



## Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia! When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.

Phillips is the genuine, prescription product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "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



### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. (Hawley Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N. Y.)

**FLORESTON SHAMPOO**—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

### Humane Trapper.

William T. Waltman, Conowingo, Pa., trapped an opossum at night and placed it in a box. The next morning he had 13. The mother opossum had carried 12 young ones in her pouch concealed from the trapper. Waltman fed the mother and liberated her and her brood in a patch of timber.

## Large, Generous Sample of Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article

More than forty years ago, in a small way, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nervine, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales were small at first, but soon increased, and another factory was added to meet the increasing demand. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world, and Pastor Koenig's Nervine is not only sold throughout the United States, but in every land and clime.

The manufacturers want every reader of this free offer to try the old remedy at their expense. They will send a large, generous sample to every one who mentions this article.

Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample. Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1045 North Wells street, Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

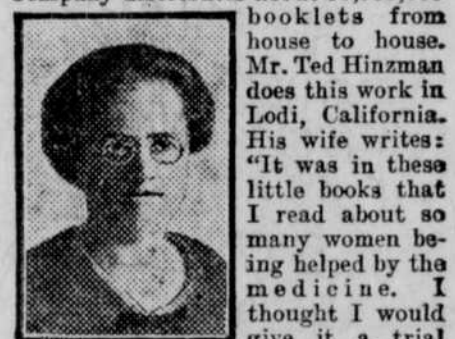
### Positively.

Blinks—You say you have the last word in dictionaries?  
Jinks—Yes, it is zyxomma.

## HUSBAND DISTRIBUTES BOOKLETS

### Wife Tries Compound

Every year the Pinkham Medicine Company distributes about 30,000,000 booklets from house to house.



Mr. Ted Hinzman does this work in Lodi, California. His wife writes: "It was in these little booklets that I read about so many women being helped by the medicine. I thought I would give it a trial and I can truly say that it has done me good. My neighbors and friends ask me what I am doing to make me look so much better. I tell them that I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

## APPETITE IMPROVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purely Vegetable Laxative

# Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

### CHAPTER VI

It was two minutes before noon.

Jimmy Brandon stood in the midst of some six or seven men on the lower step of the entrance to the Hudson club. A few feet away Austin Rogers stood waiting, the center of a slightly larger, more voluble crowd. At the curb, two powerful motors purred, a chauffeur behind the wheel of each.

Jimmy glanced at the clock across the way and the serious lines of his face deepened. Inside him there was no nervousness, only a tensing of every nerve and muscle, awaiting the moment for action. Outside, he was faultlessly attired in a neat cap, a light silk shirt of tan, knotted by a loose tie at the throat, whipcord riding breeches and coat. In his hand he carried a small bag, his entire implements for the trip.

Beside him, Rogers was more fastidious. His bag was larger, for one thing, and he was attired in a gray traveling suit. Rogers was laughing as the moment approached. He swept with amused eyes the few friends standing about his rival.

Billy Crane was not there. He was, Jimmy knew, awaiting the take-off at Roosevelt field, to which point the two motor cars were waiting to whirl their passengers. Rogers, Jimmy had discovered, had employed a pilot and another Homing Pigeon for the first leg of the journey. He, too, would find it necessary to refuel at Cleveland and there pick up a new pilot.

The millionaire glanced across at his rival and raised his voice, after a low remark addressed to the group surrounding him.

"There's twenty thousand more inside the club, offered at two to one," he called. "Any one of your crowd want any more bets, Brandon?"

Jimmy's face froze. Rogers knew he was broke. This final piece of insolence was a direct insult. But before he could resent it outwardly, one of the men at his side stepped forward.

"Consider it taken," he said, in a quiet voice. "Only I'll be glad to accept even money. I seldom bet—and make it a rule never to bet on a sure thing."

The smile froze on Austin Rogers' features. But he said nothing, only made a brief bow. "Done!" he said, and turned to his nearest companion.

"You'll arrange it, after I've gone?"

The other nodded. In the same minute, the club historian, a wizened but scholarly looking individual, came down the steps from his post at the door, where he had been watching the clock. The hands were almost together. It was a matter of seconds.

"Ready, gentlemen?" Jimmy nodded briefly. He felt his muscles tightening without will of his own. Quickly he grasped the arm of the middle-aged, quiet individual who had just accepted Rogers' money.

"That was sporting of you, Major," he whispered. "I knew you couldn't afford it—but I'll promise to double it for you, now you've done it!"

The soldier, his thin, pallid cheeks scarred by two wars, only pressed his hand hard. "Just—luck!" he whispered. "Hop it!"

Rogers moved across to where Jimmy stood, and the latter turned in surprise. The millionaire was holding out his hand.

"May the best man win, Brandon!" he laughed.

The light behind his eyes belied his words. Jimmy hesitated. He did not at all want to accept Rogers' hand; he knew

too much about the man and frankly disliked him. After the scene of the day before, at the bar, this sort of show was simply malicious mockery.

But the others were watching him. The club historian stood with his hand raised for the signal, and the chauffeurs, glancing up, slipped the motors gently into first speed. Rogers had made a public bid for popularity. For Jimmy to refuse his hand would be to brand himself a poor sport in the eyes of their audience.

He frowned, and then reluctantly opened his palm, just touching his rival's hand. "May the best man win," he repeated quietly.

There was a subdued murmur of approval from the group that stood about. In the next second it died as, from the clock across the avenue, a single, melodious note chimed out. "Twelve noon!"

The hands fell apart; the men on the steps dropped back amid a hushed silence. Jimmy's face grew serious. He dashed down the remaining steps coincident with Rogers; and three seconds later had flung himself into the seat beside his driver. The big roadster started. Five seconds afterward, Rogers and his chauffeur tore off in its wake and rounded the next corner as traffic halted.

A little cheer died away behind them.

Across the river, at the air field, another crowd had gathered, this one attracted by the more spectacular start which followed the actual beginning of the race. Billy Crane and Natalie had arrived there quite early, in the former's roadster, and now stood slightly behind the accumulated mob which was being kept away from the two planes drawn up not far off.

By the farthest ship, a pilot stood, helmeted, leaning over, cloaked, glancing frequently at his watch; beside him was a mechanic. That, Natalie knew, was to be Austin Rogers' carrier, since Jimmy was flying his own ship to Cleveland. It was a few minutes past noon. Crane glanced at his watch and then his eyes flickered toward the road over which the racers would come.

"Plenty of time," he observed languidly. "What's getting you all upset, old dear?"

Natalie shook her head. "I'm not upset. I'm thinking of the conversation I overheard last night. I wish I'd had the chance to tell Jim Brandon."

Crane shrugged. "Wouldn't do any good, as I told you. He started toward the car."

The girl caught his arm. "I'm afraid, Billy—afraid they'll be doing something—crooked. Why don't you follow him?"

"I will," Crane laughed, "if you'll take care of my business while I'm away." He frowned. "There's nothing I'd like better. Jimmy's so confounded decent that he trusts everyone."

"If I take care of your office—the girl began, and then stopped. Billy Crane had already gone; he was shambling off, with his hands deep in his pockets and his head bent in thoughtful meditation, on his way toward the roadster. She saw him drop into the seat, light a cigarette, and then leap forward, frowning with preoccupation.

She turned back to the field. For her, the preparations for the trip held a tremendous thrill of anticipation. Moreover, she was anxious. With practiced eyes she studied Jimmy Brandon's little Homing Pigeon from propeller to tail skid.

attempt did not succeed and, in the end, the regency, speaking in the name of the boy king, Michael, sent for Juliu Maniu, leader of the Peasant party.

His cabinet, with himself as premier, has been announced. The names make strange reading in the central European monarchy. They are almost wholly representative of the agrarian population. Few of the men have had extensive experience in affairs of state, but they may meet their responsibilities in a manner that will foster the rise of democracy in Roumania. If they do, the week just ended will be one of tremendous significance. The forms of constitutionalism, long existent,

The task of fueling, it appeared, was nearly completed. Mechanics were fussing over Rogers' motor while the pilot looked idly on. To him the approaching flight was merely another day's work and his attitude made that fact quite evident.

To Natalie, however, the start was more than ordinarily interesting. In France, she had been able to indulge her love for flying, once she had won her license to operate a plane. But back home again, she found that a woman who drove an airplane was looked upon as something of a freak. She wondered idly what they were doing with Jimmy's machine.

The words she had overheard the night before had made her over-suspicious, and she watched every move of the men about the first Homing Pigeon. But, she reflected a moment later, there was little chance for crooked work here in broad daylight.

The mechanics, apparently, had left the ship ready for its start. All of the workmen but one had left it; and then a gray-haired individual, who looked like an official of some sort, glanced over it, nodded, and went on to inspect Rogers' ship. But the lone workman still fussed about.

Natalie saw him climb over the fuselage; he seemed intent and fully concerned with what he was doing, and evidently he was capable. But she could not understand the white thing he held in his hand which looked like a crumpled sheet of paper.

He crawled forward. She leaned intently toward him, but there was nothing else she could see. There was nothing suspicious about his movements, either, as he bent down; but she was suddenly certain that he had no good reason for being there. The ship had been inspected. What more was there to be done?

She took herself to task for being too suspicious. What right had she to conclude, she asked herself, that when the gray-haired man had nodded, work on Jimmy's plane should have stopped?

Nevertheless, when the workman at last left Jimmy's plane, dropping lightly out of the cockpit, and walked coolly across the field with a nonchalant unconcern, her eyes followed him. He still carried the white paper she had seen crumpled in his hand.

The man leapt the ropes lightly and made away through the increasing crowd. Natalie stepped back to watch him, at the same time taxing herself for her utter foolishness. Then she gave a sharp little exclamation of satisfaction. At least she could assuage her suspicions now.

The man had rolled up the paper into a tiny ball and thrown it with apparent unconcern under one of the automobiles standing back of the crowd. Then he slipped away, behind the cars.

As she hurried across the field, circling in the rear of the waiting motors, Natalie was aware of a murmur of anticipation rising behind her. Glancing at the watch on her wrist, she nodded to herself; at any second now the two racers might be arriving. She hastened.

The touring car under which the paper had been thrown was empty of its occupants. No one noticed Natalie as she bent under the running board and retrieved the paper which the mechanic had thrown there. She carried it away with her; and then, a few feet beyond, when she was certain that there was no one to observe what she still called her foolishness, she smoothed it.

It was a small paper bag; and—as she had expected, empty. Natalie smiled to herself. "Thus endeth—"

She stopped suddenly, wrinkling her nostrils, and then carried the bag to her nose. Her

implications, suggests a peaceful revolution.

utter surprise roused the quick exclamation:

"Moth balls!"

What on earth had moth balls to do with an airplane—what remotest connection? She was stunned by the very absurdity of her discovery. It was like comedy, except that it was so unthinkable; her live suspicions, the pursuit of the mechanic, and then—moth balls. She laughed aloud, but the laugh carried no conviction. It was all very well to laugh, she reflected, and the joke might have been appreciable, except that it was unexplainable. Why moth balls around Jimmy Brandon's cockpit, any more than, say, snake oil?

Next she became aware of the frantic cheering of the crowds from the direction of those massed about the junction of the dirt road from Manhattan and the edge of the flying field. Out on the field she saw, as she hurried forward, that the motors of the two planes were being started; mechanics leapt away from the propellers of Jimmy's plane just as she looked.

She was suddenly halted by a hand on her arm. Confused with the excitement of the moment and her thoughts, she turned wondering.

"Steady, old girl—you'll only be able to give him a wave, anyhow."

It was Billy, who was running beside her—a Billy as nervous and excited as she and attempting vainly to mask his excitement.

"Billy!" They halted behind a thin line that was strung out now along the roadway. The ropes had been broken down. Down the long stretch came the two cars, masked in a cloud of swirling dust, tearing on, almost nose and nose, toward the field. Even as Natalie spoke, the single word was torn from her lips, drowned in a wild cheer from the spectators.

The two motors swept by, with Rogers slightly in the lead. Natalie, as they passed, caught a swift glimpse of Jimmy Brandon's face, set and yet impassive in its very sternness and cool concentration on the task ahead and the business of the moment. He was just rising from his seat, the little bag in his hand, swaying for the edge of the car and ready to leap out at it came to a stop.

The two powerful motors on the field gave a challenging bull-throated roar. The air was electrified with the intensity of excitement. Some of the crowd broke through the thin cordon of police and ran out toward the planes. Natalie caught her brother's arm as he started.

"Billy, listen to me. Tell me what happens if you put moth balls in an airplane. It's one on me."

"Moth balls!" Crane laughed wildly. "Moth balls! He's about to start, old dear—save your hysterics till afterward." With that, still laughing, he started off.

Suddenly he brought up short, swinging about with a white, startled face. Natalie was just behind him.

"Moth balls?" he repeated again. "Did you say moth balls? What about 'em?"

"Somebody put some in Jimmy's plane!" she cried.

"Good Lord!" Billy stopped aghast; his face was pale and his lips parted. All about them the crowd surged. Cheers resounded, and, farther on, the motors roared deafeningly.

"Moth balls!" Crane never knew how hard he gripped his sister's arm. "In the gas tank, I'll bet! They let you go and then clog up your feed pipe and motor. Jimmy'll have to land within two hours—and God knows where!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### COCKTAIL CAPE

A shimmering-sheer pink chiffon cocktail cape is the latest. It is just waist length, has its scalloped edges embroidered in palleets and crystals and scintillating scarf ends tie it.

From Pathfinder.

Flo—Dear, I was out shopping and I just couldn't resist the temptation to come to the office to see you.

Tom—And did you bring the bill with you?

From Pathfinder.

Willie—What did I learn today, teacher?

Teacher—Why do you ask?  
Willie—When I get home my father will want to know.



## WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

## Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast. Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

## Possibility of Radio in Forestry Service

Experiments are being made to determine the value of the radio in the forestry service. While radio communication under ordinary conditions is fairly reliable no one knows whether it can be made to work under the national forest conditions, where low power radio waves will be affected by absorption by trees and the reflecting influence or rough topography. Anyone will appreciate the desirability of a radio set light enough to be carried on a man's back with his emergency rations, enabling a fireman when he reaches a fire to inform headquarters either that he does or does not need help. Whether this extreme requirement for lightness can be met is uncertain; but it now appears reasonably sure that a low-power, code-transmitting and voice-receiving set can be developed that will be light enough to be packed on a horse and sturdy and simple enough to be used in this service.

## Cold Need Cause No Inconvenience

Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold as quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

### Newspaper Circulation.

The Editor and Publisher Year Book for 1928 says that average daily circulation of newspapers throughout the United States is: Morning, 14,145,834; evening, 23,820,983; Sunday, 25,469,037.



## BAD LEGS

Have You Varicose or Swollen Veins and Bunches Near Ankle or Knee?

To stop the misery, pain or soreness, help produce the dangerous swollen veins and strengthen the legs, use Moore's Emerald Oil. This clean, powerful, penetrating yet safe antiseptic healing oil is obtainable at all first-class drug stores.

In hundreds of cases Moore's Emerald Oil has given blessed relief. Splendid for Ulcers, Old Sores, Broken Veins and Troublesome Cases of Eczema.

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Christmas Suggestions: Genuine Alaska Indian Baskets, Hair Sets, Moccasins, and Navajo Rugs. Prices on request. B. & B. SALES CO., Box 1272, Tacoma, Wash.

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