

She closed here eyes, because sometimes that made it easier to see. Through the swaying mists she tried to show Miss Minnie her white-and-gold mother. She stole into the house, but its rooms and corridors were too a-swirl to be traversed. She heard, and tried to make the teacher hear, the snap of the pistol and the confusion and grief that had followed. Again she went to sleep in Harley's arms to awaken in Elmford.

"I can't find out anything else. When I ask Aunt Barbara and Uncle Walter they treat me like a criminal."

Miss Minnie stared and pondered.

"Tragedy that night, Bobbie, that won't bear talking about! Tragedy that snatched your proper life away! What a fine task to get for yourself all that fate's robbed you of. You must leave Elmford to start that job, and in leaving Elmford you've got to be very sautious just because you are so pretty."

It had the effect of tightening again the repressive cords. Barbara was relieved to see Harvey climbing the slope of the stadium, big, straight, assured. He forced on her in that moment an unquestioning confidence that he was going to get more out of life than any man she knew. She couldn't foresee what; perhaps money, certainly something big.

"It won't be much of a game," Miss Minnie was apologizing, "a soft spot between two harder ones. Probably the first string won't be used a great deal."

The soft spot, as so

All the cords were loose now. | man in unsoiled uniform loped up and down the sidelines, lifting his knees high, swinging his arms wide. On his back Barbara saw the number fifty-five, and opposite it on her program read with blanc incredulity the name Gray Manvel. But what had Mr Manvel said in the store the other day? "Warm weather for the season; too warm for the football squads." Could the lithe giant whom the spectators acclaimed as a hero be that weak sister, the Manvels' precious son? Miss Minnie leaned forward.

> "Now you'll see playing. Gray Manvel's the best back we've had in years. He does everything. Remember that big place in Elmford that always stood empty? It belongs to his father."

Harvey's eyes narrowed.

"So that's the young man! It isn't empty now. Miss Minnie. The Manvels are living there."

The coach stopped Manvel, placed his arm around his shoulders, and muttered with an air of affectionate confidence.

"Probably," Miss Minnie said, "so they can be near him during his last season. You're sure to see them now that Gray's in. When he plays they're like people strung up by their thumbs."

With a final slap on the back from the coach young Manvel ran toward the officials. The injured player whose place he was taking hobbled from the field. The whistle blew. Manvel stationed himself ten yards back of the line. "Watch him kick."

Barbara wondered why Miss Minnie should be so strung. The opposing captain pointed and called anxiously in shifting his players. Restless and uncertain, they took their new positions. The play wasn't a kick. Manvel's outstretched hands waited for the ball. Suddenly they dropped as another back plunged into the line and was stopped for no gain. On the next line up the ball shot back to Manvel, and he dropped it without hurry as his foot swung to send a long, high punt drifting down the field. The ends stood by waiting while the opposing back made a fair catch, while a communal expulsion of breath sighed through the stadium. As if still held in the ecstasy of that graceful, Herculean trajectory. Miss Minnie whispered: "Wasn't that tremendous, Bobbie? But it's the way Gray Manvel does everything, beautifully, without effort." Yet, having gained fifteen yards on the exchange of kick, the paragon was tossed for a loss on his first running play. It looked so inept, the failure was so obvious, that Earbara waited for disappointment and criticism. Both came, but not directed at Manvel. Others of the team got the blame. There was no taking out. The line charge was sluggish. The greatest back in the world couldn't get started without a trace of help. With conditions, as far as she could see, precisely identical, Barbara wondered why on the next play Gray Manvel should dodge a tackle who had broken through, sidestep a defensive back, cut across, then back again, leaving figures sprawling, to run forty-five yards before being forced out of bounds by the safety man. The stadium seemed to swell with an effect of magical growth. Miss Minnie was up the listener must not be "burdened" by any part of the cost, are apt to by any part of the cost, are apt to be startled by the common sense question of Sir John C. W. Reith, director-general of the British Broadcasting corporation: "I don't find anyone who likes the advertising talks on the radio; why continue to have them?" Sir John's company, the B. B. C. does not intersperse its programs with selling talk. The radio pro-grams in the newspapers do not contain publicity for business firms. Listeners do not have to writhe mentally at things they do not want to hear, in order to get things they do want to hear. Friction between

with the rest, waving her program, shouting.

Barbara remained seated, a trifle resentful of all this approbation, all this blind worship of one man among eleven Most of the crowd watched him to the exclusion of the others who struggled just as hard if not so spectacularly Within a tew moments, however, even she was a little infected with the spirit of mot favoritism. Manvel unhurriedly tossed a perfect forward cass to an end who was thrown as he caught it on the fiveyard line. From there Manvel twisted off tackle for the touchdown, and dropped the goal for the extra point. The stadium relaxed. Hercules had accomplished his task..

"They ought to take him out."

But after the kick-off Manvel remained in the game. Miss Minnie's pretty face had the disapproving, disciplinary look Barbara had observed so frequently during difficult moments in the Elmford schoolroom.

"I wish they's take him out. What's the sense running risks with the Yale game so near?"

Others near by were uneasy, would be, it was clear, until Gray Manvel was sent whole to the showers. Barbara commenced to conceive something resembling dislike for the over - praised over - guarded creature. Such worry was out of all proportion. A ruler threatened with some fantastic peril couldn't be the focus of more concern.

The play had drifted directly opposite the little group. Four figures moved in front of Barbara and paused. Miss Minnie surreptitiously pressed her arm.

"Father and mother!" she whispered. "They always follow the ball like this when he's in."

An inconsequential shift in the play turned the four enough to let Barbara see their profiles. Yes, that meager man with the sunken face and the near-sighted eyes had stood in the store and said nice things about her to Uncle Walter. He held an unlighted cigar in one hand and a lighter in the other. Once or twice he placed the cigar between his lips, and half raised the lighter, then seemed to forget as a play started or a scrimmage untangled. From the intentness with which he peered it seemed an affectation that he shouldn't wear glasses. The giant on the field unconsciously mocked his mother's adolescent figure. She have borne him, yet her dress hung as straightly as those of the young women of his generation. Her face, although handsome and young for her years, made Barbara's eyes widen. The remoteness she had glimpsed there through the window of the automobile was replaced by an expression primitive and fierce. Artificial color flamed too ardently against pallid flesh. Her hand lifting to her chestnut hair shook. Unquestionably the young giant had the power to string his parents up by the thumbs. "I wish they'd take Gray out so we could go."

over everything else, of being forced, in no particular sense entirely natural.

"How much time is there, Steve?"

Mrs. Manvel's voice was like steel drawn to the splintering point. The answer from the fourth member of the party came uninterestedly.

"Ten minutes, I dare say." "Ten minutes!"

The echo throbbed with despair. Barbara's smile was reflective, wistful. Would her white-and-gold mother have agonize so over her? She was an only child, too, as far as she could tell, and girls were supposed to be of more concern to mothers than boys. Mr. Manvel sputtered.

"You'd much better not come to the games, Caroline." "Don't talk rot, Jacob. Do

you expect me to cheer while they work him to death?"

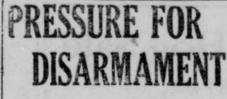
The man whom she had called Steve shook his head. "I'd suggest, my dear Caro-

line, groaning because they don't work him enough. I fancy they're keeping him in because he so openly needs the work."

Defensively she faced him. "Hasn't he done well this afternoon?"

"So-so against a third-rate team. You know one touchdown mayn't beat even a third-rate team."

His manner was unexcited, slightly mocking. He towered above the Manvels and the girl Esther, but he, like Mr. Manvel, was over-thin. His long gray coat draped loosely from 1.is shoulders. He lounged against a cane braced in an angle of the masonry as if the exertion of standing were irksome. Barbara liked his face, but it failed to tell her how old he was. The steady, tolerant gray eyes brimmed with youth, but there were very many wrinkles beneath them. First of all that afternoon she got an impression of a man who had experienced enough himself to make concessions unasked to the less worldlywise. It warmed her to him, and made her hope that his sallow complexion, his slenderness, and his use of the stick



Great Britain Throws Moral and Financial Aid to United States

Geneva, -(UP)- Financial and moral pressure by the Anglo-Saxon nations are being counted upon by the League of Nations as the dominating factors for forcing an actual reduction in armaments at the 1932 disarmament conference.

Every indication points to the probability that the fight in going to be led largely by the Anglo-Saxon nations, backed naturally by the disarmed nations of Central Europe.

That this fact is appreciated both by the United States and Great Britain is indicated, it is declared, by the manner in which President Hoover intimated the necessity of armament reduction n connection with his project for the temporary moratorium of war debts and reparations, and by the manner in which Great Britain has served notice on the League that various concessions in favor of peace must depend purely on a successful disarmament conference.

Atmosphere Unfavorable

No secret is made in League circles that during the last six months the atmosphere in Europe has been anything but favorable for a successful disarmament conference.

In fact, the open hostility between various European nations, as reflected at Legue Council meetings and the European Union Commission, was such that postponment of the disarmament conference was considered.

While sharp criticism has been expressed in Europe that President Hocver's financial aid was largely in favor of Germany, league circles point out that this has constituted a situation that nullifies the principle pretext for the maintenance of large European armaments.

Fear of Germany has always been the base on which other European nations have made claims for large armaments. **Economical Salvation**

With Germany in a position where her economic salvation lies with the United States, and with the knowledge that this economic and financial aid would be cut off if she showed signs of aggressive inclinations, league circles believe that the rest of Europe can hardly use Germany as an excuse for future large armaments. Aside from the help already

rendered Germany by the Hoover administration, and the intima-

Substitution of Heart Worked Only for Time

It is not true that Dr. Wallace M. Yater, of Georgetown university, took the heart out of one animal and substituted it for the heart of another animal. What he did was to insert a heart into the circulatory system of another animal, leaving the animal's own heart intact. A transplanted heart stops beating during the transfer, but resumes its rhythm when properly connected with the veins and arteries. For a few days Doctor Yater's transplanted heart functioned as a sort of auxiliary "pump," but after a week it disintegrated and ceased to beat. It is said that an organ can be transplanted from one part of an animal to another part, as from the thorax to the neck, but no one has yet succeeded in keeping permanently alive vital organs that have been transplanted from one animal to another. There is something peculiarly personal about vital organs.

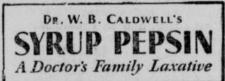
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POISON in Your bowels!

Poisons absorbed into the system from souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied constipation for over forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drugstores sell,



frequently happens, quite successfully imitated the quality of flint, or else the Princeton team was over-confident or stale, for the first half ended without a score.

Here, too, Miss Minnie proved herself a thorough instructress. Barbara didn't see how anyone could be so surefooted among the intricacies of a game. By the time the teams trotted out for the second half Barbara had the rudiments. People perpetually strolled about, visiting, chatting, like guests at a gigantic tea party. She heard snatches of their talk.

"Rotten showing for this time of year." "Maybe the warm weather." "Watch the second half. Gray's sure to go tn."

With the second half started, and a deadlock similar to the earlier periods persisting, the name, Gray, came to her oftener. Why wasn't Gray put in? Perhaps his knee was still bad. No. A lucky man had seen him at secret practice the other day. Not the trace of a limp.

"Who's Gray?" she asked Miss Minnie at the commencement of the fourth period.

Miss Minnie didn't answer, because at that second a great roar billowed from the Princeton side, unorganized, spontaneous, the first real enthustasm of the day. The game had halted with the ball deep in Princeton territory. A Princeton player was stretched on the ground, the trainer bending anxiously above him. Apparently from his misfortune comething good had come to the crowd. Miss Minnie was tense, watchful.

"I believe Gray's going in at aast."

"Who is Gray?" Barbara repeated.

Miss Minnie was still too strained to answer. A young

TO SAVE CUBS

Washington - Frank G. Preston, of Tacoma, Wash., has patented a device to salvage submarines. The invention includes buoys, releasable by hand or automatically, to be partied by submarines and designed to mark the location of the vessel if disabled under water. These buoys are further designed to serve as pilot cables for grappling devices in raising the submarine.

A Sharp Question.

Americans, used to accepting the nditure of mililons of dollars on o programs and calmly sure that

The fragile, lifeless tone drew Barbara. It hadn't issued from Mrs. Manvel. A small young woman with the immobile grace of a figurine jnst seyond her.

"Where," Mr. Manvel asked. "does little Esther want to go?"

"Anywhere just to be going somewhere."

Her lack of vibration made Barbara look closer. The very formality of her yellow waves of hair suggested the professional touch, and her gleaming, doll-ilke face was too much made up. The scantiness of her clothing gave to the beauty of its draping about her figure, shapely in its small way, a special quality, as if it had been achieved by a sculptor devoted to classicism; but that one trait predominated

British newspapers and radio is non-existent.

And the "burden" on British listeners is \$2.50 a year, 21 cents a month, paid for a license to use receiving set.

"Your country is better off than ours. If the English workingman can afford to pay \$2.50 a year, can't Americans afford it? Many persons in this country have told me they would be glad to pay twice the Brit-ish fee if they could have high-class programs with no advertising," says Sir John.

Obviously, broadcasting can't go on unless money is provided. The

weren't symptoms of a physical deficiency.

Frequently Esther yawned. Perpetually Mrs. Manvel lifted her wrist to glance at her watch.

"Will this business never end?"

Steve laughed.

"Unfortunately the timekeeper will see that it does all too soon for the good of the cause."

"Steve! How can you with Gray out there?"

"You compensate me, my dear Caroline, for my childlessness. One ought to thrill to the valorous deeds of one's brood, even against thirdrate teams."

She tried to match his moods and failed.

"I can't laugh, Steve, when Gray might be hurt any minute, even killed."

Barbara liked his smile. "Unspartan mother, you

must appreciate that so may any of the other members of the suicide club out there. You know, I wouldn't be at all amazed if they had female parents too. It's in the nature of things, speaking biologically. If I refuse to burst into grief at such sad possibilities it's because I've observed that hurt football players customarily recover to grow fat and lazy in the marble halls of

bankers and brokers." "But really, Steve," Esther lisped, "they ought to take our Gray out."

Barbara caught the possessive note, then she heard Steve say in an undertone to the girl:

"Does Gray know his mother brought you? His father and I weren't informed."

Her laugh rang, thin and vibrationless.

"I hope not. I always want to be a surprise for Gray!"

(TO B. CONTINUED)

advertising plan is on trial in the court of public opinion.

PLANS TO PAINT Philadelphia-(UP)-An instructor at George school will soon leave the city for an extended stay in the jungles of Yucatan where she will paint recently unearthed examples of Maya pottery. She is Miss Louise Baker and is considered one of the most outstanding archeological painters of the country. She will make the trip under the direction of the University of

Pannsvivania museum.

tion that more may be forthcoming is pointed out that various American loans to Germany now :otal \$1,600,000,000.

Other European nations, besides mollified milk." Germany, it is pointed out, are likely to find American financial aid necessary and it is believed that this will be made conditional ipon armament reduction.

In the meantime there is every Indication that the United States will have the warm support of Great Britain, constituting a veritable Anglo-Saxon block that will countenance nothing less than actual reduction.

MacDonald's Declaration

Great Britain's attitude it is deelared has recently been indicated in two events.

One was MacDonald's declarations in parliament that Great Britain has reached the limit of reduction unless other nations follow suit

The other was the similar notes sent to the secretariat by Great Britain and her dominions that they only will accept the necessary amendments for harmonizing the League covenant with the Kellogg Pact when a successful international disarmament convention

has been brought into force. The latter is interpreted as being the first, of what may prove to be a series of steps by Great Britain to bring heavy moral pressure to bear upon other league members for an actual armament reduction.

At the same time it is interpreted as an actual effort on the part of the other Anglo-Saxon nations to back the United States in the hard fight for actual reductions.

PENALTY OF SUCCESS

Liverpool -- With success comes -high blood pressure, and often death is the result. Such is the opinion of Dr. John Hay, professor of medicine at Liverpool university. 'The successful man does not walk, he rides." Mr. Hay explains. "His friends take advantage of his efficiency and flatter him, impose upon his good nature, and accordingly he is a member of this and that committee, resulting in a continnous hustle and mental strain. All of which brings on high blood pressure.

It took Magellan 1,084 days to circle the globe. The time of Post and Gatty in their plane was eight and two-third days.

King George Stocks Palace Lake With Trout

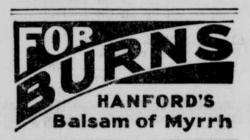
London -(UP)- President Hoover can now enjoy trout fishing at Buckingham Palace should he visit King George.

The lake has been stocked with rainbow trout. Fish of a pound weight are now ready to be caught. It is understood that King George and his guests, when fishing, use only flies. The lake is the only one within

the London radius stocked with rainhow trout.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 60c and \$1.00 at Drugsists. Hiscox 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 drug-gists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

For the Nonce Larkes-I'm the boss in my house. Sparkes-How long has your wife been away?



Man is violent, foolish and sometimes wicked: but he has brought civilization to where it is. There's a great intellect there.

Dishonest men are in terror of the fury of the honest ones, but the honest ones are always behind time.

It means a whole lot to daily happiness to have something to do.

Memory, no less than hope, owes its charm to "the far away."



How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent abdomen and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

Get on the scales to-day and see how much you weigh-then getman 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks. Take one half teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again.

After that you'll want to walk around and say to your friends,-"One 85 cent bottle of Kruschen Salts is worth one hundred dollars of any fat person's money." Leading druggists America over

sell Kruschen Salts.

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 38--1931.



