of our lives."

Perhaps it was a wordless prayer. A passionate happiness had few words to speak. Certainly none could have been heard in the silent room, in which the soft crackling of the fire seemed only to intensify the stillness. Gordon Mackay's face was pressed against Jo's breast, his arms were about her, her head was bent on his. His eyes were shut, the eyelids tight together; her eyes were open that she might see—at such close range—the heavy locks so near to her lips.

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook)

"Ah, God, what wonderful loves are born of chastity!"—Joubert.

XXX. In Schuyler Chase's room another pair kept vigil. The old tension—and one quite new—would permit no sleep for him till nearly dawn. Sally kept him company in his sleeplessness, as she had done so many times in her married life.

"Sally, I failed. . . . But it was meant that I should fail. . . . Anyhow, I can rest. Still another vigil was kept that night, and this perhaps lasted latest of all. In Richard Fiske's apartment in the city 30 miles away the lights did not go out until nearly dawn. Pacing up and down, his pipe now burning strongly, now going out, to be after an unnoted interval impatiently relit again, Fiske had it out with himself, as he had had it out 50 times before.

Two faces were before him. That of Schuyler Chase, pale ill, exalted by the effort of sacrifice, earning his physician's esteem in spite of Fiske's knowledge of past weakness. That of Sally Chase, never more beautiful in its unconscious expression of love and loyalty, never half so adorable in its touchingly worn look. These two images were before this man's eyes as he walked the floor, wrestling with himself. For any other woman than this, he told himself, he could not have done it. Could not have held himself steady with the one stern command which had served him so long, and which must serve him to the end: "I'm the friend of them both."

(From Josephine Jenney's Notebook)

Back at the old college. Installed in position much too big for me, but mean to break my neck trying to fill it. Doctor Rutherford and all the rest who know me gave me welcome so warmly friendly, I'm glad ten times over I came. Have inherited Miss Sinclair's own delightful rooms, next Professor Huston's. Have always admired both women so thoroughly, can't hardly believe I'm just where I am.

Daily hurried letters from both Gordon and Julian. Both deep in preparations for sailing Wednesday—can't get up here. Can hardly bear not to see them off. Work here very heavy for novice—must stay at it. Never mind. Do mind! Can't bear it. . . . Ever, colleagues have hearts. . . . I'll prove it. Will work like a dog afterwards, to pay up.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. What organization employs the most stenographers? H. H. A. The Civil Service Commission says that the United States government employs the largest number of stenographers of any organization in the world.

a note to every sick friend who is confined to home or the hospital, and do it the day she learns of the illness. You know it is one thing to make resolves to be thoughtful and quite another to act upon the resolve in time. Don't put off your friendly act for it may be lost in a busy day. Get a corner in the desk ready by having cards and stamped envelope with fountain pen or pen and ink ready for instant service. Be systematic and forehanded in this business of a thoughtfulness.

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JOERGENSEN

That had been a good many years before. Aversatility of intellect and an abrupt, careless confidence had taken him naturally into the newspaper field. Fleet Street had known him. Then, leaving it once, tired of city life, he had joined an expedition into Africa's interior.

It was then he found that, although he had left newspapers behind, they had not forgotten him. Three press syndicates wired insistence upon his representing them before his expedition even got started. One of the requests he accepted. From that moment on, he became a wandering correspondent—when he was not gold hunting, exploring, or adventuring for lack of interesting movement in his own field.

Aviation he had mastered in its earliest stages—because, chiefly, aviation was something to be mastered. It was as a flying instructor that he had met and become the friend of Billy Crane during the World war.

His visits to New York had, been brief affairs; the city inevitably tired him; and as the years wore on he found himself more and more out of place in the life he had left behind.

Until his present visit. An ill-fated Arctic expedition which he had joined had landed him eventually back in his home. And then there was Frances, whose debutante party had come like a touch of Fate's strong fingers that season. Jimmy stayed on, forgetting, while the winds from far countries passed by his ears unheeded.

At 35, Jimmy Brandon found himself wondering for the first time what love meant, infinitely humble in its presence, strangely gentle and diffident under its strange alchemy. Oddly humble and gentle to be the same man who had once called a sultan a thieving liar, and who had at another time won at poker 10,000 rupees from a maharajah who had promised to have his life the day before.

Frances Lassiter's many guests were leaving in little knots; the hall outside was filled. Jimmy, as he sidled across the room, was watching Austin Rogers. The millionaire seemed so essentially in place here, so much a part of it all; he resented him. Rogers was handsome, too. But more than all else, he seemed so definitely suited to be with Frances, so confidently certain of his right to be at her side.

Jimmy bowed numerous times and replied at random to the low remarks that met his progress across the deep-set room. They had heard of his latest escapade; had heard he was to be decorated at Washington for some heroic part he had played in the last expedition. One lady, older than the rest, who had known his mother, demanded to be informed whether the ice fields north of Hudson Bay really looked like the face of the moon.

"I haven't been to the moon—yet," Jimmy replied in all gravity. "But there's no reason why they shouldn't." Then he was at Frances' side. She looked up, and he found his pulse was leaping at her very nearness. How fragile she was, and exquisite! Possibly it was that which thrilled him so. So much of Jimmy Brandon's latter life had been spent among things that were anything but fragile and exquisite, so much of it had been hard and cruel.

A loose-draped green tea gown fell away from the mar-

dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone and the sight of a plow team coming over the brow of the hill, the sight that has been seen in England since England was a land and may be seen in England long after the empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function, for centuries the one eternal sight of England.

At Zion City, Illinois, is a colony that firmly believes the earth is flat, and one of its members, Wilbur G. Volvia, has started on a walking tour to reach the edge of the world.

ble whiteness of her shoulders; a slave bracelet, studded with sapphires set in an ancient scrollwork and clasped about her upper arm, fascinated him. He wondered if he could ever buy her one like it.

"You're not very attentive—for a cavalier!"

At her careless, laughing voice he raised his eyes to meet hers.

"I'm not a cavalier, Frances," he found himself replying. "I'm taking something seriously for the first time in life. You're it." He ran his fingers absently through a sandy shock of hair. There was something lovably boyish and eternally youthful about Jimmy, in spite of all he had seen and known. The years seemed never to have touched him. About his eyes, when they were not grave and dubious, there were little crinkles made by his smile—a smile, someone had said, which had carried Jimmy through a score of rows in dubious dives "below the line" and the reception rooms of kings and princes with the same assurance.

"Serious—and I'm it," Frances repeated. "You've got your going-away face on Jimmy. Did you come to tell me goodbye?"

He shook his head. "I hope not." With a vague little gesture of futility, his hand went out to embrace the emptying room and the fluttering, overly well-mannered guests. "Frances, are you ever alone?"

She frowned slightly; and without following her gaze, Jimmy knew that her eyes were on Austin Roger's trim back, across the room.

"Sometimes," she murmured; and then she looked about her. "Why?" "I want to talk with you—and soon. I must! Frances, let all these people go to the—" "Sssh!" Lightly she touched his lips with her finger, and yet the touch sent a strange pulsing through his being. "You're not rounding Cape Horn, Jimmy—you're here. And no one here ever tells any one to go any place; they simply think it, and smile." For a second she hesitated. Then "In five minutes. Most of the people will be gone by then. I'll slip into the den and you may follow me."

She pressed his hand quickly; and then, before he had quite assimilated what she had said, she had turned away and was talking with somebody else. He drew back.

In five minutes . . . five minutes. Grimly he told himself that he would ask her then. She had to answer; and when she answered, he would know. If it could not be Frances, then—! He stopped suddenly.

It was odd; but there was almost relief in the thought of going away once more, over the old trails or in quest of new ones, back to that harder, crueller life that he nevertheless knew so much better than this one. It didn't matter so greatly where he went. He resolved mentally that he must look over all the steamship folders and railway guides that he had tucked away in his rooms at the club lest they tempt him. Then he saw Frances moving away. There were only a few people left, and these were having cocktails preparatory to rushing off for dinner. Rush . . . hurry . . . excitement. That was the one part of this life that Jimmy could enjoy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Q. What does Singapore mean? N. G.

A. The name of the capitol of the Straits Settlements is Malayan and means lion's town.

England Sanley Baldwin, in "On England and Other Addresses." To me, England is the country and the country is England. And when I ask myself what I mean by England, when I think of England when I am abroad, England comes to me through my various senses—through the ear, through the eye and through certain irrefragable scents. I will tell you what they are and there may be those among you who feel as I do. The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the corncakes on a

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some forms, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

Science Notes Changes in Position of Pole

Although the inhabitants of the earth are not perceptibly affected by the wandering motion of the North pole, yet it is a phenomenon of increasing interest to scientists, particularly astronomers.

This motion, which is suggestive of the "wobbling" of a top, is extremely slight when the vast size of the earth is taken in account. For about 90 years the North pole has never, it is claimed, been more than 35 feet away from the place it should occupy if the earth's axis of revolution never varied in direction. The amount of variation has been learned by the International Geodetic association through observations and four observing stations, all close to the thirty-ninth degree of North latitude, and all within 500 feet of the same parallel. These are at Midzusawa, Japan; Caroloforte, Sardinia; Gathersburg, Md., and Ukiah, Calif. Precisely similar observations with exactly the same kind of zenith telescopes are made at each station on carefully selected stars. In this way, any change in the direction of the pole reveals itself by a shift of the stars.

A Pest

Blinks—What kind of a fellow is he? Jinks—Well, he is the kind who doesn't know that there are several million other things besides himself that could be used as the subject of a conversation.

Literal English

Alfred—In New York a man is run over by a motor car every 20 minutes. Albert—Poor fellow!

Naturally

"Why would you rather marry an aviator?" "It would be silly to discard an ace."—London Tit-Bits.

He Wants to Know

"What's the town up to, Zeke?" "Hauling sawdust." "Revival or circus?"



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