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Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Drugists. Illinois Chem. Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

**That Kind of Fellow**

**Altogether Too Slow**

"Too much promiscuous kissing is bad for young people," declares Judge Ben Lindsey. "It robs juvenile life and gaiety of its wholesomeness and is a grave threat to high moral standards."  
"Things that would have been shocking a few years ago are now regarded as virtues and lack of them is liable to make one a social outcast."  
"Some college coeds were decorating their frat houses for Christmas when one of the girls asked the head of the decorating committee:  
"Aren't we going to have any mistletoe this year?"  
"No," replied the other, "I've found that the fellows who need it aren't worth a hang."  
Every department of housekeeping needs Red Cross Ball Blue. Equally good for kitchen towels, table linen, sheets and pillowcases, etc.—Adv.

**Nation's Paint Bill**

The paint bill of the United States during 1927 reached the tremendous total of \$519,000,842, according to a census of manufacture taken by the Department of Commerce. More than 1,000 establishments were engaged in the manufacture of paints and varnishes, and a total of 28,051 wage earners, other than salaried employees, were engaged in turning out the product. New York state led, with 162 plants engaged in the business, and Illinois ran second with 100.

**Malaria's Victims Many**

Of all diseases found in India, tropical Africa, Central America, southeastern Europe, and other places, malaria is the most deadly. It kills not by the thousand but by the million, and it is still a deadly menace.



WHEN damp days, sudden changes in weather, or exposure to a draft makes joints ache, there is always quick relief in Bayer Aspirin. It makes short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Bayer Aspirin to relieve, and it does not affect the heart. All druggists, with proven directions for various uses which many people have found invaluable in the relief of pain.



**Jumping Meridians**

By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN

"Do any of us?" he interrupted, steadying himself against a heave of the vessel. He turned fully to her. "Have you, for instance?"

She avoided his eyes and took a long time before replying. "I—I don't know," she said. Sometime—later, perhaps, I shall be able to answer that."

"When?"  
"Later," she evaded. Smiling, she added, "Later, too, I'll know more of you—after you've won and I see what you've done with your victory."

"But—what can I do with it?" he demanded. "It's what I've just been saying. Beyond the fact that you want me to win, and the fact that to lose simply isn't in my make-up—what's next?"

He knew, deep in his heart, the reason for his dissatisfaction. He wouldn't lose—he couldn't bear the thought of losing. But the long journey was nearing its end. In New York, he and Natalie were on separate planes, whereas here they were together.

She had helped him to win; if he could keep on now, victory was his. But the very victory—the very finish of it all meant that he must see no more of Natalie. There was only Frances, and Frances he had forgotten. He knew at last that she was unworthy.

It had been for her that he had done all this; he was returning to her. Yet—it was Natalie he wanted, and he lost her in the moment that he gained—what?

It was a bitter thought. Natalie, as she turned to him, was more lovely, more infinitely desirable than ever, the pallor of the moonlight making purest marble of the finely chiselled contours of her features, shining deep into the wells of her eyes, half veiled with their curving lashes. He felt a wild, savage desire to sweep her into his arms where she stood—to forget Cecil Broadmoor, the ship—the morning—everything but the moment: the last moment, he realized in a sort of panic, when he could be as near to her as this, as happy in their isolation from all the world.

He looked up, away from her. A reeling full moon behind the dizzy mainmast, careened drunkenly and turned into showers of silver and pearl the spray that dashed free of the Faustania's prow; it kissed the million petulant wave-tips with a Bacchanalian overflow of affection. From the salon, the faintest wisp of orchestra music drifted forward; and in Jimmy's nostrils, part of the night, and the poignant beauty of it, was the elusive scent of black narcissus.

He closed his eyes. Never—never after tonight!  
"Jimmy, don't you see why you must—"

Natalie started to speak; he opened his eyes, staring at her, at the new, torn note in her low voice. In the same movement, even while his eyes devoured her and wondered at the pain in the depths of hers, a huge wave—more monstrous and more vindictive than the rest, struck the Faustania a mighty blow on the port side of the bow.

The ship careened. Jimmy put out one hand to grip the rail, and Natalie's speech broke off with a little gasp. But Jimmy's hand never found the rail. Instead, it caught the girl's arm as she fell toward him.

Instinctively his other hand went out. She had fallen

**The Dishrag**

Dr. Vizetelly, editor of the New Standard Dictionary, is a capital story teller as well as a distinguished lexicographer. In a recent newspaper discussion of the dishrag, which he says dates from the year 700, he tells a yarn about Noah Webster, our original lexicographer, in which he gave his wife a lesson in the proper use of two words. It runs as follows:  
The great Noah, while snooping around the kitchen, was suddenly brought face to face with the cook, who was a sassy, sweet and good-looking lassie. So the gallant Noah

against him. He straightened, recovered his balance, and gave a little gasp to find her head against his breast.  
"Natalie!"

His eyes flamed. It was the first time he had ever held a woman he loved in his arms—so close; and for the merest second she did not move. To feel of her, soft and delicate, lighted a fire that raced through his veins. Tomorrow—yesterday—the days that had passed and were to come, reeled away like drunken planets. His lips were on her hair, black as midnight, and in her nostrils was the delicate scent that was part of her.

"Natalie—Natalie—you're mine and—"

For a moment, while the Faustania recovered its keel, as though frightened by the moment and all that it portended, she had lain there quiescent, her face buried. Now, as he spoke, her figure tightened. Hungrily, Jimmy leaned forward. He had a swift vision of her lips, red and soft, like the parted gates to Paradise.

"Natalie!"

"Jimmy—no!"  
It was the frightened, fearful look in her wide eyes that recalled him. Her hands, tight together, were pressed against his shoulders. She was shaking her head, pleadingly.

Dully he stepped back; his hands fell away. That look in her eyes. Good God—she was afraid! He dashed his palm against his forehead and groped for the rail.

"Natalie—I'm—sorry! So sorry. I didn't realize it was—that bad . . ."

He turned, but he felt suddenly weak. She must hate him! That had been fear in her eyes; there had been fear in her voice. One tiny white hand caught at his sleeve and held him. Miserably, he waited.

"No, no, Jimmy—not that. It isn't that—please! Only wait, Jim. Wait till you've won and the choice is yours. Can't you see?"

He nodded dully. The words were incomprehensible. He was aware, vaguely, that Natalie was trying to spare his feelings; she knew that he had glimpsed her eyes, had seen the haunting fear lying there. She knew the misery inside him, too, and she did not want to hurt him—too deeply.

He understood.  
Jimmy stumbled toward his suite, alone, and flung himself down on the bed. He was glad, staring at the ceiling, that tomorrow morning the call for action would come again. Women—he had never understood them and he never would. Probably he'd always be a fool.

He tried to put the memory of those last moments from his mind. It was difficult. And yet—her words . . . What could they have meant? In retrospect, he could remember them all. And when she had lain against him; there had been seconds, her face close to his breast, his arms tightly about her shoulders—seconds of Paradise before she awakened.

He shook his head, dropping slowly into slumber, telling himself that tomorrow he would come into his own again; the only life for which life had fitted him. Tomorrow, there awaited danger—danger and speed and thrills. These were his heritage.

Yet there was no comfort in the reflection.

**CHAPTER XXIX.**

The morning of the 28th day of the race dawned so clear

stepped a bit closer and bussed her on the mouth just as Mrs. Noah stepped in at the door. Horrified as she professed to be, the good New England dame was far from speechless and exclaimed:  
"Well, I am surprised!"  
"To which the great Noah nonchalantly countered:  
"Not at all, my love; not at all! For it is I who have been surprised—you were merely astonished."  
Dr. Vizetelly defines the dishrag as a utensil "formerly" used by housewives in the cleaning of dishes in the kitchen sink. It is still so used. When we were newly married we undertook to wash the dishes after a Sunday chicken dinner, as

and cool as to have dissipated, in the very flood of sunshine which drowned the sea and air, all the clouds of the night before, Jimmy, who was on deck easily, waiting for the moment of action to come, found himself able to forget most of the scene on the foredeck.

He had thrust it from him. For the present, there was work to be done, for which he was grateful. Rogers' next move must be watched. With every pulse of the great engines in the heart of the ship, they were nearing the goal.

The passengers of the Faustania, too, seemed affected with the same spirit of excitement. During the trip across the Atlantic, once the two racers had become known, betting on the result had been free. At Montauk Point, before the rivals could get out of sight, those on board would know the winner. Whatever method either used, its value would be proved by then.

Natalie, too, seemed to have forgotten the night before. She sought out Jimmy after a hasty breakfast, smiling, as she approached him where he stood beside the Jacob's Ladder on the starboard side. He had on the same clothes that he had worn during the whole journey. His outer clothing had suffered slightly from its salt-water bath, and his bag he had left in the Bleriot's cockpit with Cecil Broadmoor; but he had been able to purchase fresh linen aboard the ship.

Natalie, however, was as fresh and cool as the morning. Jimmy stood alone. Smiling, she came up to him and laid a hand in comradely fashion on his where it rested on the rail, ignoring the curious eyes that were fastened on them.

"It's your day, Jim," she said.

He smiled rather wistfully, looking down into her eyes with an unspoken question. "It's got to be," he answered, non-committally. "You're going right on up the bay with the ship!"

His eyes were strained landward again. For half an hour there had been a gray line on the horizon—the shores of America. Now this was taking shape. A lighthouse loomed up ahead.

Natalie nodded. "I'll have to—have to go through customs and quarantine. I'm not exempt." She looked beyond him, to where, the center of a small group of carefully dressed men and women, Austin Rogers stood smiling and chatting lightly. "Jimmy!" she exclaimed suddenly. "He's too sure. Nothing—nothing must happen now!"

He smiled, glancing at his rival and then away.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he had something up his sleeve," he said. "But one thing is certain—he can't get to New York faster than Graham's plane'll take me."

Rogers' eyes were strained in another direction now. Where Jimmy had been looking toward land, searching the skies for Graham's seaplane, his rival stared backward, along the side of the Faustania and up the shore line.

"He's waiting for his yacht all right," Jimmy decided, with a certain sense of relief. "Just give me one fair jump—"

He broke off suddenly. Rogers was staring past him; but he, too, jerked up as one of the passengers cried out:  
"Here comes a seaplane!"

Jimmy's eyes lighted as he turned in common with all the rest, shading his gaze to stare westward. There it was, hardly more than a speck on the horizon but growing larger momentarily, the low hung pontoons underneath the graceful wings revealing Graham's ship. He waited for a sign of some boat to put out from the shore that they were

an evidence of love and affection. But we washed them with hot water, soap and hands. Those who watched our performance found much merit in the fact that we gave the dishes three rinsings before we dried them. There was no running water in the village, so we used a pan for the rinsings—none too many for thorough cleanliness, we thought.  
Q. Please give some authenticated records of egg laying by hens in the United States. A. E. G.  
A. The following are the highest records of egg laying hens in the United States: 341 eggs laid by Rhode Island Red at the Connecticut agricultural experiment station

hearing; but there was none in sight.

Inadvertently he glanced at his rival and was conscious of a quick twinge of uncertainty as their eyes met. Rogers had merely given him a flickering look—but in it were mingled confidence and amusement. Jimmy's eyes narrowed. By a tightening of Natalie's fingers where they lay over his own on the rail, he knew that she had seen, too.

"He's got something, Jimmy!" she whispered tensely. "He's got another card!"

Jimmy nodded coolly in reply, his gray eyes cold and calm. In the face of the crisis which every sense warned him was approaching, he was recovering his old self-confidence. The moments of inaction had passed; face to face with danger and excitement once more, his old grip on his nerves returned.

"It can't matter," he said. "He's got to have something awfully good to beat me out now."

He turned toward her again, aware of her hand on his arm just as he caught sight of a little white speedboat putting out from shore and skipping over the waves toward the Faustania.

"I've got just one more bet, Jim," the girl was saying. "I don't know why, but I radioed to Billy last night."

"To Billy?" he repeated. "For what?"

"I don't know." Natalie shook her head. "I'm nervous. I suppose; perhaps I'm oversuspicious. But I told him to get a plane and fly overhead to watch for anything's going wrong."

Jimmy laughed. "You darling!" he exclaimed. "It's good of you, Natalie, but there's nothing can happen now. There's my plane and that's my boat, come to take me off. Besides, Billy wouldn't have access to a seaplane at such short notice, would he?"

"It'll be a landplane," she returned, "but he'll be there. I don't know what he could do, but there's always a chance. Tell me I'm not foolish, Jim."

He looked down at her fondly. "Foolish? After all you've done? Natalie, if you hadn't been foolish enough to look out for me in the first place, I wouldn't be here—"

He broke off suddenly, swinging about at a sound from behind him. Following Natalie's surprised look, he was just in time to catch sight of Rogers, with a quick move and a laughing sally, turning to dive down into the companionway that led below decks.

"Now what in blazes—?"

Why was the man going down there, at this time? Ever now, the big ship's engines were slowing in their pulsation; the white speedboat was nearing the steamer rapidly. Ahead, Graham was circling preparatory to a landing, waiting for the Faustania to come to a stop.

Another cry broke—excited and sharp, from some of the crowd that now lined the starboard rail on the promenade. Jimmy let his glance turn from where the seaplane was settling into the water and swung about again, just in time to see a graceful white yacht emerge from around a point slightly northward. The sides and funnel of the trim vessel were newly painted; a thin streak of yellow ran about it. Its crew was lining the rails as it bore on, with all the speed of its light build and powerful engines. On the prow, as it approached, its name came to be deciphered:

**VULTURE**  
New York

"It's Rogers' yacht, a right!" Jimmy cried. "Time for the big noise, Natalie!—though what he's doing below decks at a time like this I can't make out."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Storrs, Conn.: 339 eggs laid by White Leghorn in the Georgia egg laying contest, Athens, Ga.; 335 eggs laid by Leghorn at western Washington egg laying contest, experimental station, Puyallup, Wash.

The forest service says that amape is a wood of tropical America. It is found in the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, and Venezuela. A common name for it is Roble, which is Spanish for oak. However, it is not an oak and bears only a superficial resemblance to it. Its color, weight, and strength are similar. It is used for interior finish, for building purposes, ox yokes, plating, and boat building.



**SAME PRESCRIPTION**  
HE WROTE IN 1892

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as today. People lived normal lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings. The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe bowel stimulant.

This prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative. It has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulency, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds, fevers. At your druggist, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

**For Poisoned Wounds as Rusty Nail Wounds, Ivy Poisoning, etc.**  
HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH  
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

**GREAT DISCOVERY**  
KILLS RATS AND MICE,  
BUT NOTHING ELSE

**Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks**  
K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) is a new exterminator that can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Conable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials. **Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee.** Insist upon K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), the original Squill exterminator. All druggists 75c, or direct if not yet stocked. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

**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 Croo & Charley  
**Palm Springs**  
CALIFORNIA

**Woman Artist an Inventor**  
Miss Anne Acheson, the Irish sculptor, whose child studies have created a furor in Europe, has been revealed as the inventor of the paper mache splint which proved a godsend to wounded soldiers in the World War, and for which she received a decoration.

**Doubting the Majority**  
"Do you believe in the rule of the majority?"  
"Sometimes," said Mr. Cluggins, "but not when my wife and two daughters combine to drive this old fiver from the back seat."

**Added Insult**  
We don't mind if a man takes his watch out when we're talking to him, but we do hate to have him take it out and wind it.—Judge.

Red Cross Ball Blue is the finest product of its kind in the world. Every woman who has used it knows this statement to be true.—Adv.

**Mostly Chicken**  
Landlord—How old do you think this wine is?  
Guest—The combined ages of the wine and the chicken make at least fifty.—Dorfbarber, Berlin.

**Einstein Might Fix It**  
A man could save himself a lot of trouble by marrying his second wife first.—Judge.

**Very Much So**  
"Is she addicted to a lipstick?"  
"I should say so. Sticks her lip in every chance she gets."

Sweepstakes—the "dust."

**Why He Succeeded**

Honored politically and professionally, during his lifetime, Dr. K. V. Pierce, whose picture appears here, made a success few have equalled. His pure herbal remedies which have stood the test for many years are still among the "best sellers." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a stomach alterative which makes the blood richer. It clears the skin, beautifies it; pimples and eruptions vanish quickly. This Discovery, or "G M D," of Dr. Pierce's puts you in fine condition. All dealers have it in liquid or tablets.  
Send 10 cents for trial pkg. of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free medical advice.

