

This Mother Had Problem



As a rule, milk is about the best food for children, but there are times when they are much better off without it. It should always be left off when children show by feverish, fretful or cross spells, by bad breath, coated tongue, sallow skin, indigestion, biliousness, etc., that their stomach and bowels are out of order.

In cases like this, California Fig Syrup never fails to work wonders, by the quick and gentle way it removes all the souring waste which is causing the trouble, regulates the stomach and bowels and gives these organs tone and strength so they continue to act normally of their own accord. Children love its rich, fruity flavor and it's purely vegetable and harmless, even for babies.

Millions of mothers have proved its merit and reliability in over 50 years of steadily increasing use. A Western mother, Mrs. May Snavely, Montrose, California, says: "My little girl, Edna's, tendency to constipation was a problem to me until I began giving her California Fig Syrup. It helped her right away and soon her stomach and bowels were acting perfectly. Since then I've never had to have any advice about her bowels. I have also used California Fig Syrup with my little boy, with equal success."

To be sure of getting the genuine which physicians endorse, always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name.

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Turning Pest Into Profit

For years we have heard of the enormous damage rabbits do in Australia. Women have, however, transformed this pest into a national asset. Five years ago there was not a machine in Australia to convert rabbit skin into what is known as "coney." Today a hundred concerns employ about fifteen hundred persons and \$2,500,000 capital in the production of fur goods, creating a new local industry that is worth millions.

The fur garment in Australia has now been made a popular article instead of a costly luxury.

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 Merry Game

Traffic Cop—I'm sorry, miss, but I've got to tag your car. You know what that means?

The Sweet Young Thing—Certainly. Now I chase somebody else and tag them and then they're it.—Cleveland News.

Good Idea

"This corset doesn't fit."
"Try the adjustment department," suggested the new floorwalker with a flash of inspiration.

Facetious Garçon

"Walter, this napkin is about done for."
"Yes, sir, it's on its last lap, sir."

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\$600 up
"Transylvania" sailing Jan. 30
Clark's 55th cruise, 66 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.
Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1925; \$800 up
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Purely Vegetable Laxative
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FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugstores. Hancock Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.
MOX CITY PTG. CO. NO. 50-1928

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

What did it matter, anyway, how the things had come into his tank? He had lost. Perhaps Rogers had done it—but it couldn't have been Rogers, either. More likely, he told himself, it was someone who had made a bet on the race; some welcher who had made sure of his money. But it was done; that was evident enough, and it was sufficient.

He had lost. His own thirty thousand—Billy's twenty. How long would it take him to repay?

And Frances. . . How beautiful she had been when she had given him a cool, smiling good bye before he had departed to the club—now beautiful and how distantly unapproachable in her very smile!

Alone with himself, Jimmy came to know that he had never faced defeat before. It was a new feeling, and it was the pride inside him which meant more than all else.

He was awakened from his reverie with a sudden start. The sound, he reflected, had been in his ears for several moments; its very familiarity had caused it to go unnoticed. Now it was no longer dubious. From somewhere out of the east, there came the low vibrating hum of an airplane motor.

CHAPTER VIII

It was already growing dusk, he noticed, as he reached his feet, his pulse pounding with a new hope. His eyes swept the clean skies, vermilion and blue shot with orange.

An airplane was bearing down from the eastward—a large plane, he discovered instantly, though it was none too clearly visible through the twilight that was fast setting. Could it be Rogers? he wondered. Then, in the next moment, he dismissed the thought. Rogers was far ahead.

His next suspicion was that the ship might be one manned by an air mail pilot. It it were, could it be induced to stop? he wondered. He doubted it. There was a strict regulation, anyway, against an air mail ship's carrying passengers. Nevertheless, the coming of the plane had already relighted the fires of hope in his breast; and as it bore on toward him, larger with every second he rushed out into the field waving his arms madly.

As it neared him, a thousand wild speculations leapt through his mind. Anxiety settled over him. Could he make the pilot see him? Could he get him to stop? Coming toward him, it began to assume larger proportions; he dismissed his first guess that it might be an air mail ship. Instead, as he watched and listened, the wide wings and the ferocious, deep-throated roar of the powerful engines in his trained ears, and with an angry roar of its powerful motor, they were pointed toward the sky.

Jimmy's last apprehension was dispelled when, without angling for height, his pilot turned neatly and tore for the hump of the Alleghenies just ahead. The field and the wrecked plane vanished into the twilight behind them. The hump was cleared without difficulty and they bore on directly westward.

Jimmy Brandon settled into his seat to review the odd situation. A few moments ago, the race had been lost. Now he was on his way westward—it didn't matter particularly where, so long as they retained their present direction. The CX-9 would stop nowhere but at a good landing field, he guessed, and there he would have a fair chance of picking up a new plane and pilot for the next stop.

A ship was awaiting him at looking at the oxen with admiration in his eyes. He had watched them grow from frisky little wobbly-legged calves to the gentle, powerful creatures who did his bidding today, and his pride in them was great as his affection. Through many an hour of slow hauling across the gently rolling country he had talked to them as to human companions, and he had found them at least as sympathetic as most of the men.

He had spent time which his father would have thought better employed behind the plough teaching them to come to his call, and, as a reward for their obedience, had slopped into their

Pride in Oxen

Cornelia James Cannon, in "Red Rust."

When the oxen had dragged their load over the top of the steep slope from the river, they stopped without waiting for a signal and stood with drooping heads and dilated nostrils, taking deep breaths of the cold air. Icicles were hanging below their muzzles and their chests were rimed with the frozen white vapor of their breathing.

Matts stepped off the sled, and stamped his feet to warm them

field and the accident. It was coming down.

Jimmy gave a cry of joy and then fell to considering who the mysterious flyer could be. He knew, though, that he must prevent a repetition of the accident which had befallen him. He had landed into the wind and rushed; the pilot of the the approaching CX-9, using the same judgment that he had from aloft, would naturally do the same thing. There was only one way of avoiding it, but the utmost skill would be required; and he was glad when he saw powerful landing light switched on from under the wings.

The pilot, he told himself, must land in a cross wind or at right angles to the course he had taken.

He rushed into the field, waving his arms and signalling to indicate the method of landing. The lights winked out and on again, as though in reply; but he could not be certain.

Now the plane was circling overhead cautiously. Then it banked and slipped in toward the field slowly, while Jimmy held his breath. It began to settle rapidly. He ran forward, turned slightly, into the cross wind, and with one of the neatest exhibitions of flying Jimmy had ever seen, placed the wheels on the ground, taxiing slowly to a stop at the farther end of the field.

Its motors idled. As Jimmy hesitated, waiting for the pilot to dismount, a gloved hand stuck up out of the cockpit and beckoned to him with imperious impatience. Wondering he grabbed his small bag out of the cockpit of the Homing Pigeon and ran toward the strange plane.

He reached the side of the pursuit plane, breathing his thanks and explaining rapidly, though he was aware that he could not be heard above the noise of the idling motor. But he was received with scant ceremony. With a quick, brusque gesture, the pilot, who was in the forward cockpit, grasp the wheel and mentioned him into the rear seat.

Wondering slightly, Jimmy obeyed. It was all rather vague, but quite possible that his rescuer was bound somewhere in a great hurry as himself. That was quite logical; if it were the case, he would not be interested in examining the wrecked Homing Pigeon, but more intent on getting to his destination, after this stop. At any rate, he had been heading westward, which was sufficient for the moment.

A few seconds later, Jimmy had taken his place in the rear cockpit, his helmet and goggles adjusted. He felt the big ship moving down the field for its take-off. A moment later, the wheels had left the ground, and with an angry roar of its powerful motor, they were pointed toward the sky.

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A ship was awaiting him at ready mouths many a handful of grain which that thrifty farmer would have thought a foolish waste of valuable food.

After the oxen had rested a few minutes, their breathing slowed and they lifted their heads as if ready to go forward again. Matts, who had been walking up and down, beating his arms across his chest to warm himself, climbed back to his seat on the logs and gave the sharp, explosive signal of the ox-driver for the start. The oxen lurched forward, their slow, swaying motion carrying the sled irresistibly over the tops of the rough

Chicago, with a pilot ready for the drive to Seattle. He was expected at Cleveland air mail field for refuelling. Somewhere, this big plane would land and deposit him. Somewhere along the route he knew he would be able to find a new plane to go with it. In the air again, his confidence returned. He was on his way. Fortune, which had bested him at the outset, had turned his fickle face toward him again.

At the thought, he glanced forward toward his mysterious pilot. Upon entering the rear cockpit, he had glanced in that direction, but to no avail. Helmet and goggles, a turned-up leather collar—these and the dusk had prevented him from regarding the slighter's looks.

Could it be Billy Crane? Billy, he told himself, would do just this sort of thing, after having had his suggestions turned down. He would probably remain incognito. Jimmy smiled. Yes, it was like Billy—he wouldn't even want to have him know that he had come.

Jimmy speculated on his destination. Night had fallen at last; the powerful ship was speeding on over the countryside with trolle opened wide. There was no need, he knew, for the CX-9 to stop anywhere for refuelling. With its tremendous speed, if it was the intention of his pilot, it could reach Chicago from New York in one leap.

But where were they heading?

Bending down to avoid the rush of wind in his face, Jimmy found a scrap of paper and a stubby pencil in his pocket. He scribbled a note:

Where to?

The man couldn't refuse to answer that, laconic though he was, he told himself. Leaning forward, he touched the leather clad shoulder and passed the note when the latter turned. It was dark; and although he stared curiously, he could make out nothing familiar about the blurred features behind the mask of helmet and goggles.

His pilot bent down over the note in the illumination from the small light ahead. Then without turning, Jimmy saw his hand raised. It pointed in an arc, directly west!

"Rather like following our nose, I suppose," he grunted, and sat back. In any event it was the direction he wanted to follow. They were tearing for the present directly toward Chicago, at a terrific speed through the night like the wind itself. Cleveland they had already passed, though they had cut across at an angle and not seen it.

Jimmy lost himself for a long time in the wonderful speed of the craft in which he found himself. He even forgot to wonder about the identity of his rescuer; at Maywood, he promised himself, he would have the chance to discover and make the proper thanks. Probably he would have time there, provided they stopped.

He had momentary fear that they would go beyond the city; this was so mysterious that he was prepared now for anything. But he soon awakened from a contemplation of the ground unrolling underneath them to see the lights of Chicago appearing like an aurora against the velvet sky. He sat forward intently. Chicago—Maywood! And ahead of schedule, owing to his accident and this strange airplane.

Rogers must be on the route between here and Cleveland, having had to refuel at the latter place. He was ahead!

But how did the pilot know his destination? he asked himself, as the CX-9 veered south of the city in a wide swoop and made for the air mail field. They reached the field, hovered slowly. Below them, landing lights flooded the ground as soon as the big lights under the wings had picked out the place.

There followed an easy, graceful landing which brought a grin of admiration to Jimmy's

They bumped to a stop, and he leaned forward eagerly, waiting for his companion to turn around. Mechanics were running toward the big ship from several points near by. Jimmy waited for the motors to be shut off.

But there seemed no sign of that move. The helmet and goggles of his rescuer remained in place; the motor idled, but the propeller never stopped turning. Frowning, with a quick glance over the field which was awakening to life, he started to climb forward. In the same instant, he was aware of a hand being thrust toward him, and he accepted from his pilot a grimy note. Leaping from the cockpit, puzzled he stopped and read:

You've made it. Good luck—

—and watch!
He looked up with surprise. Why couldn't the man speak! Why didn't the motors stop! But the pilot had turned away, as though no longer interested. Certainly, he told himself, his business was known—"You've made it."—That meant that his rescuer knew what he had intended doing. This landing—here, at his destination—!

It was all extremely puzzling. The pilot was leaning over the farther side of the cockpit, as though Jimmy had been forgotten. While the latter stood there dubiously, a mechanic touched him on the arm and he swung about.

"Mr. Rogers—or Mr. Brandon?"

"Brandon."

"That's your plane, sir. It's waiting."

Jimmy nodded thoughtfully and followed the outstretched finger to where a second Homing Pigeon lay with its wings outspread under the glare of the floodlights over the landing field. Moodily, with a glance at the trim back of his pilot, he turned away. There would be time, he told himself, to return to this mysterious person and find out what all the mystery meant. Meanwhile, he could prepare to take to the air. Rogers had not yet arrived, and he had learned that afternoon to take advantage of any fortune which might befall him.

The pilot waiting by the plane he had chartered gave a cheery salute.

"Ready?"

"All set, Mr. Brandon."

Jimmy hesitated, glancing back to the CX-9. "Do you happen to know who was expected in that bird?" he demanded.

The pilot shook his head. "Might be two or three people. Hardmuth, some newspaper man, is heading west to-night. Know him?"

"Yes, but—" Jimmy stood thoughtfully. It would be like Hardmuth to remain incognito. They two had been together in Shanghai three years before, for rival newspapers. Or Billy Crane.

His jaws clamped together. "I'm going to find out," he said. "I'll go over to get my bag, an I'll be ready for the start immediately."

"Right!"

He turned away and hurried back across the field to where the big ship stood purring at its blocks. As he walked, he glanced instinctively upward, sweeping the dark skies. But there was no sign of Roger's ship, if it was carrying lights. The pilot seat of the CX-9, however, was empty when he reached it. Jimmy swore. There was no sign of its occupant anywhere. He turned to the nearest mechanic.

"Where's the pilot gone?"

The fellow shook his head.

"Gone, sir? I dunno."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TEMPERANCE STORY

Shanghai. (UP)—Tommy Dixon, hotel bar manager, gave heed to a hard luck story told him by a beach-comber. Dixon gave the man \$5 Shanghai currency. The beach-comber, according to his own story, spent \$4 for liquor and the remaining dollar for a race ticket. He won \$4,300, Shanghai currency, and insisted on giving Dixon half. Dixon accepted. Dixon is an American and comes from Boston, Mass.

ridges in the road and through the deep snowdrifts in the hollows.

CUBANS TO VISIT U. S.

Havana, Cuba. (UP)—Three parties of Cuban public school teachers will leave early this month on a combined pleasure and instructional excursion of the United States.

One group will visit Niagara Falls and the New England states, another will go to Washington, D. C. and the third, numbering \$300, will tour Florida cities, including Tampa, Miami, Palm Beach, Daytona and Key West.

CURE FOR CRIME POSSIBLE, SAYS

Surgeon Believes Criminal Instincts Can Be Eliminated

BY DR. SERGE VORONOFF

London, (UP)—Those criminals whose instincts are due to a disease which proves amenable to gland graft treatment should be benefited and in some cases cured by submitting to a thyroid graft.

The theory whereby the gland of a monkey could be made to become the Sherlock Holmes of a campaign to stamp out crime is fascinating. It is based on the admitted fact that disease is responsible for much of the world's criminality. Such for instance is the case in many horrible crimes where perverted actions have been readily traced solely to a weak mind.

In other cases, however, the criminal instinct is often traced to atavism or even to contamination by immoral or otherwise debased surroundings and living conditions.

To graft a monkey's thyroid gland on a healthy man by hunger, would be quite useless. Nor would it be possible to cure a man's criminal instincts by one of my operations if those instincts were acquired by him through the bad example of criminal near-to-kin.

It is safe to say, however, that if a career of crime could be traced exclusively to feeble-mindedness and that the state of the criminal's mind could in turn be traced to a diseased condition of his thyroid gland, then an absolute cure would be obtained by grafting a healthy thyroid in place of the deficient gland.

Would Try It

I have not yet had the occasion to perform a thyroid graft upon a known criminal, yet I would attempt the experiment willingly. I am confident that if his criminal tendency were due to the bad functioning of his gland, I could effect his complete cure with just as much ease as I restore intelligence to perfect imbeciles in the same circumstances.

In fact I see no reasons why the use of monkey glands should not become frequent in future attempts to stamp out crime. I believe that it would be one step farther than that which is being taken nowadays in certain parts of the world. In these places, before a certain type of criminal is released from prison, an operation is performed upon him with the object of preventing him from having offspring. The operation of course fulfills its immediate object. But the criminal inclinations of the patient remain unaltered. If in appropriate cases, the prisoners were subjected to gland graft, not only would any children they might have probably be free from criminal tendency but the patient himself would be restored to the outside world as a normal individual.

I remember once reading an article in which the writer suggested that with the opening of the era of gland transplantation, there came a golden opportunity for criminals to buy back their past. They could, it was suggested, offer their thyroid gland to hospitals in order that feebleminded children of poor parents should be operated on and restored to mental health.

Open to Controversy

The idea is one which could pave the way to a great controversy. What, for instance, should the giver receive in exchange for his sacrifice? Freedom? If he were a confirmed habitual criminal would it mean releasing him to a renewal of his life of criminal exploits? If his habit was due to mental disease, then might the disease possibly be transmitted to the child and the child, as a result, become criminally intelligent? If he was healthy of both body and mind and his crimes were merely the result of bad example received in youth, then might the child to whom his gland might be given become a criminal through atavism?

I do not agree that there would be any danger along these lines. No more than a rejuvenated man or woman becomes like a monkey or forms the habits of monkeys as a result of gland graft. There is simply no necessity for using human glands to rejuvenate either the bodies of the otherwise healthy or the minds of imbeciles or criminals. As long as monkeys are obtainable, surely it would be worth the price of one of them to perform the desired operation.

Q. How long have the Cook's Tours been in existence? H. T.

A. This system of travel was originated by Thomas Cook in 1841. In June of that year a large meeting was to be held at Loughborough in England, and in connection with this movement, Cook was struck with the idea of getting the Midland Counties Railway company to run a special train from Leicester, for the meeting. The company consented and this is believed to be the first publicly advertised excursion in England. Cook was subsequently urged to organize similar parties.

John's.

John: Alas, nobody knows my sorrow.
John: I didn't even know you were married.

Q. What are lend-a-hand clubs? G. E.

A. They are organizations for young people established in 1871 for religious, philanthropic, and social purposes. The name is taken from Edward Everett Hale's story "Ten Times One is Ten." "The clubs have a common badge, a Maltese cross with the inscription "In His Name," but each arranges its own constitution.