

SHOWS SPEED OF THOUGHT

A method of studying the movements of the eye in reading aloud, and correlating them with the actual pronunciation of the words, has been announced in Science Magazine by Prof. Joseph Tiffin of Iowa university.

Photographic records of the eye and the "sound track" produced by the voice show that the voice lags about a second behind the eye. This may be taken as a measure of the speed of thought; the time required for the mind to recognize the word and transmit the necessary orders to the speech apparatus. The record also shows that the eye does not travel smoothly along a line of type, but proceeds by a series of jerks.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Beauty Hint

If you would have bright eyes, place pads of cottonwool soaked in witch hazel on the closed lids. Leave for a few minutes, then bathe the eyes with warm salty water. The first is soothing, the second is strengthening.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Relieves Burn Victims

A new device for the relief of suffering has been developed by the Chicago fire department: a spray-gun which saturates burns with tannic acid immediately after a victim is rescued from a fire.—Literary Digest.

CONSTIPATION Can be Helped!

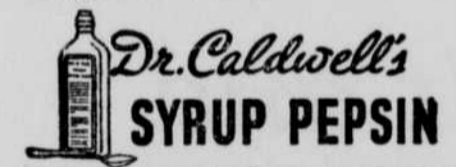
(Use what Doctors do)

Why do the bowels usually move regularly and thoroughly, long after a physician has given you treatment for constipation?

Because the doctor gives a liquid laxative that can always be taken in the right amount. You can gradually reduce the dose. Reduced dosage is the secret of real and safe relief from constipation.

Ask your doctor about this. Ask your druggist how popular liquid laxatives have become. The right liquid laxative gives the right kind of help, and the right amount of help. When the dose is repeated, instead of more each time, you take less. Until the bowels are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara, and these are natural laxatives that form no habit—even in children. Your druggist has it; ask for—



The Busy Day Nature Teacher—"When do leaves begin to turn?" Willie—"The day before examination."

STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS

due to colds. Use Mentholatum to help open the nostrils and permit freer breathing.



IN GIRLHOOD

Mrs. E. C. Thompson of R.F.D., No. 2, Beatrice, Neb., said: "When I was a young girl I was very weak. I was so depressed I hardly felt like living. I was ailing one whole summer. Finally, my mother had me take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and when school opened in the fall I was able to attend and felt like myself again." Sold by druggists everywhere. New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00.

MEN WANTED

Local men with mechanical training or ability to train for many opportunities offered by the fast growing Diesel industry. A special arrangement will be made by the DIESEL POWER ENGINEERING SCHOOLS with the first men accepted in each community. For interview write at once, giving age, education, references to— DIESEL ENGINEERING SCHOOL, 401 Mar. West, St. Louis, Dept. W, Omaha, Neb.

SEED CORN FOR SALE—Excellent high yielding, hand picked seed corn. Write CATLIN SEED CO., Swan Creek, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM—Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Grows and Thickens Hair—Sells for 15c at Druggists, Health Food Stores, etc., Patagonia, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy, 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hixson Chemical Works, Patagonia, N.Y.

OLD AGE PENSION INFORMATION ENCLOSED STAMP JUDGE LEBMAN, HUMBOLDT, KANS.



CHAPTER I

IT WAS Armistice day in Tincup. The time was so far removed from that delicious date in 1918 that in many parts of the country the eleventh of November had come to be regarded as simply another day, but Tincup was a mill town and the surrounding country was timber land and in such a community almost any anniversary from the Fourth of July on down to the millwright's birthday is seized upon as an excuse to lay off and play.

So the camps which turned Nicholas Brandon's standing hardwood and hemlock into saw logs, and the mills which chewed them into dimension stuff and flooring and shingles were deserted, and the entire population of a big territory which had commenced pouring into town the evening before was joined for the day with the residents of Tincup in competing or watching or cheering or listening.

In consequence a mere event such as the arrival of the eastbound passenger train drew no attention whatever and so none but the station agent was there to greet the stranger as he dropped down from the rickety red smoking car between his pack-sack, slung from one shoulder, and old Don Stuart, literally dangling from his other arm. The agent, trundling his express truck and in a hurry to be done with duty and get back to the more exciting affairs which occupied the rest of the town, spoke:

"Hul-lo, Don! Back home, eh? Well... Glad to see you! "Better git up to the big doin's." Log rollin's just goin' on. Big time!" As if to vindicate this prideful boast of one of its own, all Tincup and its company at the moment opened lips and compressed chests to send up a mighty, roaring shout of acclaim.

Slowly, the sharply contrasting pair moved off, the younger still half supporting the elder and moderating his gait to a stroll so St-

dollar price and half you river hogs got cold feet just because Duval said he was goin' to roll!" Birney was truly annoyed and took no pains to conceal it. "Ain't any of you lads got the sand to hand in your names and tackle the Bull. Where's your guts?" he pleaded. "Ain't there anybody here that needs twenty-five dollars?"

Another laugh went up and when it had subsided a voice said: "Here's one. What'll I do to get it?"

This was a full, even, good-natured voice, and a quick silence fell upon the crowd, followed by an expectant buzz as the stranger moved forward, his bronzed face uplifted to the man on the jammer.

"Atta boy!" Birney cried. "All you got to do, friend, is to put Mr. Bull Duval off that log and stick by rules!"

The stranger slipped the pack strap from his shoulder, seated himself on a log, unlaced his shoes and unstrapped the bag. While he drew from its depths a pair of calked river boots and the cluster about him grew thicker a half dozen old men crowded around Don Stuart, shaking his hand and saying the usual things that men say to an old friend they have not seen for long.

One of these was a short, wiry little man with upturned nose and blue eyes and long lip.

"Nd who's th' b'y, Donny?" he asked. "Who's th' b'y that's goin' to try Mister Brandon's pet bull?"

Stuart shook his head. "He's a fine young gentleman, Bird-Eye, and that's all I know. Found me at th' Junction... broke and wantin' to... get back home to Tincup. Paid my fare... and helped me. Fine gentleman!"

Others came up, greeted Stuart and eyed him with true concern. Any could see that heavy sickness was on him.

Birney was bending over the stranger as he drew taut the laces of his river boots.

"I give y' two minutes," he growled.

"Thanks, buddy!" Elliott retorted. "I'd say that's sweet of you!"

"Are you ready?" Birney cried from shore.

Both nodded.

"Then let her go!"

A hush. Balanced on the log, faced in the same direction, double an arm's length from one another, they poised. And then Duval's right toe lifted, the heel pressing downward; the buoyant log moved quickly. His left foot raised free, sharp calks in its sole clawed savagely and with a mighty drive of the leg he had the cedar spinning beneath them.

Ben Elliott did not offer resistance. He followed the moving footing, walking for the first three or four turns and then, adding his impetus to the blirling stick, commenced to trot, with each stride forcing the tempo of the turning.

Faster and faster, now. The treading became a run; the run waxed to a nimble dance.

Up and down, up and down; a mad gallop of supple limbs, and then—

Duval leaped. He leaped high and without warning and, feet spread, drove his calks deep into the log again, hunching his shoulders, thrusting his peavey before him for balance, bending forward. The spin of the stick was checked sharply and had his opponent been caught unprepared, he certainly would have pitched face foremost into the pond.

But Elliott was not unprepared. He had watched the Bull's every move. He did not jump when Duval jumped; he waited a split instant, eyes on Duval's feet, and when he saw the toes pointed stiffly downward he rose nimbly into the air, a galloping break in his swift run, and came down, poised, spread-legged himself, crying out in an ejaculation of mock distress as he balanced on the cedar which swayed and heaved beneath them.

A great roar went up, cries of encouragement for the stranger, some shouts of admonition for their townsman. The Bull would have no clench in this contest!

On the shore Bird-Eye pranced up and down, swinging his arms.

"Duck him, Elliott!" he yelled. "Duck th' big chunk! Sure 'nd he needs him a bath!"

The smooth bore gathered momentum swiftly and Elliott began to skip and dance, breaking the steady measure of his run. As his weight came and went irregularly upon the cedar it commenced to teeter, causing Duval's feet to splash in ankle-deep water. Again without warning, the Bull leaped. He went higher, this time, but instead of driving his spikes into the far side of the log and stopping its spin as he had done before, he drove them into the near side, increasing rather than

came down running; he leaped four times in the space of as many quick breaths. And then, as though ready to leap again, dropped the hook of his peavey into the cedar. He wavered when the handle, swept upward by the rush and weight of the spinning log, bore against his great palm. His body swung sharply to the left. He cursed as the smooth handle slipped from his clutch and Bird-Eye Blaine danced in a frenzy of delight as the peavey, handle smacking the water, disappeared in the pond and the Bull, waving his arms for balance, ran the log desperately to hold his place.

The odds, then, were no longer equal. Like a fencer with a broken foil, like a boxer with one eye closed, like a runner with a strained tendon, so Duval was now.

"Polish him off, now!" Bird-Eye screamed, like an audacious, saucy boy. "Polish him good, Mister Elliott! He's yawpin' for help 'nd he ain't none fer him!"

That was what Tincup believed.



He Had Watched the Bull's Every Move.

A quick flash seemed certain, with the Bull so handicapped, without his peavey for offensive moves or to hold for balance.

But what happened stilled the clamor quickly. Ben Elliott shifted his peavey. He had held it across his body, arms wide spread. Now he swung the point upward and outward and as he ran the spinning log drew it back and tossed it toward shore. Tossed it high and far, sending with it his chance for a quick and certain victory.

The silence was that of amazement. This was like letting a man you had knocked down get to his feet and have another chance; this was opportunity handed to truculent Bull Duval on a silver platter. This was the sportsmanship one read about... And then came an excited clatter of tongues, rising to an even greater roar. The outsider was through fooling, through with trickery and through with strategy. He was going to run the Bull off his feet!

Fast and faster spun the log. Spray from it drenched the men to their knees, rained behind them into the pond.

The log was hissing in the water. Rigidity ran from the Bull's shoulders down his back. He was upright, now, where Elliott was poised forward. And his scowl was gone. His brows no longer gathered but were upraised; his eyes were wide open in the distress of fatigue and he breathed through his mouth.

Thought of the rules swept the crowd, because Duval was edging to the right. He moved slowly, awkwardly, at the cost of great effort, on toward the center of the log. Was he trying one more trick? Not likely. A man under such a strain does not attempt strategy... not fair strategy. As he progressed an inch at a time Elliott countered by also creeping toward the center so his end might not dip beneath the surface.

Both men had their arms extended and Elliott's grin had faded to a sort of curious smile, a speculative alertness... Close and closer they came together and then, as their extended hands were all but touching, Duval suddenly flexed his right wrist in a pass at Elliott's left hand.

"Ah, th' dirty—" But Bird-Eye's high scream was cut short by an ominous roar. The Bull, facing defeat, had overstepped all rules. The slightest touch on the other's body would upset his balance, now, and after Elliott had proven himself above taking what was even recognized as a fair advantage, the last vestige of loyalty to town or whatever it was which had put men on Duval's side was whisked away.

On Duval's face was ruthlessness along with the flush of fatigue and humiliation. He would be the last man on that log, though disqualified for any prize. At any cost he would stay on that log.

But would he? Elliott, a steely quality coming into his grin, retreated until he was out of the other's reach. He loosed the last reservoir of his energy and by the way his feet flickered and clawed and spurred that log one might well have believed that until now he had only played with this crowned king of the river that flowed past Tincup.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Most Uncomfortable Vehicle A Chinese cart is the most uncomfortable vehicle in the world.

Chivalry By MADELINE KOHLER

DETECTIVE GEORGE MARTIN, off duty, had been sitting in a quiet little game in the neighborhood. The evening had been most profitable and his pockets bulged pleasantly as he strode homeward through the silent streets.

Martin lived alone in a small and rather shabby apartment house in the West Sixties. The building boasted a central court with a tiny fountain, and as he entered the paved square he glanced up at his own windows on the fourth floor.

He stopped suddenly then, with a stifled exclamation, and remained rooted, his eyes straining incredulously upward. Between his windows and those of the next apartment ran a narrow ornamental ledge or coping, and moving slowly and carefully along this shelf, in the direction of his windows, was the figure of a woman!

He watched, fascinated, as the woman moved, step by step, across the twelve-foot space. It was apparent that she had emerged from the window of his neighbor, Harry Crshaw.

Martin scowled. From their first encounter he had disliked and distrusted the sleek and dapper Crshaw—gambler, Broadway hanger-on and thrower of late and noisy parties.

He muttered against Crshaw now. Some poor girl risking her life to get away from that bird! He'd have it out with Crshaw and ask him what the devil he meant... The girl had almost reached his window, and she faltered uncertainly at the sill.

In his apartment he found the girl in a crumpled heap under the open window. She did not move when he snapped on the lights.

Stripping himself of his coat and hat, the detective stooped to pick her up. Laying her gently on the couch, he went swiftly into the adjoining room and returned with a bottle of brandy. But even as he shook it, he remembered the boys from across the hall had killed it last night.

Better go into Crshaw's room. It was nearest, and he would be sure to have some spirits. He'd tell the smooth crook a thing or two while he was about it.

He was surprised to find Crshaw's apartment brilliantly lighted and apparently half full of people. Crshaw, himself, lay in a large armchair, his sleek hair rumpled and a new white bandage on his shoulder.

Jackson, the superintendent of the building, came forward excitedly. "Just the man we want, Mr. Martin, he said. "Mr. Crshaw here was robbed and half murdered this evening."

Martin's jaw dropped. He came in quickly and shut the door.

"Yeah," snarled Crshaw, "and you dicks better get busy on this. It was a girl, see? One of these apartment house thieves. I came in and found her at the wall safe, and she cleaned it out while she held a gun on me. I was mad and I tried to rush her. I did get the gun away, but in the rumpus it went off." He glanced ruefully at his shoulder. "It must have stunned me; anyway I crumpled up, and the girl made her getaway."

"What I can't understand," he added irritably, "is how she got out, with you fellows out there pounding on the door."

Martin, his head in a whirl, had a momentary flash-back of a terrified small figure clinging to a wall. But his eyes betrayed nothing as he fixed them on Crshaw. "Just what did she take?" he asked levelly.

"Six hundred dollars in cash," snapped Crshaw. "It seems to me you're damned cool about it, Martin."

"What do you expect me to do, burst out crying? I'll go and report it." Martin turned on his heel.

He knew very well what he had to do. Duty was duty. But she was a game kid all right—Oh, well, what the h—?

He went swiftly down the hall and entered his own apartment. The girl was standing in the center of the room, her hands thrust deep in the pockets of her worn leather coat. Her wide eyes met his challengingly, but he sensed the mute appeal behind them. She did not speak.

"Scram, kid," he said quietly. "Out the window. You can make it to the fire-escape and down into the court. Step on it, because they're out for your blood." He gestured toward the other room.

"Put the Crshaw loot on the table as you go by," he ordered, without looking at her. "It's all right. I'll give it back."

He waited till he heard her cautiously descending the fire-escape, then, relaxing, reached out for his coat which still hung on the chair near the bathroom. He needed a cigarette badly.

Regarding the coat, his mind went back to the forgotten poker game. Three hundred dollars he had won in that game and had come home with his pockets bulging. He realized with a shock that they were not bulging now! With a sharp drawn breath, he examined the pockets.

Sheepishly, Detective Martin lit his cigarette.

FINE EFFECT IN TUNIC AND SKIRT



It's buttoned up the back like Mainbocher's Butcher Boy design, and it's shirred round the neck and the tops of the sleeves like Lanvin's peasant blouses. What more could you ask of this gracefully molded tunic? The skirt proves its sisterhood with latest fashion by being slim as a reed and slashed at the hemline. Make up the two in contrasting colors and fabrics, a green velvet skirt, perhaps, with a honey-colored satin blouse. Or, if you'd like a very dressy frock, choose a metal-flecked crepe for both blouse and skirt. Then top it all off with a high toque for an extra bit of glamor!

Pattern 9187 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 39-inch blouse fabric and 2 1/4 yards skirt fabric. Complete, diagrammed sew chart included. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Smiles

LEARNING FAST Mother—I hope that Jim is beginning to learn the value of money. Mrs. Newlywed—I think he is, mamma. I haven't found any in his trouser pockets for a week.

Why He Hesitated "What's the matter, don't you know your own mind?" sneered the other one, who was trying to bring him to a definite decision. "Yes," he replied, "but I also happen to know my wife's, and that's one I have to mind."

Qualified Foreman—Do you think you're fit for really hard labor? Applicant—Well, some of the best judges in the country have thought so.—Milwaukee Journal.

All Right With Bill Esther—The poets say kisses are the language of love. Bill—Let's have a nice chat.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint gum, featuring the text 'YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY' and 'WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT' with a date stamp '1935 1934 1933'.