

ASPIRIN

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



DEMAND

LOOK for the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above when you buy Aspirin. Then you'll know that you are getting the genuine Bayer product that thousands of physicians prescribe. Bayer Aspirin is SAFE, as millions of users have proved. It does not depress the heart, and no harmful after-effects follow its use. Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

Headaches Neuritis
Colds Neuralgia
Sore Throat Lumbago
Rheumatism Toothache

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is sold at all druggists in boxes of 12 and in bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacturers of monoacetic acid ester of salicylic acid.

Good Word for the Sparrow
Field investigators of the Pennsylvania state game commission have discovered that the English sparrow, commonly regarded as nothing but a pest, has some economic value. They reported that the sparrows attack and eat the Japanese beetle, plant pest that has caused considerable damage in infested areas.

Depression Chat
"I can remember when butter was 80 cents a pound and eggs were 60 cents a dozen."
"Yeh, those were the good old days!"

Bedridden with Rheumatism

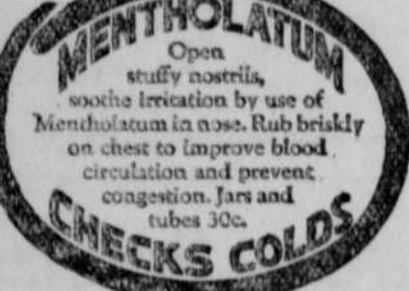
Rubs on oil... gets up right away



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. Without burning or blistering it quickly draws out pain and inflammation. Relief comes before you can count 60! Get a small bottle from your druggist.

All is
"So they call that a V-neck?"
"Yes."
"What does the V stand for?"
"Vanity."—Florida Times-Union.

Widespread Secret
"Their engagement is a secret."
"So everybody is saying."—Genda Mangwa, Tokyo.



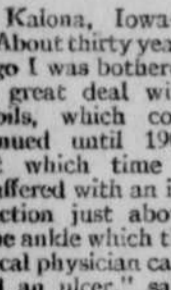
MENTHOLATUM
Opens stuffy nostrils, soothes irritation by use of Mentholatum in nose. Rubs briskly on chest to improve blood circulation and prevent congestion. Jar and tubes 30c.

CHEEKS COLDS

Agreement Basis
Funk—Do you and your wife always agree?
Wiggles—On second thought, yes.

A thoroughgoing egotist is usually devoid of the sense of humor.

Boils and Ulcer Healed



Kalona, Iowa—
"About thirty years ago I was bothered a great deal with boils, which continued until 1903 at which time I suffered with an infection just above the ankle which the local physician called an ulcer," said C. C. Swartzendruber, Route 4. "After doctoring and suffering for quite a while, the sore getting steadily worse, I started taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed an improvement and continued using it until I had taken six bottles. The sore steadily healed and I haven't had a boil since that time."

For free medical advice write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. All druggists sell.

Dr. PIERCE'S DISCOVERY

Sunshine

—All Winter Long

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

Write Cass & Chatley

PALM SPRINGS
California

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

by WADSWORTH CAMP

"Then where can I find him? Please try to understand, Steve. The sooner I get it over with the better. I can't think of anything else. Tell me where I can catch him, so that I'll know at least whether he'll talk to me or not."

"I hope he won't. I don't trust self-centered people. He's gone to Woodberry with the lady of his choice."

She cried out her disappointment.

"Then he won't be back tonight!"

"You spring too quickly at conclusions. Gray expects to return to the parental cave in time for the primitive evening meal when the mating pair are to be displayed to Father and Mother Helder, Auntie Adelaide and me—uncle, I'm beginning to think, to all the world. I wish I weren't, for I'm afraid I'm too old to know what's best for the young nowadays."

"Thanks, Steve. Bless you. Then I'll telephone him there after the first act. He'll just be finishing dinner."

"Might I suggest," Steve drawled, "that it is customary for one telephoning to give his or her name?"

"That's true."

"You warp one's judgment, Barbara. Let me remind you that letter writing is the least noisy means of communication."

"Then I'll write, but I'd rather hear his voice, I'd rather he heard mine."

"Whatever method you use, I must wish you the worst possible luck."

"Don't worry about me, Steve."

"But I do, because I'm very fond of you, Barbara."

"Goodbye, Steve. I mean to beat the luck if I can."

She glanced at the clock. Already she began to subtract one by one the minutes that separated her from her attempt. She sought distraction unsuccessfully in rearranging the furniture and pictures. For some time she sat at the desk, puzzling over her note to Gray. The difficulty of the task measured the distance he had gone.

"DEAR GRAY: I hope you won't misunderstand my writing you after what I heard last evening. I've something very important to tell you, something you'll want to hear. So won't you see me for one last time? Won't you call for me at the theater after to-night's performance? I promise not to bother you again."

It was the best she could do. She signed it, addressed an envelope, and placed the letter in her pocketbook to take to the theater. After that the minutes dwindled more slowly. Towards six o'clock the doorbell rang and Harvey came in, a little offended.

"Don't you think you might have warned me of this move?"

"Don't be cross, Harvey. It happened too suddenly. Steve arranged only yesterday. Remember I haven't seen you since. How did you find me?"

"They gave me the address at the rooming house."

"You called there. Then you wanted to see me today?"

He nodded. He was restless. He looked about the apartment.

"It isn't bad unless you're paying too much."

She told him how much.

"I really can't afford it, but I took a chance. What did you want to see me about, Harvey?"

He sat down at last, and looked straight at her.

"Did you see an announcement in the paper this morning?"

She gazed from the window at the windows across the court.

"About Esther Helder and Gray Manvel. Yes, but I know about it last night. I was at Mrs. Twining's when they came in and sprang the news."

"That clears the air," he said directly.

He brought his palms together, making a sharp sound. "That's ended, Bobbie."

She didn't tell him that it wasn't quite. Obviously he had meant his pronouncement as a clear and final division between a treacherous past and a solid future for them. Although he said nothing more, it was clear to Barbara that Harvey believed Gray's engagement had brought him perceptibly nearer the goal he had during all these years kept confidently and persistently in view.

"Have dinner with me?"

She glanced at the clock's laggard hands.

"I don't think I'll have dinner tonight."

"You mean you'd play without eating?"

"Yes. I'm not hungry."

"Then you'll have supper with me afterwards?"

"Yes."

She couldn't keep her gaze from the clock. Afterwards! She didn't know what she'd do afterwards, couldn't guess until she had heard from Gray.

"No supper tonight, Harvey."

He studied her closed. "See here. Are you ill?"

She shook her head.

"You must be to talk of not eating at all."

He went close, and looked down at her.

"You're not making yourself sick over that? It's not worth it. It's the best thing could have happened."

"Don't let's talk about it, Harvey."

"Then let me take you to dinner."

"All I want to do's to rest until it's time to go to the theater."

The open door of the kitchenette caught his eye.

"What's the use of an expensive home unless you use it? You can rest and eat at the same time right here."

She tried to look away from the clock, and couldn't.

"I'm too tired to cook. Anyway there's nothing to eat. I haven't had a chance to stock up."

"I'll do the cooking," he cried cheerfully, "and I'll do the stocking, something I can handle: Bread, butter, eggs, bacon, delicatessen potatoes."

She got her gaze away from the clock; she turned towards the wall.

"Please, don't bother."

"I've got to make you eat, Bobbie."

He went close to her and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"I know how you feel. Let me help you over it."

She couldn't bear his sympathy.

All right. Go out and buy something.

The moment the door closed behind him she turned again, and her eyes went back to the clock.

He returned in a little while carrying a misshapen bundle tied with a stout cord. She got up and followed him to the kitchenette.

1931 earned \$1,761,709 as compared with \$1,601,016 in the preceding year and George W. Mason, its president, gives credit to advertising and will do more in the next 12 months.

Frigidaire made a sales gain and will continue, or increase, its advertising. The Norge corporation, manufacturers of the Rollator refrigerator, also increased its sales last year and looks forward to larger advertising. General Electric reports a new high sales record for its refrigerators last year and in 1932 proposes to hold steadfast to our original advertising tenets. This company spends about \$2,000,000 annually in newspapers, and 1932 will be no exception.

Consider this fact: The power refrigerator is a comparative innovation. By many people in ordinary circumstances it might be considered a luxury, though it has demonstrated its utility and economy. Why have refrigerators sold in increased numbers, while other products, such as radio and automobiles, have lagged? The answer surely has something to do with advertising policy.

Packed in sections, a church, a manse, and a shop have been sent by steamer from England to a

"Go back, Bobbie, and rest. I'll ask advice if I need it."

He untied the bundle, threw the cord on the shelf, and took out his packages one by one. She stayed.

"Let me see at least what there is to work with."

She explored the drawer and closet beneath the shelf, producing a skillet, a sauce pan, cheap cutlery. Harvey took off his coat and rolled back his sleeves.

"We'll have fun here. It'll be better to get our own suppers than to sit around a crowded restaurant or night club."

She shot a glance at him. He was counting too confidently on the effect of Gray's engagement. Later on! She couldn't look beyond the result of her appeal to Gray. She didn't dare try to forecast what was going to happen later. She tore the oiled paper from the loaf of bread.

"There's no bread knife."

Harvey reached in the drawer and handed her a carving knife.

"This will do."

But sharp as the knife was it made awkward work with the fresh bread.

"We'd better toast it."

"Bobbie, I wish you'd go back and rest. I wish you'd let me do all this."

But she wouldn't go. As long as she was in the kitchenette she couldn't see the clock. She let Harvey fry the bacon, but she stirred up the eggs and warmed the potatoes. The scent of the cooking food enthused him.

"I don't know when I've had such fun. It's almost as if we were—"

"Put the plates and knives and forks on the table in the other room, Harvey."

He obeyed.

"Don't you think it's fun, Bobbie?"

"Yes."

But for her it was only a ruse to hurry the slow subtraction of the minutes. When everything was ready she couldn't eat, because she was with the clock again, and it compelled her eyes.

"Bobbie, at this rate you'll have to have something after the play. I'll have to take you to supper."

"I've already told you I don't care for supper tonight. I'm coming straight home."

"Then I'll call you after the play."

His persistence worried her. If Gray should agree she'd have to keep Harvey away from the theater tonight; and Rulon came back to her, stooping to kiss her hand lingeringly. "I want a serious talk with you, Barbara." "Not tonight." "Then tomorrow night." "We'll see." Could she put Rulon with his lurking temper off another night? But it was senseless to worry, for Gray would almost certainly tear up her note and send a refusal or nothing at all.

"Leave me alone, Harvey. I'm not good company."

"I'd like to see you home."

What was the use worrying?

"It's late. I ought to be starting. Don't bother. I'll clean these things when I get home."

Harvey carried the dishes to the cluttered shelf in the pantry.

"Then I'll just get them out of the way. It is late. We'd better be off."

The hands of the clock had at the entrance to the theater alley she stuttered over her goodnight.

"It is good-night. Don't come back for me."

He held her hand tightly.

"What have you got on your mind, Bobbie? Why are you so anxious not to have me take you home?"

"Because I don't want you."

He laughed shortly.

"That's plain. You've got something on your mind, Bobbie!"

She jerked it out: "I've got it on my mind that I want to

be left alone. Can't you understand that?"

She was sorry she had said it, but he had stretched her nerves too far. He released her hand.

"Perfectly."

He squared his shoulders and walked slowly away, and she went on to the stage entrance, sorry she had said it, wondering uneasily why he hadn't called good-night.

She asked the doorman to have a messenger for her after the first act, and went on up to her dressing room, questioning what Harvey's failure to say good-night meant. Certainly he wouldn't come back after her curt dismissal.

"Pace is a little quick," Rulon told her after the first act. "Put the brakes on."

"I'll try. Don't scold, Charles."

His eyes were aight.

"Remember we're going to have a talk after the show, a serious one."

Her heart sank.

"Not if you scold me."

"I won't scold any more."

She started away, but he beckoned her back.

"Remember to-morrow night's the opening of the Bars and Stripes? You know. The new night club. The one everybody's so mysterious about."

She had forgotten. Now it came back.

"Most mysterious thing of all is when I tried to get a reservation to-day I was told there wasn't a thing to be had; but I've got a man working on it and something'll be turned in."

"Don't bother, Charles."

His manner was boastful.

"Trust me. We'll be taken care of all right."

"Then," she said, "we'll have our talk tomorrow night."

He smiled fondly.

"No. To-night. Are you afraid of me, young lady?"

She was afraid of him. She dodged behind a piece of shifting scenery, and ran to the stage door.

The messenger was there, and she gave him the note.

"You're to wait for an answer. Don't forget that. Wait for the answer, and bring it straight back here."

Would there be an answer? She ought to know at the close of the second act. She eluded Rulon then, and hurried to the doorman.

"Did my messenger come back?"

"Yes, Miss Norcross."

She barely heard her own voice.

"Did he bring me any thing?"

"A letter, Miss Norcross. I sent it up to your dressing room."

In her relief she thanked the man, and dashed up the iron stairs, and flung open the door of her dressing room. From the threshold she saw an envelope, flat on her dressing table, and started swiftly for it. She went slower. As she approached she saw her own handwriting with Gray's beneath it. It was her own envelope sent back. But perhaps—perhaps—

She got the envelope opened, and managed to free the enclosure. She stared at her own sheet of paper, at the appeal she had strung together so painfully that afternoon. Beneath he had written:

"No thanks. Cure's complete. G. M."

She stared until, when she lifted her head, the words were all about her, on the walls, in the air. She heard a persistent knocking, a distant unintelligible voice. She tore the paper and envelope in tiny pieces, and watched them float to the floor like dissolving flakes of snow, but she still saw the words all about her. The door crashed open. The call boy shouted:

"You deaf and dumb, Miss Norcross? They're holding the curtain."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"BY SWITCHING TO TARGET MY HUSBAND SAVES 50 CENTS A WEEK"

We had to cut down expenses, so my husband did his share by switching to Target and rolling his own cigarettes. I felt kind of sorry for him at first, but I notice he's more cheerful than ever.

"He tells me that Target rolls up into cigarettes that look and taste like ready-mades. Target is the same mixture of foreign and domestic tobaccos that the ready-mades use. You get 40 special gummed papers free. No wonder my husband tells me he's glad he changed. He's getting more cigarette pleasure than ever, and we're saving about enough to pay for the family's bread and butter each month."

HUSBANDS, PLEASE NOTE!

You pay less than one-sixth the government tax on ready-mades when you roll your own from TARGET. Buy a pack of TARGET. Roll yourself fifteen or twenty smokes. If you don't say they are the best cigarettes you have ever smoked, return the half empty package to your dealer's and you'll get your dime back.

Wrapped in moistureproof Cellophane



10¢

TARGET
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville, Kentucky © 1932


Plesippus Shoshpensis
That's the name of the new horse at the National museum. He's hailed as the missing link in the evolutionary chain of the modern horse. Many skeletal remains of this new and long-sought species of fossil steed have been discovered near Hagerman, Idaho, by a Smithsonian institution field party. Scientists regard the discovery as one of the most important in vertebrate paleontology in recent years.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Life and Art
The beautiful Michael Strange, poet and philanthropist, defended, at a Newport tea, idealistic as contrasted with realistic art.

"Let us have idealism in our poetry and pictures," she said, "for nowhere else is it ever to be found. Life itself is so horribly drab and dull. In life nothing ever comes off except buttons."

Necessity is the only successful adviser.—Charles Road.

Girl at the Top in Health Tests



Millions of boys and girls all over the world, thousands of them right here in the West, are being restored to health and strength by the purely vegetable tonic and laxative known as California Fig Syrup and endorsed by physicians for over 50 years.

Children need no urging to take it. They love its rich, fruity flavor. Nothing can compete with it as a gentle, but certain laxative, and it goes further than this. It gives tone and strength to the stomach and bowels so these organs continue to act normally, of their own accord. It stimulates the appetite, helps digestion.

A Kansas mother, Mrs. Dana Allgire, 610 Monroe St., Topeka, says: "Bonnie B. is absolutely the picture of health, now, with her ruddy cheeks, bright eyes and plump but graceful little body and she stands at the top in every health test."

Much of the credit for her perfect condition is due to California Fig Syrup. We have used it since babyhood to keep her bowels active during colds or her children's ailments and she has always had an easy time with them. She always responds to its gentle urging and is quickly back to normal."

Ask your druggist for California Fig Syrup and look for the word "California" on the carton so you'll always get the genuine.

NEVADA'S CROP VALUE
Farm products in Nevada during 1930 were valued at \$8,000,000, according to the University of Nevada agricultural extension service.

Short One, Too
From Tit-Bits
"There's Madge. I understand she bought that dress by installments."
"I suppose that's the first installment she's wearing."