

WATCH the CURVES



BY RICHARD HOFFMANN
COPYRIGHT BY RICHARD HOFFMANN

W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER I

"LISTEN," his father said to the large office of the bank that was all soft carpets, soft lights, soft paneling, and enough floor space for a year's families in comfort for a year; "listen."

"I've been listening, sir," said Hal, "for twenty minutes."

The Old Man seemed to wait a little for the slow draining of humor from Hal's alert gray eyes. Then he said in quiet irony:

"I dare say you've been told about your charm—"

"Never by you, sir," said Hal with a faint bow, checked gently for fear of starting the slow, heavy throb in his head again.

"I dare say you've been told that when you bow that way, and let your eyes twinkle, you're apt to get your way. But I venture to point out what I can't convince myself you've learned for yourself: that the business world is not made up of pretty girls or susceptible matrons—social or theatrical; that the business of the country, about which you know nothing, is carried on by men who think more of persistence and application than they do of capacity to hold whisky, or acquaintance with speakeasy proprietors or handicaps at golf or the fit of white flannels."

"The San Francisco job is open till the first of the month—because they need somebody, not because I've asked them to let you coast in on my name. You've got your last penny from me—for transportation or anything else—till next quarter's allowance. If you want the job, get yourself out there. If you don't, don't."

Hal's quick, mobile face was set, and he met his father's steady look with bright, impersonal steadiness, rather as if he had a peevish, disappointed child before him. Then he got up and straightened his good shoulders with a deep breath.

"That all?" he said.

"That's all," said the Old Man, briskly casual.

"Right," said Hal, with a practiced clipping of the word. "Well—bye."

He swung his back to his father and walked over the thick carpet to the door. In the silence, he could feel his father expecting him to turn there for another word—or hope, or of opening. So he pulled the door, caught the other knob behind him, and stepped out, leaving only the soft, efficient click of the latch for comment.

Dalrymple—known downtown as Frederick Ireland's knife and fork—was waiting unobtrusively outside, where he couldn't be seen from the banking floor. "Bad?" he asked apprehensively.

"Bad," said Hal, letting his gray eyes light again with their welcoming humor. "Rage-making. D'you know anything about bromo-seltzer? Does it really work?"

"They say so, but I've never needed—"

"And I'm never going to again—never, never—probably. How do you get to California on six dollars?"

"Lord, Mister Hal," said Dalrymple, "is six dollars all you've got—out of that check?"

"Fraid so."

"If I could—if you'll let me—"

Hal smiled, and his eyes wrinkled in the corners. "You're a h—l of a nice guy. Dimples," he said, "but I'm so mad—so mad, for the first time in my life that I wouldn't borrow a Confederate nickel from anybody who paid taxes in the same state with that—with my father. He told me—if you'll believe it, Dimples: he told me I knew nothing about money, or life or this country or him or myself or modern plumbing or brokers' loans or God-knows-whatnot—that's of the most quivering importance to a young man's career. He even made me the simple astounding revelation that I was an only child. Had you heard that, Dimples? He sat there and told me—but what the h—l! you're busy. And I've got to get to the Coast. Bromo-seltzer couldn't make it any worse, could it?"

Dalrymple looked worried, confused, pathetic, and he murmured: "No, no," helplessly. So Hal patted his arm, promised to let him know what happened, and started uptown again.

It was in the subway that he remembered the sign they had laughed at last night. In the West Forties, it was, and if he could remember from which place they had been going to which other place, he would remember the street, "California . . . 833" was the line he recalled. "There," Tony had

said, grabbing at him; "go out to the Coast that way, boy. Rub elbows with the people; see life; know your native land."

Just west of Broadway—in the Forties. He'd find it; by G—d, he'd find it. He wouldn't borrow a nickel from any one of fifty people who'd lend him money in the next half hour if he went to them. He'd get to the Coast on fifty dollars and tell his father what to do with any insufferable future fight-talks that occurred to him.

CHAPTER II

Tuesday.

HAL'S headache was gone next morning, but so—nearly—was the warming sense of triumph in his inspiration. And that went entirely at nine o'clock when he walked into the bare, dingy, and crowded garage office from which decrepit cars of share-expense travelers were dispatched about the country. He hadn't stopped to think what the mechanics of the thing might be; but here the possibilities of dreariness seemed promptly infinite. Eight July days of four hundred miles' driving each, through country reputed to be hotter than, outside, Forty-eighth street already

said, grabbing at him; "go out to the Coast that way, boy. Rub elbows with the people; see life; know your native land."

Just west of Broadway—in the Forties. He'd find it; by G—d, he'd find it. He wouldn't borrow a nickel from any one of fifty people who'd lend him money in the next half hour if he went to them. He'd get to the Coast on fifty dollars and tell his father what to do with any insufferable future fight-talks that occurred to him.



"How Far You Going?" Larsen Asked Her.

promised to be; crowded into an unwashed derelict of a fine car among a selection from this assembly of desolate, if not actively objectionable roughing people. . . . The first rough cartoon of these vistas nearly to him back on the street again—to telephone Dalrymple for the easy loan that would put him on this afternoon's Century.

A decent looking man in a clean shirt looked at him across the shabby desk firmly. The telephone rang. "Yes. This is Larsen," said the man, frowning. "Call me later. I'm very busy."

Hal upended his old suitcase against the wall near the door and sat on it. Larsen started pawing over the piles of little slips before him. "Now—" he said twice, almost looking up, but each time thinking better of it. Then suddenly, "You can't take that dog."

Hal looked around for the dog, then up quickly to examine who it should be in this place with so smartly bred a fox-terrier.

"I've got to take the dog," said the girl in soft, almost-husky gravity. "He'll sit in my lap; he'll be no trouble." Pretty, quite pretty, Hal saw; perhaps a little tough, surely self-conscious—the even solemnity in her large eyes aware that unauthorized people were looking at her, might any minute speak to her and have to be rebuffed. But pretty, really quite pretty.

"How far you going?" Larsen asked her.

"Los Angeles," said the girl steadily.

"Oh," said Larsen, as if Los Angeles were just this side of New Rochelle. "If you keep him in your lap, all right." He turned to the man whose crossed legs Hal could see beyond her. "Does he bite?"

"I don't know," said a lazy, careless voice.

Larsen was startled. "You two're together," he said.

"No," said the man.

Larsen looked at her; she made a slight negative motion with her head and dropped her eyes to the dog. Larsen fumbled through the slips of paper, stopping to frown at one. "You're going to L. A.," he

said to the girl. "Yes," she said, barely looking up to him for an instant. "And so are you," Larsen said to the man. "Yes, but I'm not with her." "Then who is?" said Larsen. Hal let half a smile come through his moodiness as he shook his head. And Larsen was saved from further astonishment by his telephone, into which he said again he was very busy.

Hal's eyes kept coming back to the girl. She seemed not to hear what was going on in the room—stayed quietly, solemnly sure that some one would speak to her. Periodically that annoyed Hal and he looked away. Then he would find himself looking at her again, seeing how the smooth, slight dip of her cheeks under high cheek-bones seemed to be pursing her lips a little, adding solemnity to her wide, possessed mouth.

"Hello, hello," said Larsen impatiently into the telephone: "I'm very busy. I'm loading seven three-passenger cars for Chi and the West." Larsen was sweating. He called suddenly over his shoulder, as if taking a desperate remedy, "De Soto!" A small, cheerful, soft-eyed man, without a hat and looking as if he had just crawled from under the car, came in expectantly. "Take her bags," said Larsen, pointing his pencil at a woman, "and take her to Dallas." The lady's shocked disapproval of little De Soto lost some of its imperiousness when he grinned at her eagerly and said: "Like a fast ride, lady?" She glared down, her pince-nez quivering. "Hope y'do, 'cause anybody rides with me gets a fast one."

"Now," said Larsen more happily, as if their disappearance made it a family party again. But the telephone rang, and Larsen began his weary piece about Chi and the West almost before he had lifted the receiver. "Now, that dog—" he started again, and Hal saw a sort of quick pride take the girl's face as she raised her head. "No, that's right," Larsen added. "We settled that. We settled about the dog. Now Los Angeles—everybody going to Los Angeles goes with Jake Miller. Miller!" he shouted at the garage door. "Where's Miller?"

After an hour Hal went across the baking street for a glass of ginger ale. When he came back the slight, tidy man smoking beside the doorway gave him a lazy smile and in a voice that was oddly unsure of pitch said, "Goin' to L. A.?"

"Guess so," said Hal, trying to be neither discourteous nor encouraging. The trip was going to be bad enough without entering into relations with anybody.

"So'm I," said the man. "My name's Crack—Mart'n Crack." His eyes seemed dreamily looking for the effect of this on Hal.

Hal leaned against the wall, facing the street, and lighted a cigarette. I'm d—d if I'll offer him my name, Hal said to himself; if he's interested, he heard it in there.

"You any relation to Frederick Ireland—the big shot downtown?" Hal looked at him with cool amusement in his gray eyes. "Sure," he said. "Couldn't be closer." Crack gave a slight, polite laugh. From his side pocket he drew a bright, new golf ball, dropped it to the pavement where it clicked smartly and leaped up to his waiting hand again.

"Stunny," he said, "how that Larsen thought I was with the chip-psy, wasn't it?"

"How do you know she's a chip-psy?" said Hal in spontaneous irritation.

"She looks it, doesn't she?" said Crack, his lazy amiability undis- mayed.

"No," said Hal, promptly hoping to confirm that she didn't.

Crack stepped confidentially to Hal's side of the door and said in

a low tone: "See that big bird standin' at the back there? He's a dick. A detective."

Hal raised his eyebrows perfunctorily before he said, "How d'you know that?"

"I thought he was," Crack said, "and then I saw his badge."

"H'm," said Hal.

Crack smiled and, except for a vague, drowsy speculation in his eyes, his smile was youthful, half-way candid, for unengaging. "He's not looking for you, is he?" he said, cocking his head a very little.

"If he were, he shouldn't have much trouble finding me; and I'd be an ass to tell you anyway, wouldn't I?"

Crack's smile sobered just a shade. After a while he said, "Think she's going to Hollywood?" It happened to be precisely what Hal was moodily wondering, and he was startled into a shrewder look at Crack.

"Wouldn't be surprised," he said, and wished he hadn't been trapped even into that much interest.

"She's got a good figure," said Crack speculatively. "I like sort broad shoulders and nice clean-cut ankles on a babe, don't you?"

"Hadn't thought," Hal murmured straight ahead of him, angry and a little ashamed that this shy-mannered stranger should mention the very things he looked for first in any girl.

Hal snapped his cigarette into the gutter and went inside to sit on his suitcase again. The girl hadn't altered her position of solemn, en- garde waiting. But the terrier stretched luxuriously—leaning 'way forward with his hind legs straight out and his chin stretched up. The stretch broke into a friendly grin and a wagging of the docked tail when he met Hal's eyes. Hal smiled, winked and held out his hand. The dog came stepping forward to the end of his lead and put a cold nose against Hal's fingers. The girl's head turned quickly; Hal saw that her sunnied eyes were large and of a deep, yellow-flecked blue—also that they were alive with the beginnings of defensive hostility; at once she pulled the dog back and looked away.

You can go to the devil, Hal said to himself—you and your broad shoulders and your slim ankles; I hope Martin Crack makes you and makes you like it.

A little after eleven, some luggage—two veteran suitcases, a cardboard hat-box already losing the rim of its lid and a dress-box tied up with two kinds of string—arrived from the Grand Central. It was the work of but fifteen minutes more for Larsen to find Jake Miller in the garage behind the office and start him loading. Miller's car was a large Packard sedan of another decade with paint stained and lusterless as the tarpaper floor, a diagonal adhesive tape across the dull windshield, and all the nickel-work the color of old and unloved pewter.

Miller's futile hand unfolded an immense trunk back on the back, took out a tarpaulin and began spreading it with care over two oil puddles on the garage floor. On this he stacked the luggage with what seemed accidental neatness and lashed the tarpaulin around it with clothesline.

"How many passengers have you got?" Hal asked when the luggage was up.

"Seven," said Miller.

"Six besides yourself, 'ey?" said Hal, thinking, "Oh, Good G—d!"

"Seven," Miller repeated. "Got a invention. Got a seat stands on a box between the jump-seats." He chuckled as if he had outwitted some one. "I'll show it to you."

"I guess I'll see it soon enough," said Hal. "What are we waiting for now?"

Hal raised his eyebrows perfunctorily before he said, "How d'you know that?"

"I thought he was," Crack said, "and then I saw his badge."

"H'm," said Hal.

Crack smiled and, except for a vague, drowsy speculation in his eyes, his smile was youthful, half-way candid, for unengaging. "He's not looking for you, is he?" he said, cocking his head a very little.

"If he were, he shouldn't have much trouble finding me; and I'd be an ass to tell you anyway, wouldn't I?"

Crack's smile sobered just a shade. After a while he said, "Think she's going to Hollywood?" It happened to be precisely what Hal was moodily wondering, and he was startled into a shrewder look at Crack.

"Wouldn't be surprised," he said, and wished he hadn't been trapped even into that much interest.

"She's got a good figure," said Crack speculatively. "I like sort broad shoulders and nice clean-cut ankles on a babe, don't you?"

"Hadn't thought," Hal murmured straight ahead of him, angry and a little ashamed that this shy-mannered stranger should mention the very things he looked for first in any girl.

Hal snapped his cigarette into the gutter and went inside to sit on his suitcase again. The girl hadn't altered her position of solemn, en- garde waiting. But the terrier stretched luxuriously—leaning 'way forward with his hind legs straight out and his chin stretched up. The stretch broke into a friendly grin and a wagging of the docked tail when he met Hal's eyes. Hal smiled, winked and held out his hand. The dog came stepping forward to the end of his lead and put a cold nose against Hal's fingers. The girl's head turned quickly; Hal saw that her sunnied eyes were large and of a deep, yellow-flecked blue—also that they were alive with the beginnings of defensive hostility; at once she pulled the dog back and looked away.

You can go to the devil, Hal said to himself—you and your broad shoulders and your slim ankles; I hope Martin Crack makes you and makes you like it.

A little after eleven, some luggage—two veteran suitcases, a cardboard hat-box already losing the rim of its lid and a dress-box tied up with two kinds of string—arrived from the Grand Central. It was the work of but fifteen minutes more for Larsen to find Jake Miller in the garage behind the office and start him loading. Miller's car was a large Packard sedan of another decade with paint stained and lusterless as the tarpaper floor, a diagonal adhesive tape across the dull windshield, and all the nickel-work the color of old and unloved pewter.

Miller's futile hand unfolded an immense trunk back on the back, took out a tarpaulin and began spreading it with care over two oil puddles on the garage floor. On this he stacked the luggage with what seemed accidental neatness and lashed the tarpaulin around it with clothesline.

"How many passengers have you got?" Hal asked when the luggage was up.

"Seven," said Miller.

"Six besides yourself, 'ey?" said Hal, thinking, "Oh, Good G—d!"

"Seven," Miller repeated. "Got a invention. Got a seat stands on a box between the jump-seats." He chuckled as if he had outwitted some one. "I'll show it to you."

"I guess I'll see it soon enough," said Hal. "What are we waiting for now?"

MANY articles have recently appeared in the newspapers in regard to malnutrition in school children. Insufficient food is generally supposed to be the only cause. Just at present the depression is blamed. But this condition has existed for many years. Too little food or improper food is of the utmost importance, not only to the children, as children, but for their adult life as well.

Several years ago the American Open Air School Journal said that of 548,000 school children examined in fifteen cities in the United States, about 4,000 were undernourished.

How can a child possibly be well nourished, no matter what quantity or quality of the food, if it is mixed with a fetid, decaying mass of food from cavities in the teeth with its millions of germs of putrefaction and pus germs from abscessed teeth? This constant drain of poisons into the intestinal tract causes stomach and intestinal troubles. Bacterial products are absorbed into the system and produce fevers, eye-strain, headaches, anemia, malaise and constipation.

The poisons from the mouth are insidious and slow in their action. Many can, and do withstand them for years, if the powers of resistance are high, but in time these poisons are sure to destroy a good digestion and undermine the system.

A child cannot be expected to develop into a healthy adult with a strong mind if it is deprived of efficient means of chewing its food properly, or if the food must pass through an infected, uncleaned-for-mouth. Is it any wonder that such children are sickly and lacking in strength? Is it any wonder that they are not bright and intelligent?

Where, but in the unclean mouth are found the germs of spinal meningitis, measles, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, ready to set up their specific diseases as soon as the resistance is lowered? These unfortunates are also a menace to the health of other children because of their susceptibility to infectious disease.

Taking, then, this specific knowledge as to the deleterious effect of a diseased mouth and malnutrition upon the child, school, state and nation into consideration, it becomes a great sociological problem that should appeal to all of those interested in child welfare. The problem of nutrition will be solved within the first three inches of the alimentary canal.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Dental Hygiene

The Road to Health

By DR. R. ALLEN GRIFFITH

DIET, TEETH, EXERCISE

MOST people feel that the condition of their own mouths and the condition of their children's mouths is their own affair. We should get away from this selfish, erroneous and dangerous attitude. With every breath from an unclean mouth millions of pathogenic micro-organisms easily capable of inoculating another person with a disease-producing germ are expelled from one to ten feet.

To the healthy individual it really matters little how many pathogenic varieties of micro-organisms there may be, or how prevalent they are, because man possesses a natural immunity to infections and is normally immune.

If this were not true, man would have been exterminated from the earth long ago by the myriads of microscopic foes always surrounding him. But just let the individual reduce his natural bodily resistance below a certain point, through fatigue, overheating, loss of sleep, worry, etc., and "some little bug will get you" soon.

The chief concern, therefore, of both the individual and society at large should be to maintain this natural immunity instead of trying to discover cures or remedies for natural conditions that are sure to follow a lowering of the natural resistance to disease. Every disease germ that enters the human system must enter through the mouth, nose or a break in the skin (with the exception of venereal diseases), and it is estimated that 90 per cent of all disease enters through the mouth and incubates in the mouth.

Should not a clean, healthy mouth then be the first consideration in the prevention of disease?

During the present generation the physician has proved that there is a direct connection between unclean mouths and the rapid increase in kidney, heart and circulatory diseases, formerly attributed to deranged metabolism, but now known to be due to a constitutional poisoning of the system from bacteria and their toxins.

A clean mouth will prevent disease. A suitable diet will insure a well nourished organism. Exercise will insure proper elimination. These three things will insure health, happiness and longevity.

MALNUTRITION

MANY articles have recently appeared in the newspapers in regard to malnutrition in school children. Insufficient food is generally supposed to be the only cause. Just at present the depression is blamed. But this condition has existed for many years. Too little food or improper food is of the utmost importance, not only to the children, as children, but for their adult life as well.

Several years ago the American Open Air School Journal said that of 548,000 school children examined in fifteen cities in the United States, about 4,000 were undernourished.

How can a child possibly be well nourished, no matter what quantity or quality of the food, if it is mixed with a fetid, decaying mass of food from cavities in the teeth with its millions of germs of putrefaction and pus germs from abscessed teeth? This constant drain of poisons into the intestinal tract causes stomach and intestinal troubles. Bacterial products are absorbed into the system and produce fevers, eye-strain, headaches, anemia, malaise and constipation.

The poisons from the mouth are insidious and slow in their action. Many can, and do withstand them for years, if the powers of resistance are high, but in time these poisons are sure to destroy a good digestion and undermine the system.

A child cannot be expected to develop into a healthy adult with a strong mind if it is deprived of efficient means of chewing its food properly, or if the food must pass through an infected, uncleaned-for-mouth. Is it any wonder that such children are sickly and lacking in strength? Is it any wonder that they are not bright and intelligent?

Where, but in the unclean mouth are found the germs of spinal meningitis, measles, diphtheria, and scarlet fever, ready to set up their specific diseases as soon as the resistance is lowered? These unfortunates are also a menace to the health of other children because of their susceptibility to infectious disease.

Taking, then, this specific knowledge as to the deleterious effect of a diseased mouth and malnutrition upon the child, school, state and nation into consideration, it becomes a great sociological problem that should appeal to all of those interested in child welfare. The problem of nutrition will be solved within the first three inches of the alimentary canal.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Farmers to Plant More Than in 1934

Crop Acres Expected to Be Within 5 Per Cent of 1932 Harvest.

Prepared by Ohio State University Agricultural Extension Service. WNU Service.

Reports from 46,000 farmers in all parts of the country, reflecting the plans of all, indicate that they intend to plant 17 per cent more crop acres, exclusive of cotton acreage, than the harvestly reduced acreage that was harvested last year.

Although indications, when the poll was taken, pointed to a larger harvest than last year's, the 1935 acreage is expected to be about 5 per cent less than the harvested acreage in 1932.

The reduction below the 1932 acreage level, according to Guy W. Miller of the department of rural economics, Ohio State university, is due to crop control programs, unfavorable seeding conditions in the drouth area, shortage and high cost of seed, and reduced requirements for feed following recent liquidation of live stock.

Corn production is expected to plant about 96,000,000 acres, slightly more than were planted last year but nearly 8,000,000 acres more than were harvested.

Spring wheat intentions point to an 18,000,000 acre crop. Last year not more than 9,000,000 acres of spring wheat were worth harvesting.

Farmers expect to plant 29 per cent more land to oats this year than were harvested a year ago.

Should present plans materialize, burley tobacco acreage will remain nearly the same as it was last year.

Little changes were reported in potato planting intentions. Planted acreage is expected to be less than 1 per cent under the harvested acreage of last year. Ohio growers plan an acreage cut of 3 per cent.

Increases are expected also in acreage of soy beans and barley. But hay plantings, owing to seed shortages, are expected to decline.

Ventilated Silo Is Used in New Hay-Making Plan

This is a changing world and it would not be surprising to see a change in the process of hay-making. In fact, it has already arrived. In the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, the putting up of hay, both by the sugar process and the acid process, is practical and can be applied to almost any kind of forage. Hay canning is also being used. This is simply a ventilated silo where the hay is put either cured or partially cured and by ventilation the curing process goes on without combustion. Large hay barns are not only expensive but there is always considerable danger of fire. By ensiling the hay directly from the field there is no loss caused by woody fibers, moldy or spoiled hay that has been put up improperly. Simply a few silos will furnish storage for all the roughage and it will be in the finest condition for feeding. Less barn space will be required and the animals will always receive fresh succulent balanced rations.

Bees by the Pound

There are approximately 5,000 bees in a pound and they may be obtained in packages holding one or more pounds, but the two-pound size appears to be the most popular for all purposes. There are, however, many beekeepers who prefer a three-pound package, thinking that the extra pound of bees will enable the new colony to build up more rapidly. But, says a prominent apiarist, experiments with the two-pound packages do not seem to warrant this assumption, for the two-pound packages will usually build up as rapidly and store just as much honey as do the three-pound packages. If the bees are young and the loss during transportation not excessive, there are enough of them in a two-pound package to care for all the brood, and the colony will build up just as well without the excess workers.

Dry Up Milch Cows

Tests have shown that for the good of the cow and the quantity and quality of the milk it is best to dry up all cows at least six weeks before freshening time, says an authority in Pathfinder Magazine. Unless the cow gives more than two and a half gallons of milk a day or stringiness or off-color of the milk indicate the presence of mastitis the animal can be dried up by simply reducing the grain feed by about three-fourths and ceasing to milk. The other plan is to skip milkings for a week before stopping altogether, but the former is easier and just as satisfactory, except in cases where the quantity of milk is exceptionally large or where there is evidence of disease.

Alfalfa Again

Alfalfa will check soil erosion for 5,000 years. Experiments show that a seven-inch layer of surface soil, on an 8 per cent slope cropped to corn or allowed to remain fallow, will be completely washed away within a lifetime.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Seek Effective Ways of Fighting Coddling Moth

Derris, a tropical plant containing a poison known as rotenone, and pyrethrum, which contains the toxic substances used in most insect powders and fly sprays, failed to control the coddling moth, which destroys large quantities of apples and pears, under the conditions of last year's experiments. The Department of Agriculture is keeping up a search for new plants which may contain substances harmless to human beings, but deadly to insects. Information on such plants has been collected from many parts of the world.

Tests last year with bait traps and light traps reduced the number of moths somewhat, but not to the point of lessening greatly the need for spraying. The orchard sanitation practices recommended by the department and successfully demonstrated last season are of value in reducing the number of spray applications needed. Fewer sprays, especially late in the season, mean less residue to wash from the fruit. Electric light traps used in the work in 1934 were very expensive to install and operate, but it is hoped that with improvement in their effectiveness the number needed can be reduced to a point where their employment in practical orchard operations would be profitable.

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

Despite Old Proverb?

Ornithologists in England have learned that the sparrow is up earlier in the morning than the skylark, which to us seems to prove that the skylark is the more intelligent bird.—Exchange.



Reduce your ironing time one-third . . . your labor one-half! Iron any place with the Coleman. It's entirely self-heating. No cords or wires. No weary, endless trips between a hot stove and the ironing board.

The Coleman makes and burns its own gas. Lights instantly—no pre-heating. Operating cost only 1/2¢ an hour. Perfect balance and right weight make ironing just an easy, gliding motion.

See your local hardware or house-furnishing dealer. If he does not handle, write us.

The Coleman Lamp & Stove Company
Dept. W-109, Wichita, Kans., Chicago, Ill.,
Los Angeles, Calif., Philadelphia, Pa., or
Toronto, Ontario, Canada (1935)

BYERS BROS. & CO.

Good Live Stock Com. Service
Stock Yards—OMAHA

SONGS WANTED

Can You Write One?
Write for Particulars
MILYON WILL MUSIC CO.
84 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS!

If your kidneys are not working right and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, swollen feet and ankles; feel lame, stiff, "all tired out" . . . use Doan's Pills.

Thousands rely upon Doan's. They are praised the country over. Get Doan's Pills today. For sale by all druggists.

DOAN'S PILLS

SWEETEN

Sour Stomach

—by chewing one or more Milnesia Wafers

MILNESIA

The Original MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS

DOES YOUR Stomach Bother?

Mr. E. O. Dike of 211 So. 9th St., McCook, Neb., said: "I am a booster for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When my stomach bothered me and I belched gas, and when I was rundown, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was all that I needed to build me up and make me feel like my normal self again."

New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Large size, tablets or liquid, \$1.35.