



Too Much ACID

MANY people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion as they call it. It is usually excess acid. Correct it with an alkali. The best way, the quick, harmless and efficient way, is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained for 50 years the standard with physicians. One spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids, and at once. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

You will never use crude methods when you know this better method. And you will never suffer from excess acid when you prove out this easy relief.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. 25c and 50c a bottle—any drug store.

The ideal dentifrice for clean teeth and healthy gums is Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth-paste.

Webster's Foresight Poor

When Daniel Webster was rejected by his party at their Presidential candidate, he was offered the place of Vice President under Taylor and indignantly refused. Had he accepted he would today have been number one among our Presidents, as Taylor died in office.

A Far Better External Remedy

No matter how up to date your doctor is, there is one old-fashioned remedy he often finds most helpful—the mustard plaster. For generations it has been recognized as useful in treating bad colds, particularly where pneumonia is feared. But today many physicians realize that there is something far better in the way of external treatment, giving results never before obtained. It is B. & M., The Penetrating Germicide. For quickly checking coughs and colds it is always dependable. Should always be used where pneumonia threatens or has set in. B. & M. is the only germicide that penetrates when externally applied. There is nothing else like it, no substitute for it. Your druggist should have it in stock. Or we will mail a full-size bottle on receipt of \$1.25 and his name. Useful booklet free. F. E. Bellins Co., 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass. (Adv.)

No Chance

Judge—Do you think it's safe to travel seventy miles an hour?
Culprit—No, the motor cops can do aught.

Makes You Lose Unhealthy Fat

Mrs. Ethel Smith of Norwich, Conn., writes: "I lost 16 lbs. with my first bottle of Kruschen. Being on my first duty it was hard to sleep days but now since I am taking Kruschen I sleep plenty, eat as usual and lose fat too."

To take off fat—take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—an 85 cent bottle lasts 4 weeks—Get it at any drug store in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the easiest, surest and safest way to lose fat your money gladly returned.

A lazy man may pray for rain; and he prays for a slow, drizzling one, so that he won't have to get up and shut the windows.

The eyes of our souls only then begin to see when our bodily eyes are closing.—Seneca.

For INDIGESTION Use Nature's PRESCRIPTION
Mother Nature is the best doctor you could bring to the aid of indigestion. In her fragrant herbs and leaves, no packaged in Garfield Tea, she gives you a mild but powerful prescription for cleansing the bowels, promoting fully growth. Garfield Tea relieves stomach heaviness, occasional constipation—makes indigestion vanish.
At All Drugists
GARFIELD TEA
A Natural Laxative Drink

Prevents Hair Loss. Evolution erroneous. Experiment. See. Larrow refuted. 5c. Free. Unemployed. Address: 3535 Leclaire, St. Louis, Mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling
Lustrates Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
6c and 12c at Drugists
Hines Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 5c cents by mail or at drugists. Hines Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by WADSWORTH CAMP

She longed to ask where Gray Manvel was, why he hadn't seen her again as he had promised, or threatened, to do. Of course Steve wouldn't tell her about Gray any more than he'd inform Gray where she was hidden away.

"Mrs. Twining's pleased with you."

"I'm glad."
Mrs. Twining, later pouring tea, spoke in her brittle voice. "Let me see, Steve, have I, or have I not, thanked you for sending Miss Norcross to a poor ancient derelict?"

Barbara's regard of her employer was a shade sardonic. Mrs. Twining decidedly wasn't poor, nor very ancient, nor derelict except through her own devising. Beneath her white hair her sharp eyes had plenty of vitality; they saw everything, just as her delicate ears missed nothing. Her tall body tending to emaciation, was enfolded in soft silk and old lace. The chair in which she sat had come from a palace; the spreading rugs had been woven centuries ago for another; the canvases on the walls of the enormous room belonged in a museum. The whole house was like that, full of treasures that only a bottomless purse and a delicate taste could collect.

Barbara never felt at ease in it, because its extravagance led her back to the mist-covered luxuries of her youth, and made her doubt if she ought to occupy a position which, in spite of anything Steve might say, wasn't far removed from that of the housekeeper or the lesser servants. She questioned now while she listened to the brittle voice if she would here, as in Elmford, soon have to seek a means of escape.

"Miss Norcross reads so pleasantly, and it's a pleasure to look at her. The last one I had squinted and took, I'm certain, too much coffee."

Barbara was never sure just how sincere an invalid Mrs. Twining was. Perhaps she had too much egoism to grow old normally, in the public view, and so made herself the hub of her own tiny, guarded empire. She still possessed power of a sort, for people were always writing or telephoning about charities and entertainments, or asking to see her out of friendship; but usually she put them off, or else with her imperial air bluntly refused to be bothered. Steve was an exception; she was happy to have him. She motioned Barbara to help her rise.

"Perhaps you'll join our ramble, Steve, before you run along."

That was the one interest Barbara had found in the house, drawing the strange woman out of her neurasthenia. More and more she had persuaded her to remain downstairs for dinner, although those meals served in a great hall of a dining room by Hoskins, a man as silent and chill as a shape of snow, were fairly trying; and now in this crisp January weather she had got her in the custom of a brief stroll about the grounds.

Steve's cane accommodated itself to her modest pace while Mrs. Twining made the most of his presence, drawing him out about her old friends whom she no longer cared to see.

"Why don't you come back to the world, Adelaide? There's an empty throne waiting."

She smiled grimly. "I'm too old, too ill, too

sensible, to watch my cronies' children playing the monkey. Now loo! There's an example. Speaking of thrones, that's what mine's worth. It's the first time she's paid her court in months, and she lives within a mile."

Barbara caught her breath, and her feet dragged. She didn't know why she should shrink from this encounter with the fragile form that floated around a curve of the hedge. Perhaps it was an account of the unavoidable chain of questions that rattled through her mind. When had little Esther seen Gray last? Had Gray ever held her fragility in the unbreakable circle of his arms? Had he brought warmth to her crimson, languid mouth?

Barbara resented her thoughts, but they were Gray's fault, because he had in a flash lifted her to a new plane where jealousy drowsed with other primitive emotions. She had, moreover, a cautionary reluctance to go forward. Esther's glance was on her unseeing, but that night in Elmford she had seen clearly enough the girl whom Gray wouldn't let Roberts drive home.

Esther's lips brushed Mrs. Twining's cheek.

"Hello, Steve! It's a crowd."

Barbara waited under a strain. Surely Esther didn't see her as she tucked her hand under Mrs. Twining's arm and set the march again in motion. Steve spoke dreamily.

"Esther, Miss Norcross comes from Elmford."

Esther's vibrationless voice gave nothing away.

"Aunt Adelaide has so many companions, Miss Norcross. I suppose Mr. Waters caught you for her. There's a new one every time I come."

Mrs. Twining chided in her dry way.

"If you came oftener, Esther, you'd keep more in touch with my small family."

"Warn you, Aunt Adelaide, I won't be scolded. I'm not in the swamps much this time of year; too many orgies in town."

"Then," Mrs. Twining cracked, "why this descent?"

"Big shakedown at Mill Pond, so I thought I'd spend the night at home, and take a squint at you angel."

Mrs. Twining's tone was dryer than ever.

"Then your mother didn't send you to an elderly invalid?"

"How absurd! I'm never sent. I wouldn't be sent anywhere by anybody."

Steve laughed.

"You ought to have a husband."

Barbara's heart quickened as Mrs. Twining's question followed with a dreadful inevitability.

"How's Gray Manvel? I'd let that young man come see me if he took the pains to ask."

Esther spoke sharply.

"What's he got to do with it?"

Barbara fancied he had quite a lot to do with it. Steve waved his cane.

"Gray never thinks of anyone he isn't immediately with."

Mrs. Twining turned to Esther.

"But he's with you lots, baby. You don't mean there's a rift there?"

Esther flashed a glance at Barbara then.

"Aunt Adelaide, you never cease surprising me with your titanic resistance. Mightn't we get in out of the cold? Do

scare me up a nocker, and We'll chatter quietly over it."

The implication couldn't be dodged, so Barbara, a little later, left the three gathered around the drawing-room fire. Steve frowning at the tip of his cane which traced erratic patterns, Esther, sipping the glass which the gelid Hoskins had brought her, Mrs. Twining lying back with an air of expectancy.

Barbara's nerves were on edge. She wanted to break up the intimate circle with an announcement that she belonged in it as much as Esther, that she was quite as good as Esther was; but as she paraded through the great, empty rooms she realized that she couldn't say that yet, because she had no idea how good or bad she was, and she hadn't been able to make a single effort to learn. Mrs. Slocum increased her irritation.

"You're out of sorts, my dear. No wonder. I don't see why you bury yourself here when you could be a hit in a musical just by letting them see you. And you'd have chances. The men would flock . . . So little Esther's dropped from the skies! Don't like that piece of glass. You never know where you stand with her."

Then Mrs. Twining's unexpected question towards the close of their lonely dinner added to Barbara's discomfort.

"You've never seen my niece before, Miss Norcross?"

"Once, by chance in Elmford, where I lived until I came here."

"So I'm told. Esther would have been with Caroline Manvel. Extraordinary woman, Caroline. She's got her eye on that throne Steve was joking about to-day. You must have seen those old friends of mine."

Barbara looked down.

"Barely. I did see Gray Manvel play football once."

Mrs. Twining smiled.

"I envy you. He must have been very brilliant. You know, I often think the one drawback of great brilliancy is that it makes the possessor too self-centered. If he were here Gray would make me believe him fonder of me than of any other old crock in the world. Since he isn't I never even enter his head."

Momentarily Barbara closed her eyes. It was logically true. Probably she hadn't been in Gray's head since that night.

To him their moment on the steps had been an incident easily forgotten, but for her it retained a unique and bitter savor. She couldn't get Gray out of her head, and it didn't help to hear him talked about. She was doubtfully aware, moreover, of change in her relations with her employer; steadily the invalid treated her less as a companion and more as a receptacle for confidential chatter. She felt herself each day led deeper into the cloister, increasingly entangled in its dreary ritual. As she helped Mrs. Twining leave the table she made her final fluttering effort to escape.

"Mrs. Twining, I've wondered if I'm just what you need."

The bony hand grasped Barbara's shoulder; the sharp eyes narrowed.

"Why do you say that? Did you overhear anything this afternoon?"

Anger swept Barbara. Then they had talked about her around the fire.

"I, but I've had so little experience at this sort of work."

Her temper let her dare it.

"And I thought your niece looked at me as if she doubted I was the perfect companion for you."

Mrs. Twining released her. Barbara had never heard her voice more brittle.

"Don't you fret about what my niece or anyone else thinks. I'll think for myself, and for some others, too, as long as I live."

She patted Barbara's hand.

"After the professionals I've

suffered I consider myself very fortunate to have found you. Don't utter stupidities again; they're abominable for my health. You're good medicine. You wouldn't take her tonic away from an old cripple?"

As they crept across the endless polished floors she said brightly: "Why don't you have your friends? I don't mean to exile you from them."

It touched Barbara, because she could see Mrs. Twining was sacrificing.

"I haven't many friends." The imperial old lady smiled skeptically.

"And I must see that you get out more."

Barbara was glad of her daring; it made a small breach in the walls. Through it, oddly, she ventured first back to Elmford. Uncle Walter wrote her frequently the narrative of the store, the house, and the village. From the quarrel the night before her flight his romantic soul seemed to have received a special mission to report on everything he heard about Gray Manvel. Young Manvel had visited the store a number of times. Young Manvel hadn't been at the big house since Thanksgiving. His parents were going to New York for week-ends, presumably to be with him. She could make what she pleased of this record. In his naive fashion he set it down impersonally, as a matter of general interest.

He was worried about his wife. "She hasn't been up to snuff since that unlucky night, Bobbie. I think if you came to see her, and didn't say anything about what upset her so then, it would do her a lot of good. There's no earthly use nagging her about that anyway, so let's all be friends again. She has tried to be a mother to you."

It weakened Barbara. Of course she'd go for a day, but she kept putting it off. The one friend who was likely to seek her behind the walls finally arrived and set her in motion. She had an idea that there was strategy in Harvey's having waited so long, for of course the Gardners had told him where she was at the start. Reluctantly released from her reading by Mrs. Twining, who had gone to bed, she entered the big room where a fire still blazed, and faced a stranger.

She hadn't seen Harvey since the night by the meeting house when she had sent him away. From clothing, carriage and appearance the last dust of the farm boy and store clerk had been brushed. Already he had taken on the neat, competent hardness of the city, and it made him better-looking, more confident, and further visioned. He met her without embarrassment, and he held her hand for only a moment, but his eyes, she noticed, never left her.

"Here we are, Bobbie, both out of Elmford and on the way."

He was happy in his work. Leaning forward near the fire, his hands clasped between his knees, gazing at her steadily, he told her he was learning the commission business, how he had been on several trips for the firm, one taking him as far as Chicago, and how his first small experimental salary had been increased to a living wage.

"Rankin, the man who got me in there, and I are meaning to have our own firm the first chance. I'd rather work for myself than for anybody else, but that'll need more money than's in sight to-day."

She felt the old vague jealousy of his ability to attain his desires; but she remembered that the greatest desire of all he couldn't reach. She wished she might have altered during the period of their separation, but she hadn't. His handclasp left no tingling; his good looks and his earnestness failed to lure her closer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

He caught the hitch-hiker and took him into custody.

Later, investigation proved the "boy" to be a midget. Major Small, from a circus and Hollywood pictures who was attempting to hitch-hike back to his home in Ohio.

"It's easy to pick up rides," Small said, "but the cops chase me all the time because they think I am a runaway kid."

NOT DEPENDABLE

Sweet Williams are bi-annuals and cannot be depended on for two years in a row. On alternate years they often do poorly.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ointment and use as directed. Fine particles of wax skin peel off until all defects such as wrinkles, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Procter's Scarlet Face cream with one ounce Mercolized Wax. At drug stores.

More over

Irene Castle McLaughlin, whose home for homeless Chicago dogs recently burnt down, is a great lover of animals, and at a luncheon she told an animal story.

"There was once a colored gentleman," she began, "who had a dog named 'Moreover.'"

"'Queer name, that, for a dog,' a white gentleman said. 'Where did you get the name from, Junius?'"

"'Moreover am a Biblical name, sah,' Junius, the owner of the dog, explained.

"'Yes?' said the gentleman. 'How so?'"

"'Don't you remember, sah,' said the colored gentleman, 'whar de good book says: 'Moreover, the dog came and licked his wounds.'"



CHILD need REGULATING?

CASTORIA WILL DO IT!

When your child needs regulating, remember this: the organs of babies and children are delicate. Little bowels must be gently urged—never forced. That's why Castoria is used by so many doctors and mothers. It is specially made for children's ailments; contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. You can safely give it to young infants for colic pains. Yet it is an equally effective regulator for older children. The next time your child has a little cold or fever, or a digestive upset, give him the help of Castoria, the children's own remedy. Genuine Castoria always has the name:

CASTORIA

Reward for Large Families

Rewarding parents of large families is one of the most brilliant functions that take place annually at the Hotel de Ville, Paris. Nearly 150 medals of gold, silver and bronze, according to the merits of each case, were this year distributed. The gold medals went to the parents of eleven and twelve offspring, silver to those of eight or nine, and bronze to those of five, six or seven. There were nine of the gold class this year, twenty-one of the silver and more than one hundred bronze ones presented.

Venerable Earth

Geologists believe rain has fallen on earth for at least 1,500,000,000 years, says Dr. William Bowie of the United States coast and geodetic survey. The oldest sedimentary rocks, estimated to be 1,500,000,000 years old, could not have been formed without running water to wash sediments from land surfaces, he says.—Indianapolis News.

Peanut Seed's Vitality

Peanut growers have thought that seed stored more than a year or two would lose its vitality, but government tests indicate that good peanut seed can be used after three or four years of storage.



NURSES KNOW

Nurses see many breakdowns and serious illnesses caused by letting the system "run-down" until it is too weak to fight off germs.

They also see doctors prescribe Fellows' Syrup for people who are nervous, easily tired, unable to sleep. These people might have had a long siege of illness—instead they recovered quickly and now glow with energy and health. You too can "pep up" your vitality, and raise your spirits to the skies. This wonderful tonic replenishes the body with valuable ingredients, so that even the first few doses start the change. Get the genuine Fellows' Syrup from your druggist today.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Jap Beetles Threaten Princeton Primroses

Princeton, N. J. — (UP) — Invasion by Japanese beetles is seriously endangering Princeton university's most expensive single scientific experiment, consisting of 30,000 evening primrose plants used in proving that evolution proceeds by sudden and not gradual processes.

The plants, which cover several acres of ground, include 410 invaluable pedigree families of the flower and 400 to 500 distinct types, some

of which are related to plants developed by DeVries, famous Dutch botanist, in 1877, according to Dr. George H. Shull, professor of genetics and botany.

The primroses have been developed here since 1915, when they were brought from the Carnegie Institution for experimental evolution at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., where Dr. Shull commenced their work in 1905.

CAT NEARLY WASHED, IRONED
Fort Collins, Colo.—(UP)—If the cat hadn't "meowed," it might have been washed and ironed. Mrs. A.

Runaway "Boy" Was Just Jaunting Midget

Fallon, Nev. — (UP) — A report to the sheriff's office that a runaway boy was attempting to catch a ride out of Fallon led Ralph Vanhook, deputy sheriff, to investigate.