

**KILL COLD GERMS**  
**NAVAP**  
 NASAL VAPOR  
 Clears head instantly.  
 Stops cold spreading.  
 Sprinkle your handkerchief during the day—your pillow at night.  
 A McKESSON PRODUCT **50¢** AT ALL DRUG STORES

**Health Associated With Slimness and Laughter**

The old advice, "Laugh and grow fat," is out of date. Not many years ago fatness was regarded as a sign of robust health, but we know now that it is undesirable even in babies or young children.

Dr. Leclercq Anderson, medical officer for Doncaster, England, claims that the phrase should be "Laugh and grow healthy." "Laughter," he says, "is essentially associated with good health, but adipose tissue, if at all undue, cannot be regarded as a favorable condition. Leanness of body is far more likely to be associated with strength and energy."

The fat person, he explains, has to make his heart and his muscles work far harder than they were designed to do, since they are called upon to deal with an extra load of from one to many pounds. For those who wish to become slim and healthy Doctor Anderson recommends the taking of little sugar, bread, or starchy foods—and laughter.

**Bedridden with Rheumatism**



**Rubs on oil... gets up right away**  
 There's nothing like good old St. Jacobs Oil for relieving the aches and pains of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia or sore Muscles. You rub it on. Quickly draws out pain and inflammation. Relief comes before you can count 601. Get a small bottle from your druggist.

**Precaution**

Roddie was taking his little brot to Phil to Sunday school for the first time. He seemed rather concerned about it and just before starting, turned to his mother and said: "Mother, what is Phil's last name? They might ask me."



**Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN**

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment. Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria. Real Castoria always bears the name:



**CASTORIA**  
 CHILDREN CRY FOR IT  
 Unguided  
 "Uncle, you are not married, are you?"  
 "No, darling."  
 "Then, who tells you what you ought not to do?"

**NIP CHEST COLDS, QUICK WITH HEAT OF RED PEPPERS**  
 Relieves Almost Instantly

To break up congestion, to restore free circulation and stop chest colds... to alleviate the circulatory pains and aches of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago... Nature has stored up in red peppers a marvelous therapeutic heat that penetrates deeply into the skin without blistering or burning and swiftly brings relief. Now this genuine red peppers' heat is contained in an ointment, Rowles Red Pepper Rub. As you rub it on you'll feel better. And in 3 minutes relief comes. Drug stores sell Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Try it.

**THE FORBIDDEN YEARS**

by **WADSWORTH CAMP**

She dragged herself up the iron stairs to her dressing room. She was certain she had failed, and that Esther, therefore, had won another victory. Why shouldn't Gray and she laugh at her pitiful attempt to act? She had deliberately to put him out of her life, but she couldn't put Esther out. Esther was stalking Gray, and Barbara couldn't bear the thought of her succeeding, for she wasn't up to him; he could never find even the shadow of content in the profundities of her artificiality. Barbara longed to save him from that disillusionment.

She had no maid; she hadn't felt she could afford one. Sleepily, indifferently she removed her make-up, put on her street clothes, and left the room. From the landing she heard a familiar tap-tap-tapping on the stage below.

Steve was there, and so was Harvey, walking back and forth while they talked earnestly. Steve's attitude hadn't the smallest trace of condescension for the younger man. Harvey was as well-dressed as he, and as easy in his manner, for now probably he was talking business. As she came on down she tried to bring back the picture of the boy Harvey desperately striving to keep life in a moribund automobile, so that he might use his spare time to make all the money he could. He would always make money, she reflected moodily, always track more material success, but the one spiritual gift he craved he couldn't have to round his life. Why not? Why not give him that? Why not round one life, at the expense of another that could never be rounded?

Steve saw her first, clapped his hands, and drawled: "May a lowly insect gaze at a glittering new star?"

"Don't make fun of me, Steve."  
 "But I'm not. I'm no judge of such things, but I should think you'd be fairly satisfied."

That was the trouble. Nobody would go on record, no one would make a flat statement about her performance. Then Harvey did. He grasped her hand.

"You were good, Bobbie."  
 There it was, honest unequivocal, important.  
 "Thanks, Harvey. I hope you're right."

"I am. I've come to take you home."  
 Steve's face wrinkled pleasantly.

"And I'm an aide-de-camp from Adelaide. Did you see I'd fetched her after all?"  
 "Yes. How did you do it, Steve?"  
 He laughed.

"I think the answer is that I didn't. She did it herself. She wanted to come. When I suggested it in trembling tones she agreed as if it were the most natural excursion in the world."

He took a folded page of the program from his vest pocket and handed it to Barbara. On the margin Mrs. Twining had written:

"Dear Barbara: You may not know I'm back in town. I am. Will you come to my house tomorrow at tea time and gossip with an elderly invalid?"

She stared at the paper. She hadn't expected that. She would go; one obeyed an empress's commands. She had a sense of a barrier's having dwindled, glanced up, and surprised, saw that the curtain had been lifted exposing the empty, darkened auditorium.

**A Night of Song.**

From the Omaha World-Herald. (Mr. Whoozit, having broken his reading glasses, turns to the radio for an evening's diversion. As he pulls the switch someone is talking. He listens a moment and turns the dial. He continues to turn the dial.)  
 "Do you ever watch your boy at play? Does he throw himself into the thick of the game or does he stand on the outskirts, timid, indifferent or both? The chances are he is short on Vitamins X and Z, those two famous health and character building vitamins without which no boy is complete. Hurry now to your nearest vitamin shoppe

But it would come down again; that was the nature of things. Steve struck at the stairs with his cane.

"I imagine she wants to see you."  
 "Yes."  
 Harvey's voice was anxious.  
 "You'll go?"  
 "Yes, but I didn't think she'd want to see me after the way I left."

Steve spread his hands.  
 "It's utter temerity to try to think for Adelaide."  
 "Did she say anything, Steve—about to-night, I mean?"

"She didn't say anything during the piece, but afterwards she borrowed my pencil, wrote that, and said: 'You stay, Steve. Give her a chance to find her pretty face again, then take her this.' Will you tell her that I accomplished my mission most competently? You're done, Barbara. I'm not going to suggest going anywhere. Hustle her home, Masters, and you drop in the office to-morrow. We'll talk that matter over with Jacob Marvel."

Barbara spoke a little wistfully.  
 "You are climbing fast, Harvey. Think of conferring with Mr. Marvel!"  
 Steve laughed.  
 "What's more natural? That's how we make money, by conferring with people who can make money for us."

They went through the stage door, and paced down the alley. When Harvey ran out to signal a cab Barbara, against her own wish, it seemed to her, murmured to Steve:

"Gray was in the theater to-night."  
 Steve answered quickly, as if trying not to give significance to his reply:  
 "And not alone."

But the ugly color was there. Ever since she had seen Steve she had been afraid he might say something even darker. What could she do if he did, if some day he or somebody else should tell her that Esther and Gray were to be married?  
 "You told me once," Steve mused, "that you wanted him to forget you."  
 "Oh, yes, I told you."  
 She grasped his arm and pressed it.

"I want him to forget me, but there are some things, Steve, that I just can't face."  
 "My dear Barbara there are a great many things that have to be faced whether one likes them or not."  
 "But not yet, Steve—" She caught herself.

"Not yet," he answered, "but some people have multiple gifts for gaining their ends."  
 "You mean Esther Helder."  
 Steve laughed meaningless.

The cab was drawn up, and Harvey called to them: "Come along. What's so funny?"  
 "Life," said Steve. "Isn't it, Barbara?"

And for good-night he gave her an ardent wish.  
 "I hope you've made a success. I hope you've started a career that'll keep you busy and happy."  
 "Thanks, Steve."

But as she sank back in the cab she felt as if he had condemned her to some difficult penalty.  
 Harvey didn't try to talk. Once or twice on the way to her rooming house he patted her hand encouragingly; and as he helped her from the cab he said firmly:  
 "Go to sleep, and don't

worry until morning. I tell you you were good."

"Thanks, Harvey, but that's only what you think."  
 "Don't I usually think right, Bobbie?"

Yet when she was in bed she worried less about the result of her essay in the theater than of Esther's lithe stalking of Gray. Could she, if the emergency arose, save him from imprisonment within hard walls of egoism and insincerity?

Dreamily pretty, secretive Minnie Barton slipped into her mind. Gray had liked her after his fashion; she must have had some influence over him.

Abruptly she sat up in bed, clasping her knees with straining hands. Her thoughts were leading her where she didn't want to follow. She must quite herself; she must get some sleep; but she lay awake, worrying about Gray more than herself until a bland dawn painted her wall with a warning that the hour of judgment was upon her.

The maid came in with her coffee and the morning papers which she had ordered the evening before. She wouldn't let the maid talk. She hurried her from the room. The coffee tasted bitter. She stared at the papers, afraid to open them, because she coveted a success that might give her a little power over Gray, even from a distance, against Esther Helder.

She opened a paper at the theatrical page. She felt as if she had plunged in icy fluid that wouldn't let her breathe; and the cold blurred her eyes as they tried to steady the type down the column. Darkly she glimpsed sarcasm for the play, ambiguous approbation for the acting of Rulon and his leading lady, then, towards the end, her own name. She drew herself up out of the icy water, and cleared her eyes.

"Miss Norcross is altogether a novice to our creaking boards. We are credibly informed, in fact, that this youthful apprentice was drafted in a moment of desperation by Charles Rulon to stop the gap created by Miss Manson's fondness for the amenities of Great Neck. To state that she closed every leak would be to follow too far up the slope of praise a genuine enthusiasm for her sincerity, her obviously undeveloped gift for mimicking, and her decidedly pronounced pulchritude."  
 "Although as a prophet your reporter has suffered innumerable buffetings from outrageous fate, he timidly suggests, in view of the necessary paucity of rehearsals, that Miss Norcross's playing of this part should steadily increase in ease and illusion, and that the experience thus gained should make her well worth observing later on in more solid roles. He does put himself on record with one statement that no fate, however outrageous, can slap him in the face for. It is worth crossing several thoroughfares at the height of traffic to scan Miss Norcross's lines, coloring, and unstudied grace. Those purely individual qualities, he ventures, are far more likely to draw the populace to Mr. Hackey's playhouse than the dim lines, the lack of coloring, and the wholly studied grace of his mildly mediocre entertainment."

She read it over and over, conscious of the beating of her heart. With shaking hands she turned to the reviews in the other papers. They all criticized her technical shortcomings, but in varying degrees they compensated for it by drawing attention to her natural gifts, and the promise they held for her future in the theater. Undoubtedly the newcomer had been a good deal discussed by the critics between the acts; but what delighted her most was the fact that not one writer had laughed at her. Then Gray

each morning... I say, remember your Northern Spy apple... ladies, here is news for you... we have a fresh stock of these double-seamed, reinforced, extra length, double-seated overalls in today and they are going like hot cakes folks at only... good-night, sweetheart... think of the kiddies! What they eat between the ages of 4 and 14 means more to them than you can imagine... here is what Dr. Ungweizenkowitz, noted Vienna authority on chilblains, has to say to you... good-night, sweetheart... write now for the details of this great contest... in addition to this tooth brush, you also may have... a new booklet, as

been prepared which is yours for the asking... good-night, sweetheart... smoke a fresh... brought to you each Thursday evening with the compliments of... presented through the courtesy of... comes to you from... see your taxidermist twice a day and your metaphysician at least twice a year... good-night sweetheart...

**ITALIAN RELIGION**  
 While Roman Catholicism is the state religion of Italy, other religious faiths are permitted. Ninety five per cent of the population is Catholic. There are 123,254 protestants and 24,234 Jews

couldn't very well have laughed, and Esther had failed. In her relief she tried to tell herself that Esther, for all her sly cleverness, would never surround Gray with her hard walls.

Now perhaps she could sleep, but all at once she was made to realize she had become a figure of some importance to a number of people. Other inhabitants of the house poured gushingly in and out of her room, and the telephone commenced to summon her. All morning it continued. The maid would knock, thrust her grinning face in the room, and shout:  
 "Telephone, Miss Norcross!"  
 And Barbara would go to the hall, and still a trifle dazed, receive praise and congratulation. Rulon was the first.

"Didn't I tell you so, dear?"  
 Of course he hadn't told her so, but she said that he had. He insisted on her lunching with him, and said he would call a little after noon. She didn't want to go, but she felt that she had to, because she owed to him so much of the little success she had had.

Harvey called up, accepted the critics' verdict as a matter of course, and warned her not to take any steps without careful thought, without, if she didn't mind, consulting him.  
 "Hackey may want you to put your name to something."  
 "I'll be careful, Harvey. I'll talk everything over with you."

Steve was almost enthusiastic about her future in the theater. Obviously he welcomed any occupation that might force Gray and Esther from her mind.

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

**IF**

If but the fool the harvest reaped  
 From sowing tares and weeds,  
 If but the greedy suffered all  
 For all their guilty deeds,  
 We'd have a situation now  
 Just suited to our needs.

For after folly paved the way,  
 Each Rah-hing for protection,  
 The greed arranged our tariff laws—  
 Almost the whole collection—  
 And gullt affixed its signature,  
 For God's and men's inspection

But though those silly yokels get  
 What e'er is folly's due;  
 And though the men who framed  
 The bill,  
 The man who signed it, too,  
 May all repent their knavish acts  
 In Nineteen Thirty Two:

The rest of us must bear with them  
 The burden and expense,  
 Imposed by laws that any child  
 Would know lacked common sense,  
 And for which, party politics,  
 They urge as their defense.

Yet even now, one, Dickinson—  
 One senator—the that!  
 Proclaims this bill almost divine,  
 In phrases down so pat,  
 Most Iowans will never know,  
 He's talking through his hat.  
 —Sam Page.

**HIGHER EDUCATION.**

The snow bird wears a mortar board,  
 A cocky splotch of black;  
 Its tassel hangs not o'er his ear,  
 But dangles down his back.

A graduate of winter's school,  
 He's learned full well to know  
 Just how to get sufficient food,  
 In midst of ice and snow.  
 And New Year's eve, 'mid raging storm,  
 I saw a flock of these.  
 They must have come out then to get  
 Their Ph. D. degrees.  
 —Sam Page.

**Domesticated Earthquake.**

A typical earthquake has the power, as an explosive, of 40,000,000 pounds of dynamite, according to January Modern Mechanics and Inventions magazine. Put another way, if the power of this typical earthquake had been harnessed and put to use it would have delivered the equivalent of a 1,000 horsepower engine running continuously night and day for four years and three months. The heat generated and distributed by this earthquake would have been equivalent to more than 3,900 tons of coal.

**An Easy Mark.**

From Answers.  
 "Take it from me, the only difference between you and a donkey is that a donkey wears a collar."  
 "Well, I wear a collar."  
 "Then there's no difference at all."

**Identified.**

From Answers.  
 Mother: I understand that you've blackened the little Smith boy's eye. Haven't I told you not to fight?  
 Small Son: Yes, mum, but you see, it's like this. Those boys are twins, and I wanted some way of telling them apart.

Porto Rico has a single broadcasting station. It goes on the air three nights a week.

**ISAVE 50¢A WEEK**



**I'm getting about 35 cigarettes from each pack of TARGET**

**I SWITCHED** from ready-made cigarettes to the new Target Tobacco, and I've been saving over fifty cents a week ever since.

"But that isn't all. The cigarettes I roll from Target look and taste like ready-mades. I even find them consistently fresher."

"Target is real cigarette tobacco. It's a blend of Virginia, Burley and Turkish, just like the ready-mades use. That's what you get when you put out a dime for Target—30 to 40 of the best cigarettes you ever tasted. And who doesn't appreciate a real saving these days?"

"And you get 40 gummed papers free with every package."

**AND GET THIS**

The U. S. Government Tax on 20 cigarettes amounts to 6 cents. On 20 cigarettes you roll from Target tobacco the tax is just about one cent. And where there is a state tax on cigarettes, you save that much more. Besides, we offer you a MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of complete satisfaction. Try a package. If you don't say they're the best cigarettes you ever rolled, return the half empty package, and your store man will return your dime.



**10¢**  
**TARGET**  
 CIGARETTE TOBACCO  
 The Real Cigarette Tobacco  
 Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

**Sunshine**  
 —All Winter Long

At the Foremost Desert Resort of the West—marvelous climate—warm sunny days—clear starlit nights—dry invigorating air—splendid roads—gorgeous mountain scenes—finest hotels—the ideal winter home.

**PALM SPRINGS**  
 California

Make Money in Your Home Town. Sell our low priced toilet goods. Send for list and terms. DRUGGISTS SUPPLY CO., 625 NO. 15TH, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

**Porcupines Destroy Trees**  
 San Juan national forest officials have discovered a new enemy of trees—porcupines. The animals rub trees with their sharp quills, stripping a ring around them and causing them to "spike top," or die at the top first. Forest Supervisor Andrew Hutton estimated porcupines have caused as much damage to the timber during the last few years as that caused by fire. A campaign against them, he said, would be made.

**Whole Show**  
 "Yes," said the sweet young thing, "I am going to study law and become a lawyer."  
 "Why not just get married and become the lawyer, judge and jury?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Ad.

Everybody who would like to make a choice of his ailment wants heart disease.

It's presumable that Noah's wife was at one time an ark-angel.

**Bothered with Backache?**

**It May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities**

A nagging backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.

