



DOCTORS quite approve the quick comfort of Bayer Aspirin. These perfectly harmless tablets ease an aching head without penalty. Their increasing use year after year is proof that they do help and can't harm. Take them for any ache; to avoid the pain peculiar to women; many have found them marvelous at such times. The proven directions with every package of Bayer Aspirin tell how to treat colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. All druggists.

ASPIRIN
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocloacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid

Little Interpreters
Bishop Chair of Covington said at a reception:

"There are some modern interpretations of the Scriptures which seem to me so absurd that I am reminded of the interpretations which little children often give to sacred things.

"You remember, perhaps, the little girl who said that she was going to call her new Teddy bear Gladly after the boat in the hymn—'Gladly, my cross-eye bear.'"

"Another little girl was asked in Sunday school who was the mother of our Lord. She answered promptly: 'The blessed bird canary.'—Detroit Free Press.



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.

Well Satisfied

Vaudeville Manager—Well, have you any good jokes this season?

Comedian—Yes, sir! I have jokes used by all the leading vaudeville actors.

Frank, at Least

"What causes you to want to marry my daughter?"

"My creditors."

There were five living ex-Presidents when Lincoln became President—Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse to water blued with Red Cross Ball Blue—Adv.

Confusion of tongues stopped Babel, but it doesn't seem to affect New York.

The wrongs of other people are continually getting mixed up with our rights.

Of relative importance—your "Un etc."

WORKS HARD IN THE FIELD

Relies Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rankin, Illinois.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a tonic before and after my first child was born six years ago. Then when my second child came and I felt weak and run down, I took it again. I am still taking it and I am feeling better. My mother used it for herself when I was small and always got good results. She still takes it. I do all kinds of heavy work, including my housework and I also help in the field. I recommend the Vegetable Compound and will gladly do so at any time. I am willing to answer any letters asking about this medicine."—Mrs. B. E. OBERLAND, Route 2, Rankin, Ill.



Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

Jimmy nodded gravely. Yes, he would avoid Rogers—which was not too difficult, as the latter was spending most of his time at the ship's bar, where Jimmy was not in the least anxious to go. He needed his every faculty for the last hours of the race, which were drawing near. They would be more exciting than all the others—a final dash in which supremacy would be measured by seconds and skill.

The afternoon he spent with two newspaper men in a secluded part of the upper deck. They were filing stories by radio for publication in their papers the following night, and almost every detail of the trip to date went into the account.

Natalie had seemed to avoid him all during the day. She was not at dinner in the salon, and Jimmy ate with the captain. Afterward, he stood alone at the rail and watched the sun setting behind America's shores. The Faustania, her every engine driving to the limit of its power, seemed bent on overtaking the great orange ball; her prow, rising out of the foam-swathed waves, pointed directly at its heart.

Jimmy paced the deck after the sun had set, frowning. Rogers would use his every wit and power in the last hours. How could he manage to defeat him? There was just one plan which seemed feasible, and he had almost determined upon it, when, passing a little secluded rectangle made by two displaced staterooms, he heard his name spoken, very softly.

"Jim . . ."

He halted. "Natalie! Hurrying over to where she sat alone in the shadows, he added, "Where have you been all day?"

She gestured toward the deck chair beside her and he obeyed her unspoken command to occupy it.

"Hearing things," she answered him, musingly. "Jim, what was the cause of the quarrel last night?" His jaw set. "Nothing—nothing you'd be interested in."

"Are you sure?"

Jimmy did not dare to look at her, her eyes were so wide and clear. He stared out over the rail. "Quite," he said briefly. "He asked me to drink with him—to prove we were both sportsmen, and I told him no amount of liquor in the world could ever make a sportsman out of him."

"That was all?" she persisted. "You struck him for that?"

He shrugged. "Practically. He said something about a friend of mine, too—that wouldn't interest you, either."

Natalie sat silent, Jimmy did not dare to move or say anything more. He wanted to get off the subject but was undecided as to how it might be done gracefully. He was glad when at last she stirred and reverted to the very problem which had been occupying his mind when she called to him.

"You've got to win now, Jim," she said.

"Why?" It seemed strange to hear her speak in such a low voice, to utter that particular thought. Of course he had to win.

She turned slowly to face his eager eyes. Her own eyes were wide and starry, and the moon, rising over the velvet waters, made of them deep pools of unfathomable womanhood.

"Because I want you to," she replied, her voice low and thrilling. "Haven't I proved

"Pork" Woes in Kentucky.

From New York Times.
Washington dispatches to the newspapers of Louisville and Lexington have dealt lately with the piteous plight of the republican leaders under whose management the Bluegrass state gave to President Hoover the largest majority it ever cast. These leaders, headed by Senator Sackett and National Committeemen Chilton, assembled at Washington to present their claims for patronage. They met in pride and expectation. The disappointment of having failed to include in Kentucky's borders a cabinet member had grown dim. For solicitor general and commissioner of inter-

nal revenue, and for minister to Liberia as well, the Kentucky republicans had candidates, their bags packed, their shoes shined, all in readiness for the word of a grateful White House.

They still have the candidates, but the word has not come. A dispatch to the Louisville Courier-Journal movingly recounts the scene when he found that a telephone summons to come to the White House developed no presidential mention at all of Kentucky republican hopes. A great sorrow like this quickly becomes of national consequence, and this week the Washington correspondent of the

love, Natalie— isn't love part of romance? You know so much—tell me where I shall find that." She stared at him, startled for a moment at the abruptness of his quiet question; then it was her turn to look away. He saw the confusion that his words had caused, and he was sorry. What right had he, anyway, to ask this?

"I'm afraid I don't know—that much," she said at last, her eyes roving out to sea. "Love, I think, is where you find it. And—and there are no rules."

No rules! He wished there weren't. Lighting a cigaret, he brought himself out of the dangerous moment with an effort.

"As to the remainder of the race," he said, speaking slowly, "the real dash begins when we get to New York harbor. From there it's to be neck and neck. It ends, you know, exactly where it began, on the steps of the Hudson club."

She nodded coolly. "Have you thought of anything? How will Mr. Rogers finish?"

"There's no way of knowing, of course—but, presumably, his yacht will pick him up. He owns a very fast speedboat. I understand, christened the Vulture."

"His yacht?" she repeated. "Of course, he'll use it if he can—but how is he to get aboard?"

"Neither of us has to pass quarantine or customs—that's the only reason why you couldn't step in and take the race away from us both. I arranged that before I left New York, and I presume Rogers did. At least, I'm counting on the fact that he did. If he didn't, the race is mine already."

"Don't talk of my being able to win!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't have, if I started on alone. Rogers found out your route, and I followed it. You knew enough, too, to arrange for customs. If I hadn't been following your lead, Jim, I'd be arriving in Moscow about now!"

He smiled. "Very well, we shan't quarrel about that. The point is, I gather Roger'll be picked up in this yacht off Montauk Point."

"Will the Faustania stop?" "I think so. Farquharson is eminently fair, and I think he'll consent to a one-minute stop, with all speed off, if both of us agree to it."

"Then you'll want to stop?" "Exactly. I've just formulated my plans. I'm going to have a seaplane pick me up there and fly me in to the Battery. If Rogers uses his yacht, I'll have the last jump on him."

Seven bells struck, Natalie got to her feet, her eyes shining.

"It's perfect!" she exclaimed. "Only"—she sobered instantly—"watch his every move. After all that has happened, Jim, I'm afraid—for you."

He laughed. "Rogers has had too many chances. If he hasn't managed to get me thus far, it isn't likely he will now."

But Natalie shook her head. "That's just it. You've seen to what lengths he's gone already. Don't you realize how desperate he'll be at this stage?"

But Jimmy could not become perturbed about the possibility of his rival becoming any more dangerous than he had been. He was inclined to believe that Rogers had played his last card. New York harbor—Montauk Point: the things that had gone in Russia and in the clouds over Belgium—they would not do here. No, it was a race now, and his only remaining fear was that his rival's millions might command more facilities than he.

That same night he filed a radio message to New York, to a lieutenant Ogden Graham, naval air service, in which the

Son, among others, gave it his attention. He described how Mr. Chilton and Senator Sackett entered all the party dignitaries from the state, moved on the executive offices, saw the president, presented their candidates for high office, got no encouragement and finally desperately proposed a worthy negro for diplomatic service at Monrovia. There is distinguished political precedent for this lessening of demands. An office seeker once called on a president to ask for the ministry to Russia. It was filled. Down the line he went, intimating at length that a consulship—even at Aden—would be acceptable. Still there was nothing. "Mr. President,"

latter was requested to have his seaplane awaiting the arrival of the Faustania off Montauk Point, and accompanied by a power boat to take his passenger off the steamship.

The hours sped on; the Faustania neared her destination with every turn of her powerful engines. It was noon of the day following the dispatch of his radio message when a reply came to Jimmy Brandon aboard the ship. He opened it anxiously, to read:

"Request received. All set. You'll win if it breaks my neck, Graham."

Gleefully he hurried to Farquharson. His plans were complete now. He knew almost for a certainty that Rogers would want the stop at Montauk Point as badly as he; but he had no desire to haggle with his rival. He was figuring on a swift flight in Graham's seaplane to land him at the Battery, at the southernmost tip of New York City, before Rogers' yacht could be anywhere near there.

The subway could finish his journey. It was faster than any car could be amid New York's traffic, and it would be a final touch. At the end of a race around the world—the finish via a West Side subway express!

Farquharson smiled his agreement. "Mr. Rogers has already broached the subject," he acknowledged, when Jimmy presented his request. "I refused to take it up with you until you did so yourself. Here's the ultimatum: at 10 o'clock, or as near to that as possible, the Faustania will come to a complete stop off Montauk Point for one minute. I'll be on the bridge. Beyond that, I'll have nothing to do with the entire affair—I'm a neutral aboard my ship—and at the end of the minute, the engine room gets the signal—'Full speed ahead.'"

"Good enough!" Jimmy cried. "If you'll notify Rogers, we're both set."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Then the race means nothing to you—the victory means nothing, beyond—" Natalie hesitated, puzzled.

"Beyond winning, itself." Jimmy stood silent for a moment, leaning far over the rail. The Faustania had run into a heavier sea upon approaching America's shores and the big boat trembled slightly every now and then as some wave slapped resentfully against its confident bulk. But the moon still shone—it was full now and gloriously soft.

Jimmy had found Natalie by the rail in the fore part of the deck, and he had joined her. His mood had been odd; as every hour brought the end of the race nearer, his conviction that the venture itself meant less and less became strengthened. Near the end of the long trek, Jimmy had begun to ask himself why he had ever started.

"I've got to win—of course," he acknowledged, stammering for the words with which to express himself. "I can't think of losing. Only it's all rather futile, isn't it?—breaking records and all that. When I'm in action, I think only of the moment, and the necessity which the next moment is going to call for. But then, when I stop to think, as I have tonight, I begin to wonder what I've always been chasing about the globe for."

Natalie smiled understandingly. "You don't mean a thing of what you're saying—not really. I've told you why you must win; your victory means something more than simply accomplishment of a personal kind of glory. But beyond that—you've chased, Jimmy, because it's your way of searching. And if you haven't found what you've been looking for—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

said the visitor with fine dignity. "do you chance, sir, to have an old pair of boots?"

Q. How much alcohol is there in wine? R. W. P.

A. The commissioner of prohibition says that natural wines contain from 12 per cent to 14 per cent alcohol by volume, but wine may be fortified to increase the alcoholic content and at the present time some wines are fortified to 24 per cent of alcohol by volume. Wines used for sacramental purposes must be fortified to preserve them over the period of time they are used, or if used for medical purposes the alcohol is a necessary factor as a sol-

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.

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

BOULDER DAM

FREE MAP OF LAS VEGAS AND BOULDER DAM TERRITORY
Boulder Dam Service Bureau
P.O. BOX 792 C LAS VEGAS, NEV.

Commercial Uses of

Airplanes in Europe

The delivery of newspapers by airplanes is commonplace in many parts of Europe. Fleets of special planes are employed. Bundles of papers are dropped from the speeding planes, flying on regular schedules, so that the late editions are carried 100 miles within an hour. Last year German air lines alone covered a distance of 3,882,250 miles and carried 93,000 passengers.

The surprising activity of the air routes in Europe today is shown by the latest air timetables. In place of the tabulated figures of ordinary railroad schedules, airports and connecting lines are indicated on maps.

The time for departure and arrival of airplanes is printed within circles denoting the various cities, and can be read at a glance. The map has no geographical boundaries or political divisions, for the airplane overlaps all the ancient barriers.—Nation's Business Magazine.

There, Now

"How much money does the average woman want?" asks a lady writer. The answer is "more."

If some men's reputations were visible they would look very much like porous plasters.



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