

HAS THE LAXATIVE IN YOUR HOME A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some times people do to help the bowels whenever any bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all drugstores.

**Superficial Flesh Wounds**  
Try Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh  
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

**In a Way, Yes**

A Pittsburgh woman who sued a slot-machine company whose scales showed her to weigh 55 pounds more than she does, lost her suit. The poor lady is in a bad weigh.—Farm and Fireside.



**Watch Your Kidneys!**

Scanty or Too Frequent Excretions Demand Prompt Attention.

KIDNEY disorders are too serious to ignore. It pays to heed the early signals. Scanty, burning or too frequent kidney excretions; a drowsy, listless feeling; lameness, stiffness and constant backache are timely warnings.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Endorsed by users everywhere.

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

**Water Power**

Potential water power in Ozark streams of south Missouri is estimated at 600,000 horse power.



**Before and After Childbirth**

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my first baby was born and I am taking it now for my weakened condition after the birth of my second boy. Although I never have put on any flesh I am feeling good now and the Vegetable Compound has helped me in every way. It is surely a wonderful medicine and I will be glad to answer letters for I recommend it highly."—Mrs. Fred W. Davey, Madison, Kansas.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**  
1000 E. Pinkham Mfg. Co., Lynn, Mass.

**THE COPPER HOUSE**

A Detective Story

BY

JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORON!"

"I'll teach you! Ha! You'd hit me back, would you! Come on then!"

He aimed another blow at Leo, who parried it mechanically, and in another moment they were at it, hammer and tongs, making a fearful din, though not before Rosenthal had whispered again:

"Hit me, shout, and make as much noise as you can! You will soon know the reason."

A whole crowd of Rastakov's men collected round them, laughing loudly, and Rastakov himself came hurrying up, looking exceedingly put out. Leo and Rosenthal were pounding one another to the accompaniment of an uninterrupted flow of strong language from the latter.

"What's all this?" Rastakov's voice broke in sharply: "Back to your posts, every one of you! Give it him well, Rosenthal: but you had better leave enough life in the puppy for him to be able to crawl indoors again."

The combatants were separated, and Leo, still giddy with astonishment, stood staring about him for a minute, then turned and re-entered the house without a word.

Sonia joined him with a radiant face.

"That was clever of you!" she said with boyish enthusiasm: "I wish you had killed him!"

"Killed him!" stammered the bewildered young man; "Rosenthal—didn't you hear—he said..."

But he found himself quite unable to explain what had happened; he had a general impression of having had a fight with a good-natured giant, who had been pummeling him out of sheer good will. He hurried in to the brother and sister Bernin, and sat down near them, panting. Lona Ivanovna, who was still standing by the window, turned to him and said dryly:

"May I ask the meaning of that comedy, Mr. Grath? I was watching all the time, and neither of you struck a single blow in earnest."

Leo saw with mortification a change in the expression of Sonia's face.

"Weren't you really fighting?" she asked in a disappointed voice. He made a poor attempt at a smile.

"Either Rosenthal or I must be mad," he said frankly: "the man told me to make as much noise as I could."

"Oh-h," said the old lady, slowly: "is that it!" Her bright, bird-like eyes shone, and she added softly:

"That being the case, I wonder if your friend Mr. Wallion would be so kind as to come in now..."

"Thanks, with the greatest pleasure," replied the journalist, coming in from the hall. "Your powers of observation do you credit, Madame."

His entrance seemed as though worked by magic; had he fallen from the sky? Even the blind man half rose from his chair.

"At last!" said Leo, from the bottom of his heart, as he made for the journalist and grasped his hand. Wallion looked at him with a smile:

"I hope you haven't quite crippled Rosenthal?" he inquired. "You two knocked one another about splendidly; everybody crowded up to stare at you; and I had only to walk straight in here. I hope soon to be able to present Rosenthal to you, as a useful and trustworthy friend."

"Do you mean to say," said Leo, amazed, "that Rosenthal faked the whole affair in order that you might get into the Copper House unobserved?"

"Yes, we planned it between us on the spur of the moment. What else was there for us to do? What did you think you were going to do, single-handed?"

"Why, of course, we meant to go and find you."

"Me?" said Wallion, gravely. "Couldn't you have waited till I was ready? Yes, I know, you had made a discovery, which we will talk about in a minute."

Leo introduced him to the two ladies; Sonia drew back a little after the first greetings, as though to take stock unobtrusively of the tall journalist, whose decided manner and piercing glance evidently impressed her. Lona Ivanovna shook hands heartily with him, and they seemed to understand one another at once; from that time on, they were on terms of the warmest esteem.

"I hope you will forgive me for keeping in the background until now," said Wallion; "there are plenty of sharp eyes round the Copper House, and I don't want Rastakov to take alarm too soon. But there need be no secrets between us henceforth."

He bent down over Andrei Bernin's chair, and took the invalid's hand in his like a doctor.

"Mr. Andrei Bernin," he continued, "your name has interested me immensely since this morning; you need not be afraid of me; don't turn away from me, for I am a friend."

The journalist's keen eyes were very close now to the blue spectacles:

"It is strange that no one but myself has noticed it!"

"What are you talking about?" murmured the blind man, uneasily.

"Of the fact that out of the letters forming the name Andrei Bernin, one can just as easily make the name of Bernard Jenin."

She spoke slowly and composedly, and with a calm dignity which made Wallion feel that he was standing on holy ground; he fixed his gray eyes on her with a look of warm admiration.

"Then," he asked, "is your son—here?"

"Sergius is my son," she replied.

Wallion nodded; the discovery did not surprise him, since it had been one of his theories in the course of his attempts to arrive at the truth during the last few hours. He understood too, from Leo's expression, that this was the information which the young man had been so anxious to convey to him. But he was silent, for he could see that Lona Ivanovna had more to say. Presently she began again:

"I know you are our friend, Mr. Wallion; we can never forget how you saved Sergius yesterday, and today we have waited and hoped for you hour after hour. You must think it very strange that we should be in the Copper House, apparently at the beck and call of such creatures as Baron Fayerling and his companions; but you may find the explanation even more surprising. If you really are willing to help us, I will be perfectly frank with you, and tell you the whole story."

She spoke with a perceptible effort to keep to the point and to repress any display of emotion, which she would have considered a sign of weakness, but in spite of the quiet words, it was apparent that she was deeply moved. Sergius leaned forward and stroked her hand, and Wallion got up, shut the door into the hall, and said:

"Miss Sonia, as you are nearest, will you kindly look out, and tell me if you see anyone outside the window; I

to the western hemisphere, and has been equipped to give compass bearings to vessels.

Thirteen men, under charge of a chief radio operator, run the station. The station has two transmitters, one of two kilowatts, operating on medium frequency, and one of a single kilowatt, operating on high frequency.

Press news is copied by the operators and programs broadcast by commercial stations are easily heard. Reception is good, with little trouble from static.

By wireless, representatives of the bureau of fisheries keep in contact with the revenue cutters which police the waters, and with the other government stations in Alaska and the United States.

From the primary function of guarding the seal herd, the station has assumed further importance as the only link binding the bleak community to the world. It is an outpost of military value to connect Siberia

it taken you to see through our poor little strategem, Mr. Wallion?"

"I suspected something of the kind before I got here," explained Wallion, "otherwise the disappearance of the fugitive would have been nothing short of miraculous. And then the name helped me; how could you be so daring as to call yourself Bernard Jenin, which is neither more nor less than an anagram on Andrei Bernin?"

"That was in case I came to grief," answered the fugitive; "if my mother saw that name in the papers, she would know that it referred to me. Years ago, sitting round the table after the lamp was lighted, we used to amuse ourselves making anagrams on our names. For instance, Sonia Bernin became Nina Biornsen; I chose my uncle's name, because he is dead."

"Dead! Is Andrei Bernin dead?"

"Yes, he died at Moscow on the fourteenth of November, 1916."

Maurice Wallion looked inquiringly at Lona Ivanovna, and she replied to his unspoken question.

"My brother left the Copper House in January, 1916, for a reason which I will tell you by and by. For the same reason, Sonia and I allowed our friends to believe that he was still here, but too ill to see anyone. No one suspected the truth; I made for myself the disguise which Sergius is wearing now, and on two occasions I purposely allowed Baron Fayerling's spies to get a glimpse of the sick man, who was believed to be, but really was not, here."

It did not occur to Wallion to smile at the grotesque idea of the old lady in a false beard and man's clothes; on the contrary, he found something touching and pathetic in what she had done; he understood that she had been driven to it by the direst necessity.

"It was a hard blow for us when my brother died," she continued. "He died secretly in the country which had rejected him. My son has carried on his work, and now it is finished; but it has nearly cost him his life."

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think it wisest not to show my face yet."

The girl complied; there was nobody outside; everything was quiet. Even the great barrier of dark thunderclouds seemed motionless. Wallion looked round him once more with those keen eyes of his that nothing escaped; he missed something, and it struck him that the Austrian's calm, intelligent face would just have made their circle complete. But for the present, that was impossible.

Lona Ivanovna had seated herself beside her son, and waited for the journalist to follow her example. He understood her look, and readily obeyed it, saying with a smile:

"I am sure that between us we shall find a way out of all our difficulties; at any rate, I promise to do my best. I shall be delighted to hear your story, to begin with."

Lona Ivanovna took up her work basket, which had been hanging neglected on her arm, remarking:

"I can think better when I am working," and as her crochet-needle flashed in and out of the stitches, she began her tale.

"Our father was a magistrate at Saratov. It was his wish that my brother should obtain a commission in the army, but as both our parents died early, we were left, whilst still quite young, to fend for ourselves. We had a little money, but not much, because my father, who had been sufficiently original not to make a fortune by means of bribery and corruption, had left nothing but debts behind him."

"We became students at Moscow, and you would scarcely believe how cleverly we and our companions managed to live upon nothing! It was a long time ago, in the days of Russia's slavery, and we youngsters hated the oppressors. You know what a struggle we made; and in the free countries around us the comfortable middle-classes sat still and called us anarchists! We were revolutionaries, and I, Lona Ivanovna, have risked my own life in active propaganda work. My brother was weaker, and he served the cause with his pen, whilst I did so with words and deeds. We formed a little group of devoted enthusiasts, and there was one man who constituted himself a leader among us, constantly urging us on to fresh exertions. He became my husband, and Sergius is our son. The name of that man was Marcus Tassler."

"Marcus Tassler!" exclaimed Leo involuntarily, and with intense astonishment. Lona Ivanovna looked at him steadily, and he dropped his eyes and added confusedly:

"Forgive my interruption, but somehow that man's name surprised me more than anything else."

Wallion moved impatiently. "Please go on," he murmured.

"Yes, I married Marcus Tassler," she went on calmly. "He was at that time a Russian subject, and we were just of an age. Perhaps he was not so worthless then; I don't know; we change with time. Several years passed; not all 'red,' but very often 'black' ones. I was imprisoned for the cause of liberty in Peter Paul fortress. Then came 1905, that year of bloodshed and of barricades with days of ardent enthusiasm and of bitter disappointment, when the soldiers mutinied at Sevastopol, Poland was declared to be in a state of siege, and barricades were set up in the streets of Moscow. Can you imagine the horrors we went through? Spies and traitors were to be found, ever amongst us. . . . One night our house was surrounded by Cos sacks. My brother was there. Marcus Tassler, myself, and Sergius, who was then a boy of fourteen. . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Just Like a Tot.**  
From Dorfbarbler, Berlin.  
Little Girl: Oh, I expect you have come for the rent and mother has forgotten to leave it.

Landlord: How do you know?  
Little Girl: Mother told me before she went out in case you called.

**Boastful.**  
From Passing Show.  
Retired Rich Butcher (showing his library to highbrow friend): See all them books bound in calfskin?  
Friend: Yes.  
Retired Butcher: Well, I killed all them calves myself.

**"Lucile is the Happiest Girl!"**



So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from the California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.

It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is imitated, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.

**Red Rain Explained**

A torrential fall of "red rain" in Manchuria almost destroyed the village of Fuyu, not far from Mukden. Chinese newspapers report. Pools of blood-red water formed in the streets, and the rain discolored houses. The Chinese inhabitants explained the red rain by saying that some superhuman huntsman had shot a dragon in the sky.

**For Best Results in Home Dyeing**

You can always give richer, deeper, more brilliant colors to faded or out-of-style dresses, hose, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. And the colors stay in through wear and washing!

Here's the reason. Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines money can buy. And it's the anilines that count! They are the very life of dyes.

Plenty of pure anilines make Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spotting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recommend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes.

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.

**Auto Parts**  
FOR ALL CARS old and new. Buses, Trucks, Accessories, etc. Write or call. AUTO SALVAGE & EXCHANGE CO. Distributors of Cuyler Tires and Tubes 300-308 Virginia St. Sioux City, Iowa

**Roofing and Repairs**  
NATIONAL ROOFING CO., Inc. Omaha-Sioux City-Sioux Falls-Council Bluffs Write for Estimates

**The Cat!**

The Sap—Yes, a life guard once was given a medal for saving my life. The Girl—Dear! Dear! I always thought they had to do something really wonderful to get medals!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Satan has no use for the best ones.



**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 so 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 1876.

**PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia**