



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sores Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.



**PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM**
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patheque, N. Y.

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

PISO'S for Coughs

Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective
syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And ex-
ternally, use PISO'S Throat and
Chest Salve, 35c.

Foolish

Under the Mussolini regime, Italy has no divorces and domestic differences must be battled out in the home. Hence, a Milan husband, who had been quarreling violently with his wife, was quick to take up what seemed a laxity in the routine of housekeeping.

"I see," he snarled, "that you haven't even washed today's dishes yet."

"It is my mistake," admitted the wife, much to the man's surprise. "You see," she added, "I did not expect you to get home before midnight, as usual, and why wash these dishes that I had intended to break on your head when you came in?"

Large, Generous Sample of Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article

More than forty years ago, in a small way, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nervine, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales were small at first, but soon increased, and another factory was added to meet the increasing demand. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world, and Pastor Koenig's Nervine is not only sold throughout the United States but in every land and clime.

The manufacturers want every reader of this free offer to try the old remedy at their expense. They will send a large, generous sample to every one who mentions this article.

Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample.

Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1041 North Wells street, Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

Appreciation

"What did Walde say when you gave him that homemade necktie?"
"Why, he looked at it very long and then said, 'No other eyes shall feast themselves on this loveliness!'"

TO RESIST THE ATTACK—of colds or gripe—put your system and your blood in order. Build up your health with that splendid herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has stood the test of sixty years of approval. The air we breathe is often full of germs, if our vitality is low we're an easy mark for colds or pneumonia.

One who has used the "Discovery", or "G M D", writes thus:
Grand Island, Neb.—"I am glad to speak a good word for Dr. Pierce's remedies, especially the 'Golden Medical Discovery' on account of the benefit it was to my husband. His health was poor and he suffered from indigestion. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' was the only thing he found to be of benefit to him."—Mrs. J. W. McMullen, 824 E. 9th St.

Fluoride or tablets. All dealers.

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

Jumping Meridians

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

"Oh, yes . . . I guessed that, though," Olson agreed quietly, his eyes still on the amber in his glass. He sighed. "I have lived a little, youngster. I have lived long enough to know that a woman who loves—she sends out a man to break records—but for himself. And then!—then, whether he wins or loses, she loves him for himself—just because he tried—for her."

Olson's speech had a strange effect. There was something of such inherent truth and sincerity in his words that Jimmy was silent, wondering. He had always wondered. The skipper had gone back, in his dialect, to his own soul: it was not so much as though he were a foreigner speaking in English to another man—it was more like the old Norse philosopher, and the poet that is in every Norseman, haltingly repeating to himself the things that he knows.

Jimmy got up slowly. It was heresy—unfaithfulness to his dream, the thoughts that the words gave rise to.

He started out. "I suppose," he said slowly, "that she is sending me for myself, too."

"I—hope so!" muttered the master of the Adrienne as Jimmy went through the door.

By noon of the following day there was a reply to his radiogram: A chartered schooner would pick him up off Minato during the night before the Adrienne was due in Yokohama harbor.

Days passed, bright and glorious, as if to make up for the rigors of the storm that the ship had sailed through. Jimmy was content. He rested, certain of his next step, enjoying the relaxation which came with the knowledge that things were moving well and that he would be a jump ahead of his rival in his newly arranged schedule just as certainly as he would have been had the Japanese government approved his request for an airplane.

The hours ahead were likely to prove strenuous, so he spent a great part of his time in his cabin, sleeping when he could. He scarcely saw Austin Rogers, except when they met in the dining room; and at these times, for the sake of appearances, each was careful to be coldly polite and casually cordial.

The last day came. In the morning, the Adrienne was due in Yokohama. Toward evening, Jimmy awakened from a long and refreshing nap and got up. The last details had to be attended to. The Japanese steamer had sent another radio message advising the exact place where it would meet the Yokohama bound ship.

Jimmy could see through the porthole that it was growing dusk. Switching on the lights, he proceeded to shave. After dinner, there would be a few hours remaining for him for a much needed rest, and then, laid down, he would have to leave the ship on which he was in the open sea. There was no necessity to leave details until the final moments.

But suddenly, with his razor poised over a mass of lather, he stopped, his eyes riveted on the crack at the bottom of the door to his stateroom. A slip of paper was being shoved underneath. With a little cry, he leapt across the room for the document.

The door was flung open into the darkness of the corridor outside. He ran out into the alleyway and halted. Between him and the hazy skyline in the distance there appeared for

the briefest second a ghostly shape, forming in the dark; then it disappeared and there was silence. He reached the end of the passageway, but no one was in sight. Puzzled, he returned to his room and picked up the paper.

It was an envelope, unsealed and unaddressed. "Possibly friend Rogers may be trying to scare me," he smiled. Pulling out the single slip inside, though, he was surprised to read:

Don't take a drink tonight. And good luck!

Another unsigned message! Jimmy ran his hand ruminatively through his sandy hair—"Now what the devil—?"

Only one thing was clear, though the lather dried on his face and began to itch his skin before he left off deliberating and came to the single conclusion. Someone knew of his plans and he was trying to help him. That someone, whoever it might be, apparently knew, too, that it would be folly for him to take a drink.

There was only one reason for that. He was not a heavy drinker. There was no chance of his getting drunk. It meant that in some way any drink he was to take that night would be drugged, and he would be unable to leave the Adrienne.

Beyond that point, however, he was confronted with two alternatives. Possibly his informant knew of his intention to leave the ship that night; possibly his enemy, whoever it was, knew of it, too. But it was far from improbable that either of them knew. It was quite possible, in fact, that the drugged drink was destined to keep him in his bunk when the ship docked at Yokohama in the morning, and thus prevent him from catching the train for Shimomoseki, which would mean disaster.

Certainly, however, it would do no harm to obey the warning of the message. He looked at it again, and then compared it with the writing on the slip of greasy paper handed to him on the landing field at Chicago by his mysterious pilot. Startled, he recognized them both for the same hand, except for the slight irregularities in the script of the message written under difficulties in the cockpit of the CX-9.

So his rescuer was aboard the Adrienne!

"That cinches it!" he exclaimed. "It's Hardmuth. If he likes, he can remain here. His sense of humor is helpful, anyway."

CHAPTER XII

He ate dinner alone. Captain Olson, with whom he usually sat, was asleep. Because Jimmy was leaving at sea that night, Olson had decided to take the mid watch, so as to see him off without the news of his departure being known. "There's no one needs to know you've left the ship before we get to Yokohama," he had said. "And not even there, for the matter of that."

Following the dinner hour, Jimmy returned to his cabin and packed what few belongings he had into his small bag. Everything was now ready for his departure. As a last duty, he smilingly tucked away the two messages he had received, placing them carefully in his wallet.

"Might be a collection of 'em before this is over," he told himself. He promised himself that some day he would find time to check up on Hardmuth.

Then, still smiling, he repaired to the smoking room and sat alone. Rogers was not present, and the two reporters who had been his frequent companions on the voyage thus

formidable militaristic nation in Europe, should not be cordially welcomed as a co-guarantor of the moral prohibition of war. And in view of the well-known mental, not to say official, reservations made by some of the other and more influential signatories to the pact, it scarcely lies in the mouth of any one to question the sincerity of Russia in giving its approval to that document. It at least attached no conditions to its support of the pact, which is all to its credit.

We believe that presently a new day must come for Russia. It is staggering to the end of an experiment in government, contrary to all tested moral and economic laws.

far had retired to their stateroom for a bridge game, an invitation to which he had declined.

After a few minutes, as his cigarette burned down, Jimmy raised his hand and called a steward. "Some Holland gin, straight," he ordered. "And some plain water."

The order came. Jimmy sat back and considered it, wondering idly who was watching him. The gin was slightly amber; but there was only the slightest difference between it and the water. Seven feet away, the two were the same in color. Not enough difference, Jimmy mused, if—

He did it! Half of the water in the larger glass he spilled carefully on the floor. The pony of gin he raised to his lips, his fingers covering the glass. Apparently he tossed it off, and then, as he was about to set the glass down, with a deft movement of his wrist, he emptied its entire contents into the remaining water.

The gin glass was empty. For a few minutes he sat there, quietly. Then, with a sigh, he arose and started for his cabin. In half an hour he was asleep. Whoever his enemy might be, the latter might be certain now that he was drugged.

It was 1:30 o'clock, Jimmy saw by an instinctive glance at the luminous dial on his wrist, when a heavy pounding on his door awakened him. He sat up bewilderedly, and in the next second, before he could speak, the door was flung open and Captain Olson hurled himself in.

The master of the Adrienne had his fists clenched and his eyes were fierce. He switched on the light with a quick movement and then turned to Jimmy.

"Get ready," he said. "It's time. And while you're getting ready—"

"What's up?"

"Everything. You don't have to board that steamer if you don't want to. A plane is waiting for you at Yokohama!"

"A plane?" Jimmy was still bewildered as he struggled into his coat. "A plane?" he repeated. "Come on, Skipper, let it all out."

"Don't you see?" Olson demanded. "That radio operator found out tonight. And the message that Tokio sent back to you—was changed!"

Jimmy shook his head. "This is getting a bit deep, Skipper," he said quietly. "Do you mean that Tokio approved my request for a plane and that the message was altered?"

"Exactly. An hour ago, the chief radio operator found one of his men searching through the files of the day on which you sent for the Minato schooner. Remember the fellow you gave the first radio to?"

"Pale faced individual—sallow, yes. And?"—Jimmy's eyes lighted with sudden recollection—"And I remember that I met Rogers right outside the door. What—?"

"Of course. Rogers went in; the fellow was alone. He bribed him, I suppose, but we have no evidence. Then he got a copy of your message, and when the reply from Tokio came, the same man received it. The chief found the original of the message in the files, after he'd got suspicious of the operator and I'd put him on the scent. The real message from Tokio read: 'Request approved. Plane awaiting Yokohama.'"

Jimmy stepped back and gave a soft whistle. "So they changed it." His eyes narrowed. "It must have been Rogers—the hound!"

"Of course. And tonight, the same man was looking for the messages sent while he had been off duty. He didn't find your radio to Minato."

"So no one knows I'm going that way?"

"Not yet. Are you—or shall you take the airplane?"

Jimmy smiled grimly. "We'll make it a triple cross."

Meanwhile, let us not forget that defenders of the divine right of kings were once as bitter against principles of pure democracy as the representatives of the old order are toward sovietism. History and experience are perpetually confounding the wise. Today there are numerous schismatic sects throughout the world whose doctrines and practices are highly offensive to others, but wisdom teaches that it is better to bear with their errors as patiently as possible and to have faith to believe that they will eventually work to the light. Every weapon of force and official intimidation that man could invent has failed

he decided. "I'll go by way of Minato and Vladivostok. But—Lord, it bucks me up to know that Japan was willing."

"I knew there was something wrong," put in the captain. "I knew. That was why, when the chief operator came to me tonight and said one of his men had acted suspiciously and had not been able to tell why he was looking through those files, I told him to look for the other message. Pig! That boy loses his license on every ship that sails the seas!"

Jimmy nodded gravely. A radio operator was too vital a part of the safety of the seas for him to be corruptible. From this point on, it was Captain Olson's affair. For himself, the incident was ended. He had already wired ahead and had his passport visas for crossing Russia forwarded from Tokio to Vladivostok. It was too late now to change his plans, and he was not anxious to, anyway.

"Wire Tokio, when you get ashore, and explain for me, will you, Skipper?" he asked. "I'll thank them later by an official letter."

Olson agreed. They heard feet hurrying down the corridor, and at a sharp rap on the door, Jimmy called out an invitation to enter. It was a seaman, who saluted the captain.

"The lights are off to starboard, sir."

"Good. Let down the Jacob's ladder," commanded Olson.

Jimmy looked at his watch. It was quarter before five. He picked up his bag, and together he and the captain ascended to the deck. Dawn would be breaking, he saw, in about an hour.

The Jacob's ladder was being lowered as they reached the rail. Off to the north, red and green lights bore down slowly, heading straight for the Adrienne, until, quarter of a mile away, they hove to. The ship on the deck of which Jimmy stood was pushing its nose through the water at a barely perceptible speed, the engines scarcely turning over. All aboard was darkness; it seemed that everyone was asleep.

Olson put out his hand gravely as the small boat from the Japanese schooner bumped against the side of the ladder below and made fast.

"You've a hard journey, Jim," he said. "Get on—and good luck, you young tramp!"

Jimmy descended the ladder into the waiting boat. It shoved off without a word from the Japanese sailors manning it, and moved slowly across the inky blackness of the smooth waters. He heard a bell clang behind him in the engine room of the Adrienne; the water behind the big ship churned furiously. Olson stood erect, his hand upraised.

"Good luck!" came faintly across the rapidly widening distance separating the two craft, and the Adrienne began to move on into the darkness.

A few minutes later, the sole passenger, Jimmy, was installed in his stateroom aboard the Japanese ship. Only the captain greeted him, in a queer pidgin English; the boat was short handed, and everyone else was either at work or asleep.

In 24 hours, Jimmy had exhausted every social possibility of the staunch little Tokitsu Maru and was waiting for the ship to make land. He stood in the forepart of the deck watching the heavy waves that threatened momentarily to swamp the little boat, and prayed that it would gain the protection afforded by the peninsula before the storm which had been threatening and was even then on its way, broke in all its fury.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some Day Perhaps

From Life.

"John, dear, I've a surprise for you!"

"Don't tell me the new Ford has come."

to check this groping habit of the human species. Eventually error discovers itself and turns back.

And anyway it is just as hard today as it was in Burke's time to "indict a whole people." It can't be done any more than we can destroy the wholeness of humanity—the grand ideal on which the Kellogg pact is founded.

Which state has the most pine trees? B. L.

A. The Forest Service says that there are probably more long-leaved pines in Florida than in other states, more short-leaved pines in Mississippi and Texas, and more white pines in Minnesota.



Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—or too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say Phillips. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Health Giving Sunshine All Winter Long

Marvelous Climate—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful desert resort of the West

Write Cree & Chaffey Palm Springs CALIFORNIA

Turkish Prodigy

A four-year-old child who has a full-grown beard and mustache has been taken to Constantinople, and is being exhibited at performances for the benefit of the Red Crescent society. The child, born at Trebizond, has the voice and appearance of an adult. He is about two feet tall.

Cold Need Cause

No Inconvenience

Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

Here! Here!

"What was your fiance chatting about so gayly?"

"Oh, nothing that you should hear at your age, mother."—Excelsior, Mexico City.

If it were not for the boys eighteen years of age, how would we ever get the new men's fashions started?

Are You Ready



When your Children Cry for It

Baby has little upsets at times. All your care cannot prevent them. But you can be prepared. Then you can do what any experienced nurse would do—what most physicians would tell you to do—give a few drops of plain Castoria. No sooner does than Baby is soothed; relief is just a matter of moments. Yet you have eased your child without use of a single doubtful drug. Castoria is vegetable. So it's safe to use as often as an infant has any little pain you cannot get away. And it's always ready for the crueler pangs of colic, or constipation or diarrhea; effective, too for older children. Twenty-five million bottles were bought last year.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

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