



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Magic Valley" Grapefruit Orchards, much lower than competing prices. Live agents and big commissions. Write Gregg, Box 482, Mission, Texas. "Home of the Grapefruit."

REDUCE

in a safe, pleasant, easy and harmless way by drinking Germania Herb Tea. Send 10c for trial package, together with full information about the wonderful results being obtained and why it is natural and harmless. Write Germania Tea Company, 608 First Ave., No., Minneapolis, Minn.

For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not sold. All dealers.

The Unpardonable Crime.

New Arrival—Here, here! What's the trouble?

Bystander—They're running Jones out of town; he was caught minding his own business.

Attend the Party

In Spite of Cold!

Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon! You can, if you know the secret: Pape's Cold Compound soon settles any cold, yes, even one that has reached deep in the throat or lungs.—Adv.

A Dog's Power.

Dogs have often contributed to and often controlled the lives of those with whom they came in contact.—American Magazine.



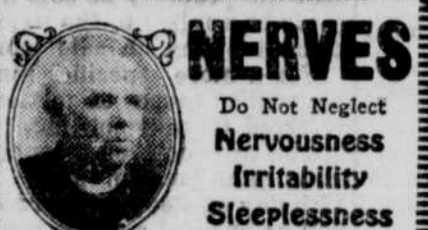
OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

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 senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.



NERVES

Do Not Neglect Nervousness Irritability Sleeplessness

Pastor Koenig's Nerveine Has Been Used Successfully for over 40 years. Sold by all Drug Stores. Ask for FREE SAMPLE KOENIG MEDICINE CO. 1045 N. Wells St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

"Not a nickel. Rogers'll spend a young fortune, but I don't dare go in any deeper. I'm counting on my knowledge of places and people to give me a handicap. Can I have it?"

"Of course," Crane exclaimed. "Naturally. It'll be in the bank in the morning. Draw on it tonight, if you care to."

Jimmy stood up and grasped his friend's hand. "You're a sportsman, old fellow," he declared. "Now I'm going to toot along. There's much to be done before morning."

"You won't stay to dinner—or a cocktail?"

"Not a minute," Jimmy replied, shaking his head. "I don't have to explain to you how busy I am right now, do I? Remember, I'm starting at noon exactly."

"Right! I'll be there to wave good-bye—at the flying field," Crane promised.

As Jimmy went through the living room, he found Natalie there and stopped. "I'm sorry I sha'n't have another chance to see you," he said diffidently.

She got up. "You're not going to the dinner dance at the country club to-night?"

"No time," he averred.

"Then"—she held out her hand and smiled—"I'll see you—in thirty days or less. Don't forget that!"

Her fingers, he noted as they clasped his, were cool and strong. In thirty days or less.

It was pleasant to have that for bon voyage. He wondered what manner of good-bye he would get from Frances.

CHAPTER IV

Jimmy had not seen Frances Lassiter since leaving her in the den in her home the afternoon before, with Austin Rogers staying behind. When he had left, the two seemed perfectly to understand each other, perfectly in accord without the need of speech. Jimmy had even felt, before he went, as though he were the intruder into the scene.

Vaguely troubled, he passed by the steps of his club and continued to the edge of the park toward Frances' house. It was an afternoon in early June, and across the street birds chirped messages to each other through the growing dusk. Jimmy felt strangely out of place amid the scene.

After all, he did not belong here, no matter how he tried. His mind was elsewhere, groping for that elusive something which life had ever held out to him and ever drawn away at tantalizing intervals. Something . . . something that made for happiness. He was nearest to a realization of it when he was alone, at the farthest tips of the world, he remembered.

In Frances Lassiter some hint of surcease to his troubled wanderings seemed possible. She was, as he had known, everything that the harder years had starved him for. She was distant, a height, he had known. Yet distant heights had never been insurmountable to him. He had conquered them before; and now, though his every feeling for her was of reverence and humility before the dazzling beauty of her, he knew himself capable of fighting a good fight for what he wanted.

Only now—now he was wondering again. The old troubled fears had returned. Was it love—love with quiet and calm and an established position that was the answer to his seeking? Or would his wanderer's soul never find rest?

In other words, he asked himself savagely, was it he—or Frances who fell short?

He thought of Natalie, and wished he might have had the opportunity to see more of her.

Old Age Sure to Show

Oswego, N. Y., Palladium-Times. The conquest, in whole or in part, of many diseases, especially those which effect the earlier years of life, has caused great satisfaction among American medics. It is a common saying these days that one is only as old as he or she looks. The similarity in appearance between flapper and grandmother is a stock in trade of the comic section. On all sides is heard the laughing comment that no one need be old any more, and there is a truly pathetic effort not to appear so. We all talk continually of the marvels of

Same sporting blood as Billy, he gathered. He liked her cool, level eyes and a certain unhurried, throaty tone in her voice. It was regrettable, he reflected, and then thought again of Frances as he reached the steps of her home.

It was for Frances that he was doing this thing: risking everything he owned—and more.

She was alone, and Jimmy was surprised. Her greeting was cool; none of the rairily had gone from her manner.

"I've been thinking of Phil-eas Fogg, Jimmy," she laughed. "Have you decided how you're going to beat Austin?"

He dropped into a chair. "Haven't had time," he acknowledged. "I've been too busy with my own plans to think of him. I came in to say good-bye, and—to get any good wishes you might have for me."

She hesitated, her face averted so that he could marvel at her classical profile against the shadows behind her.

"Good wishes?" she repeated. "You know you always have my good wishes, Jimmy. Except," she added with a little laugh, "when you're too serious. Don't be serious, old dear—until you come back."

"Till I come back?" he moved closer to her, his voice lowered huskily. "And when I come back—shall I be able to ask you then, Frances—what I want to know?"

"I haven't promised," she said gravely. "I detest promises. I just want you to do your best, Jimmy—for me. Will you do that?"

His jaw was set sternly. "I think I'd do anything—for you," he said earnestly. "Anything. Only—don't keep me waiting too long, dear. I love you, you see," he added quietly, "and if I shouldn't come back, I think I ought to know."

She looked up as he arose, and held out her hand. "When you come back, you'll know," she said. "In the meantime, may the best man win!"

"May the best man win," he repeated gravely, and his lips just brushed the tips of her fingers before he turned. She hadn't wished him luck, he remembered, when he was outside again, and wondered if that were because she might have thought it not sporting to do so. At any rate, the last good-bye had been said. Ahead of him lay a great deal of work and not a little danger. Unless he won, he was a pauper, and Frances' heart was farther off than ever.

But besides that, it would mean a certain disgrace to be beaten. Rogers posed as a sportsman. Jimmy, with all his knowledge of the world, would be condemned as a fool in the event of losing. Rogers would be hailed as a sportsman and gamester; the millions which helped him would be forgotten.

He suspected, too, that his rival was going to stop at nothing to win. Rogers hated him; he knew that. Also, Rogers could not bear defeat. How far he would go to assure himself of victory, Jimmy could not imagine; but he determined to be wary. With the money and influence he had, his competitor could pave a way completely around the globe and place any number of obstacles in his way.

But Jimmy had faced obstacles before. He had enough money now for his needs. It was without apprehension that he turned into the door of his club for his rooms, ready to clear up the last details before going to bed. He believed in sleeping well before the start of any adventure.

Inside the club, Jimmy paused at the desk and asked for mail. Just beyond him—

modern medicine of the marvels of even greater achievements in the future.

But against this roseate prospect is realization of the stern fact that heart disease, kidney ailments, cancer and other maladies of middle and later life are getting in their ever more ready work. It is apparent that whatever the victories of medical science over the germ assaults upon the earlier years, the degenerative diseases which come later are still the supreme conquerors. It is not altogether clear whether all these degenerative afflictions merely have more material to work upon because more lives are

through an open door, was the bar. Members could drink there, if they brought their own supply of stimulants from their lockers to have it mixed by the barkeep. Jimmy merely glanced at the place, seeing no one in the instant, and then turned away.

He was arrested a second later by Rogers' voice. It was raised to a too hilarious pitch. Jimmy shook his head. Drinking—in the face of the long, gruelling test that began at noon to-morrow, when he would need his every faculty at its best.

He turned away, and then brought up with a start, his eyes narrowing as he stopped before the door. Rogers was raising his glass and repeating: "Yes, Frances."

Besides the millionaire, on either side of him, there were two men whom Jimmy knew just casually as frequenters of the club.

"To her, then!" Rogers laughed, his glass on high. "To the fair Frances, gentlemen. An' before you drink, I want to tell y'—I'll spend anything up to a million to hold her in my arms!"

"Sporting!" cried one of his companions admiringly. And "To your success—then!" echoed the other.

"Sporting!" echoed Jimmy under his breath, while his face froze with disgust. Frances' name—here—in this manner! And they called it sporting, called Rogers a sportsman!

His muscles tensed, his pulses leapt with sudden ungovernable anger as he got a glimpse of his rival's face, flushed and triumphant, over the edge of the cocktail glass. Just as the container reached Rogers' lips, Jimmy took three quick, impulsive steps across the distance that had separated them and stood there, his eyes blazing.

"You confounded rotter!" he exclaimed, in a tense, leashed voice. "Put down that glass!"

Rogers stared at him for a second, as though puzzled. His face worked slowly. The other two men stepped away without a word, resting their glasses on the bar. The smile was freezing on Rogers' features as he came to realize slowly the meaning of Jimmy's words. He took a step backward, the glass still on a level with his lips. Then, suddenly, he laughed.

"Do I understand," he demanded, "that you gave an order?"

"An order—correct," replied Jimmy with icy calm. "An order that's to be obeyed right now!"

Rogers gave a short, sneering laugh of contempt and turned from one to the other of his companions with the glass aloft.

"We were drinking," he said. "Continue, gentlemen!" There was a short, breathless exclamation—a quick move. In the next second, the cocktail glass lay shattered on the floor and the liquid flew.

Rogers cursed. There was an oath on his lips as he drew back his heavy fist. It made straight for Jimmy's face. But it was not swift enough. Almost in the same instant, the slightest part of a second earlier, Jimmy's own fist crashed forward, straight from the shoulder, while his left hand met Rogers' blow and let it slip sideways harmlessly.

Rogers grunted as the knuckles of the rival's hand caught him at the end of a corkscrew twist, in the solar plexus. He sagged, stumbled, caught wildly for the bar, and missing, dropped heavily to the floor.

"Damn you!" he gasped, floundering madly to get to his feet.

Rage empurpled his face; but Jimmy stood over him coolly, waiting, his fists clenched for the next move. But in the next second, he found his arms caught at either side from behind. Rogers' two companions hustled him out of the door and closed it.

He walked swiftly across the

saved from old age or whether they have increased as well.

What is old age physiologically? One school of thought holds that old age is a health rather than a time proposition. There are decrepitude and invalidity, but not old age. If infections, poisons, strains, excesses and deficiencies could be kept away we would live much longer. Others hold that the body normally wears out, that it has a cycle of its own.

GREATEST IS CHARITY
New York.—The three divine virtues are Faith, Hope and Charity.

room, conscious of staring eyes and wondering faces, toward the elevators. As his anger cooled, he realized there was a slight commotion behind him. He realized, too, what he had done.

He had violated the rules and the dignity of one of the oldest clubs in New York—a club to which he had been admitted as a member after his long absences merely by virtue of his father's and grandfather's names on the roster. It was almost an unforgivable crime he had committed; with Rogers as his enemy it might end in disgrace for him.

Angrily, when he reached his rooms, he tossed off his coat, determined to forget the affair. There was too much to be done. He plunged into his plans, bent over a large map of the world spread out on his bed. He had already counted on steamships and schedules for the entire trip.

He would fly himself to Cleveland, he decided, without a relief pilot. There he would have to stop for refueling, anyway, and he could pick up a man to relieve him at the stick for the hop to Chicago. Telegrams had arrived to tell him that the plane he had wired for was to be awaiting him on his arrival at the Maywood field, on the outskirts of Chicago, with a pilot with whom he could change off at the wheel for the hop across the country over the airmail routes to Seattle.

He had planned the best route he knew; and he suspected that his rival was using the same one, though Rogers would not have to economize on planes or pilots. From Chicago, he could fly direct to Cheyenne, where he would arrive on the morning following his take-off. The last leg across the continent would be by air from Cheyenne to Seattle, a long and gruelling day's journey.

But he must make the Adrienne at Seattle; of that he was determined. If he missed that boat, which was one of the speediest to Yokohama, he was lost. Rogers, he had no doubt, would attempt to board it, too, before it sailed, which was at midnight of the following day.

That far, he reflected, if Rogers chose the same carriers and routes, they would be neck and neck. Was the man going to play fairly? he wondered. Would the scene of the afternoon at the bar remove any last scruples he might have? There were numerous ways, Jimmy told himself with a frown by which he could place obstacles in his rival's way. Once in the Orient, he was at home. But he shook his head. He'd fight out his own race and let his rival have a free path, too.

He was interrupted abruptly in his reflections by the insistent ring of the telephone bell. Recalling the scene of a half hour previous, he went to the instrument with a grave face. It was Crane's voice which answered his quiet "Hello."

"Jim!" Billy's voice was grave. "Say, old son, did you know you'd been posted on the board downstairs here?"

"Posted!" Jimmy groaned. "Are you downstairs now? What does it say?"

"You're suspended from the club, beginning tomorrow noon, until the Board of Governors has decided whether your actions were justifiable," Crane reported crisply. "What the devil have you been up to now?"

Jimmy granted. "Come on up—I'll tell you about it," he said, and dropped the receiver on to its hook.

Posted—until the Board of Governors acted. That was disgrace—a kind, too, that he could not readily endure. He knew Rogers' influence in the club; the man was not sportsman enough to admit his being in the wrong; instead, he would do everything he could to make the decision adverse.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"but the greatest of these is Charity." Mrs. Bridget Sullivan, 60 years old, an Irish janitress of a building, who saved enough money during her worldly labors to buy a burial plot for herself, need never worry about the greatest of these. When little Mary Fallon died, her parents were unable to provide a burial plot for her. Mrs. Sullivan donated her site, despite the fact that she was faced with the loss of her job and the possibility of having to rely on charity for the rest of her life.

Denver Boy is a Winner



Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 3855 1/2 Wolff St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health, now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

What Costs Money.

Binks—Don't you hate for somebody to tell you something you already know?

Jinks—Sure, it gets my goat to have a speed cop come along and inform me I'm hitting fifty-five.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Vulgar!

Betty—"They say she plays golf like a man." Beryl—"Goodness gracious! I'd love to hear her!"—Answers.

If you plant your money while young you may harvest a fortune in after years.

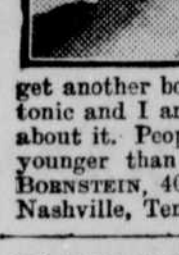
Even you may be envied. Try to think what for.

LAUNDRESS BENEFITED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Nashville, Tenn.—"I cannot say too much in favor of the medicine."

I was in a run-down condition. I worked in a laundry but my health got so bad that I had to give up work. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began taking it and every time I feel run-down I get another bottle. It is an excellent tonic and I am willing to tell others about it. People take me to be much younger than I am.—Mrs. HARRY BORNSTEIN, 406 Second Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee.



BILIOUSNESS RELIEVED

QUICKLY
Carter's Little Liver Pills
Purely Vegetable Laxative
move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which many times cause a sour and acid condition in the system. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be given with absolute confidence to anybody. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Bad Legs

Do Your Feet Swell and Inflamm and Get So Sore You Can Hardly Walk? Have You Varicose or Swollen Veins?

To stop the misery, pain or soreness, help reduce the dangerous swollen veins and strengthen the legs, use Moore's Emerald Oil. This clean, powerful, penetrating yet safe antiseptic healing oil is simply wonderful for Ulcers, Old Sores and Broken Veins.

All first-class drug stores
MOORE'S EMERALD OIL

MEDITERRANEAN Cruise

as "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30
Clark's 25th cruise, 65 days, including Madeira, Canary Islands, Casablanca, Rabat, Capital of Morocco, Spain, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, Riviera, Cherbourg, (Paris). Includes hotels, guides, motors, etc.
New York-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; \$600 up
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.



FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents per mail or at drugists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patagonie, N. Y.

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