



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

For Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, etc.
HANFORD'S BALM OF MYRRH
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Advice on Silence

In a country of such diversified people, with such diversified ideals—said an American statesman—the only safe thing is to say absolutely nothing.—Woman's Home Companion.



A Bad Wreck

of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system, impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is an alternative extract of herbs and roots that drives out impurities—acts on the liver.

When you're debilitated, and your weight is below a healthy standard, you regain health and strength by using the "Discovery." It builds up the body. Mrs. Eugene Powell, 119 W. 6th St., Sioux City, Iowa, said:—"When my husband was recovering from an injury he took the 'Discovery' as a tonic and nothing could have done more for him."

Sold in tablet or liquid form. If your dealer does not have it, send 65 cents for the tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Not Exactly

Blinks—I always count ten before I speak when I am angry.
Jinks—That's commendable—
Blinks—No, hardly; you see, I use the time it takes it think up meaner things to say than I could if I spoke right out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



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.

Health Giving Sunshine

All Winter Long

Marvelous Climate—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Cognac Mountains Views. The wonderful desert resort of the West

Write Geo. A. Chaffey

Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

SIoux CITY Ptg. CO., NO. 6-1929.

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

The outskirts of Viatka grew more definite. They were actually approaching the railway station; Jimmy sat forward with renewed interest.

It was now 20 days since he and Rogers had shaken hands on the steps of their club in far away Manhattan. Despite the fact that this last long jaunt across Siberia had been irksomely monotonous, he was impressed with a certain sense of satisfaction. Thus far, he was a great deal ahead of the schedule which had enabled the present holder of the world girdling record to maintain fame. With reasonable luck, he would arrive in Baghdad-on-the-Subway in another eight days.

"Around the world in 28 days!" Jimmy muttered, his eyes on the rapidly unfolding life of the strange city through which the long train was slowing down. There was a certain thrill in the thought; after all, why hadn't he tried this before? It was making a piker of old Phileas Fogg, he mused; and with the reflection, a wry smile curved his lips. Someone, too, would make the same piker out of him, some 20 or 30 years hence. Fame was a fleeting thing.

But the game was interesting. That was Jimmy Brandon's solace. It had always been the zest of the game, with him, the sport of the moment; the courage that it took to win a battle, rather than the result of the fight. And there was still considerable of a battle ahead.

The train chugged to a stop before an uninteresting collection of shacks and a drab looking station. Jimmy peered out with an expectant look. He decided to step out and stretch himself, reflecting that he might possibly find another mysterious visitor to his compartment when he returned. Only this time, he promised himself to have the element of surprise in his favor.

Jimmy strolled down the corridor and paused on the steps leading into the coach. He caught sight of a file of soldiers in the new Russian uniform. They seemed interested in the train, the leader's eyes roved along the train windows. A guard hurried up to him at his signal just as Jimmy hailed him. There was a momentary consultation.

A second later, Jimmy gave a short exclamation, under his breath. "Now what the devil does this mean?" he demanded of no one.

The guard, after a brief conversation with the leader, had nodded vigorously; and turning, he had pointed directly at Jimmy Brandon standing in the doorway. The leader gave a brusque jerk of his head and started over. Wonderingly, Jimmy noted that the soldiers, rifles slung over their shoulders, followed.

The cortege paused beneath him. Jimmy was lighting a cigarette, his cool, speculating eyes narrowed over the match flame, when the clipped voice, speaking in polite French, came to him:

"Milles Pardones! This is Monsieur James Brandon?"

The guard had drawn back. Jimmy surveyed the speaker interestedly. Something was in the wind. The latter was a serious faced young man, rather aristocratic of feature, and good looking. Also, his French pleased the man he interrogated.

"Oui—I'm James Brandon." Jimmy descended to the ground and stood before the group.

At a brief command, the file of soldiers ringed the coach en-

trance. The leader fluttered an official looking paper and Jimmy frowned. He had seen such papers often, and inevitably, when their coming was unexpected, they had spelled trouble.

"It is my painful duty to inform you, Monsieur Brandon, that you are my prisoner and under arrest!"

Jimmy gasped, stunned for a moment. "What? Say that again!"

Obligingly, as though accustomed to the process in which not even the grace of humor remained to him, the man repeated the formula. The guard stared with all the avid curiosity of his kind, and then watched interestedly as Jimmy, inhaling deeply and keeping a check on his nerves, took the document which was handed him, and ran over it briefly.

It was true enough. Although he had spent some time as a correspondent in Moscow, he was not well acquainted with the eccentricities of Russian spelling. He could read enough, however, to grasp the purport of the officially sealed statement.

He was under arrest, charged with being a spy! Also, he discovered, he was suspected of having written material derogatory to the soviet government—material which it was expected that he, as a newspaper man, would publish on his return to the United States.

"There's some mistake here," he said quietly. "I'm the man you describe, all right—but this thing is all wrong. Why, see here, I have friends in every commissariat in Moscow—all over Russia, in fact, except this town. You'll have to give me the chance to explain."

"You shall be given every opportunity, monsieur," the leader protested. "Every opportunity. This, however, is an order, as you will see. Believe me, I am desolate—"

"Desolate? You won't know what desolate means until you're sitting where I am this minute!" Jimmy exploded. Then he groaned, as the train gave its warning whistle and the guard climbed the coach steps.

"You will please step into the station, monsieur," suggested the leader firmly. "You are to be examined at once."

CHAPTER XVI

You will step into the station, monsieur—at once."

Jimmy looked up. There was nothing to be gained by waiting for the guards to drag him along—nothing except a complete loss of his dignity. He shrugged, and then brightened with a sudden thought.

There was Rogers! Rogers could at least identify him; the man couldn't refuse that. Possibly the identification might change the man's atti-

tude; it might persuade him to send on one or two men to Moscow, at least, where Jimmy knew he could be exonerated of any charges in a moment.

Breaking from the group, he ran forward toward his rival's compartment. The train was beginning to move. He scarcely noticed the three soldiers who ran at his heels with their rifles at port, nor that another of the squad had taken his bag.

Austin Rogers was lying back indolently and smiling out of his opened window. His dark eyes were ironically gay as they fell on the soldiers. Jimmy halted and rapidly explained his predicament, edging sidewise as the train jerked ahead.

"You'll identify me, of course!" he demanded. "They're taking me for a spy, you see. You can tell 'em who I am!"

The engine was puffing nervously, the wheels turning. Rogers shook his head slowly and a little smile played about his lips.

"Damned inconvenient, isn't it?" he drawled.

"But I can't see what I can do about it, Brandon. How the deuce am I to know whether you're a spy or not?"

Jimmy stepped back, his eyes narrowed, his face frozen. Even before Rogers had spoken, with the man's ironical smile, he had known what to expect. Everything seemed whirling madly about him. The train got under way slowly—agonizingly slow! He turned with desperation to the leader, who had come up.

"Can't you send a man with me to Moscow—or come yourself?" he demanded. "I won't be able to get away, and I can be identified there!"

The young soldier was sorry, extremely sorry. "It would be quite impossible, Monsieur Brandon. But if they can identify you at Moscow, it will only mean a slight delay here. Your belongings must be searched comprehensively. The Commissar's orders were definite. You must be brought to him at once—then, if he says so, you may communicate with Moscow."

Jimmy groaned aloud with sheer helplessness. A slight delay!

He watched the coaches pull past him as the train got under way—a long succession of them, veiled in a mist. There was a last glimpse of Roger's face, and his slow ironic smile. Jimmy's eyes flashed. Could it have been he—?

But what matter? He had lost. He stood there helpless, in a dull silence. It was useless to plead further with his captor—too late now.

Suddenly his head jerked up. The cloud which fogged his vision cleared away just as the last coach came opposite him. Just for an instant—the most fleeting instant, he caught sight of a white, troubled face at a compartment window; a white face with red, familiarly curved lips—a single glimpse as fleeting and as fragily elusive as the haunting perfume of black narcissus and the slim figure he remembered on the Harbin platform.

That was all. The train was gone; he could see only the back of the last coach, its door and tail lights making of it a grinning image of irony. Then he was alone, and he stood on the platform with only the waiting soldiers.

The young leader stood at his shoulder. "You will come with me, Monsieur Brandon. My men have your bag."

Jimmy nodded lifelessly. For the moment, he was stunned by the extent of his misfortune. Later—even he knew it, back in his mind, he would recover and rearrange his plans. In some way, he would get out of this, if it were humanly possible. For the present, there was nothing to be done: he had lost everything.

There was a dilapidated motor waiting outside the station. Few people were about, to stare at the curious company which emerged and entered it. Jimmy had a hazy recollection of a few porcine yokels hanging near by, a stretch of cobblestone pavements, and an empty, dreary street that was entirely without interest. Viatka seemed as careless of life as he did at that moment.

All but two of the soldiers were sent on foot. The remainder occupied the automobile with himself and the leader. Jimmy summoned a grim smile when he glanced at the worn condition of the car. "Hardly befitting such an accomplished criminal," he told himself.

"Pardon!" murmured the soldier in charge, leaning forward politely.

Jimmy looked up, frowning. For a moment, he studied the good looking, deferential face. Then he shook his head and a grim smile came to his lips.

"I was just thinking," he replied. "I didn't think it possible to hate one person as much as I do you."

"Really?" The man smiled as though his captive had complimented him hugely.

"Really," Jimmy agreed. "You've a great career ahead of you, mon ami. You couldn't have been more courteous to me if it had been I who killed the Tsar. I imagine murderers in this country must have town houses placed at their disposal, to judge from the politeness I seem to rate."

To all of which the youthful leader replied with his obsequious smile. It was exactly as though he had been detailed to see that his prisoner's visit to Viatka proved entertaining. Jimmy at last shook his head and sank back silently against the cushions.

Something had to be done. What, he couldn't for the life of him imagine. Rogers was bearing on toward Moscow. He was here in Viatka faced with a grave charge, prisoner for an indeterminate length of time; and Jimmy had been in the new Russia for long enough to know that the treatment accorded political prisoners by the soviet government was far from gentle.

He must expect anything, and meanwhile trust to his own resource and the luck which had never failed him in a crisis.

But his first hopes were dashed when they reached the huge, frowning building which housed the office of the commissar and various other state departments in Viatka. The commander's office, on the first floor, was empty except for a young, impassive secretary who nodded with a forbidding frown when the prisoner and his captors came in.

There was a swift interchange in Russian which Jimmy could not catch. His captor turned back to him at last.

"The Commissar will return in an hour or two," he said. "You will accompany me for the present."

There was no alternative. Jimmy told himself that his luck had begun to fail him, and it was with a sinking, depressed feeling in the very depths of his being that he permitted himself to be led out of the square, crimson carpeted office, down a long, silent corridor.

His mind was working swiftly, nevertheless. Trained in observation, he noted for future reference that the building in which he found himself could not always have been a housing for state departments. That it was now, was obviously another of the results of the revolution: the former home of the nobility turned to municipal or state use.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FANCY CAKES

Children enjoy fancy cake icing so much, it should be used often. Little red cinnamon drops, bonbons and fine little silver coated drops can be kept handy and scattered onto the frosting in a modernistic pattern very easily.

EXHIBITION CANCELLED

London.—One of Mr. Fitzgerald of Barnet, was growing a giant pumpkin for exhibition at a fair. He provided every care that could be given a pumpkin and it grew ponderous. Then one day, Fitzgerald went out to inspect the pumpkin and found that his Persian cat had scooped out a cavity in it and had taken possession with a litter of four kittens.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

This would be fine and has been recommended but many when they follow this advice get headaches, pains or gas, heartburn, sour stomach, or a tized feeling which shows that their stomach is not acting as it should and needs help. If you have any of these troubles write Harold C. Watkins, Box 298, Scranton, Pa., for information about a formula worked out by a chemist and used for 17 years with amazing success in such cases.

A short life may be complete.

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 so quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

Gossip is the tool of cowards.



"Before My Baby Came"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 808 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Constipated?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no gripping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—

NR TO-NIGHT

At Druggists—only 25c

aggregate product has increased from \$44,000,000 to \$234,000,000.

Although the Mississippi valley is rated as the largest fur producing area in the world and supplies a large proportion of the annual \$70,000,000 catch, which is double that of Canada, it is necessary to import some \$133,000,000 worth of furs and to bring in \$4,000,000 worth from Alaska to meet the demand.

Imports come from all sections of the world, only six countries supplying more than \$5,000,000 worth yearly.

An export business also has been

developed, with the United Kingdom, Canada, Germany and France the best customers. Exports last year were valued at \$31,000,000.

Muskat, opossum, skunk and raccoon are the outstanding commercial furs produced in this country, but numerous other pelts enter the trade in small volume. Total production, which varies little from year to year, is 12,000,000 muskrat pelts, 8,000,000 skunk and 600,000 to 1,000,000 raccoon.

Marked development in fur farming in this country in recent years, the survey adds, has resulted in

supplying virtually all fox pelts from domestically bred animals.