

STOP YOUR COLD IN 6 HOURS WITH
DAROL
 Breaks a cold in 6 hours. Drives it away in 12 hours. Relieves Headache—Neuralgia—Pains.
McKesson & Robbins
 Quality Since 1833

Millions Thrown Away by Wasteful Methods

How much water is wasted by a dripping tap? An answer was provided when New York decided to levy a fine of two dollars for every tap found leaking. In two years 40,000, 000 gallons of water were saved. It seems absurd to worry about the amount of steam wasted when a locomotive blows a whistle. But Doctor Foley of Indiana university has calculated that 2,434,026 tons of coal are consumed annually in generating steam to blow United States locomotive whistles, and that if the whistles were moved slightly forward and adapted to a single high-pitched note, more than 1,000,000 pounds a year could be saved. But this loss is small compared with that involved in throwing into the dustbin cinders that would still give a lot of heat. It is estimated that a third of the cinders thrown away retain from 50 to 70 per cent of their heating value.

ADVISES HEAT OF RED PEPPERS FOR RHEUMATISM
Brings Almost Instant Relief

When the intolerable pains of rheumatism or aches or neuritis or lumbago drive you nearly mad... don't forget the marvelous heat Nature put into red peppers. For it is this penetrating heat that relieves all pain as it soothes and gets down under the skin, seeming to clear up inflammation instantly. It is this genuine red pepper's heat that is now contained in a ointment called *Rowles Red Pepper Rub* As you rub it in you can feel relief come. There's nothing better for breaking up a dangerous chest cold, either. All druggists sell *Rowles Red Pepper Rub* in convenient jars.

One on Einstein

There is a story current that in the days when even a street car ride in Germany cost some hundreds of thousands of marks, Professor Einstein of relativity fame had an argument with a conductor over the correctness of the change. The conductor finally convinced Professor Einstein that he was wrong, and when Einstein apologized, the conductor said: "Never mind, sir. That's all right. I can see that arithmetic is not your strong point."—Hollywood Daily Citizen.

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Webster City, Iowa—"After having the 'flu' I could not eat and had a very bad cough. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and started to improve while taking the first bottle, said Mrs. Chas. Lacey, Sr., of 136 Apple Ave. 'I took six of the Golden Medical Discovery; two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and some of Dr. Pierce's Cough Syrup. Now I can eat and sleep and feel fine, I never felt better than I do since taking Dr. Pierce's medicines. I always recommend them to anyone suffering as I did.' All druggists. Fluid or tablets.

Horse-Radish

In one of the showings of horses in the coliseum at the state fair the judges had great difficulty determining the first and second awards. "Have them canter and lope," requested the judges. "Why, mamma, that's what we had for dinner," exclaimed a young hopeful. "What dear?" "Why, canterlope."—Indianapolis News.

Facetious Remark

She—You got fooled on this diamond ring. He—I guess not. I know my onions. She—Maybe—but not your carrots.—Boston Transcript.

A farmer can still enjoy a good dinner in his own home. That's what it would cost him in town.

Easy to darken GRAY HAIR this quick way
 so naturally nobody'll know

Now without using dangerous dyes you can darken gray hair naturally, quickly restore its original shade by the world's finest, safe way which is now keeping millions of heads young looking. Benefits the hair as it darkens it to the shade you want. As simple as brushing. Try it. Pay druggist 75c for a large bottle of WYETH'S SAGE & SULPHUR and just follow easy directions.

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS
 by WADSWORTH CAMP

Barbara continued to stare, strove to believe it. Slocum ushered the tea in just then, and nothing was said until she had retreated, her stout face tortured with inquisitiveness. Barbara drew nearer the tea table. Her hand unsteady as she passed Mrs. Twining her cup of tea. On her part Mrs. Twining accepted the cup without emotion.

"Well, what do you say?" "I don't know what to say, except that it makes me very happy you should want me that way. I don't deserve it." She couldn't keep her voice steady either. Mrs. Twining spoke with thin sarcasm. "Perhaps you didn't altogether deserve the notices you got this morning, yet you want to accept the doubtful career they hold out."

"I know, I know, because there's nothing else for me to do."

Blindly she rose, stooped over the old lady, and kissed her.

"Thank you. It makes me happier than I have even been that you should want me after what's happened."

The lines of Mrs. Twining's face tightened.

"Then you'll make me happy by coming."

Barbara sighed. "If I only could!"

Mrs. Twining jerked her head towards a near-by footstool.

"Bring that over and sit down. You won't want your tea until we've settled this."

And when Barbara had obeyed and sat close, she said sharply:

"If you only could! Why can't you?"

Barbara clasped her hands around her knees, and still trying to appreciate all the offer meant, regarded the deserted tea table.

"I've told you. My work."

Even the gleaming tea table seemed to twinkle knowingly at that. Mrs. Twining's hard knuckles tapped Barbara's head impatiently.

"Don't try to hoodwink me. What's the other reason, the real one?"

Barbara's head went lower. "The same reason that made me run away."

Mrs. Twining mused. "Youthful doubts and troubles! They make a home, but sometimes they also destroy it."

She seemed to find it hard to go on. At last she said slowly:

"I shan't advise you. I'm afraid to advise; it's so much your own problem; but I can chide you for trying to shape your life to the measurements of a temporary and unsound infatuation."

Barbara's clasp of her knees tightened.

Temporary and unsound! Mrs. Twining would think that, and probably she was right.

"If I advised you at all," the sharp voice went on, "I'd tell you to put such thoughts out of your mind, to come to me, to concern yourself with people a little fitter for you."

The trouble was she wasn't fit for Gray.

"So you did guess all along, yet you never asked anything, even after the smash."

Momentarily Mrs. Twining's eyes wavered.

"I'm not in the habit of wasting breath. Don't let's speak of that again. It's over—fortunately, on the whole, I believe. I used to like that young man. I don't any more. Selfishness is an abomination in others. I dare say some people think I'm the selfishest

animal in the world. They're wrong."

Barbara was glad to have Gray out of it. It hurt to talk about him, to remember her lying letter that had turned his love to distaste. She hurried on before Mrs. Twining could change her mind.

"That wasn't the only reason I left, or the only one that would make it uncomfortable to come back. You advised me just now to concern myself with people a little fitter for me. The very afternoon I ran off I heard your niece tell you I wasn't fit to have around."

For several moments Mrs. Twining was rigid, then she burst out angrily:

"And you left me because of Esther's unasked opinion? Then understand. My house is my own. It isn't Esther's or Lyon's or Martha's. In it I do as I please, I have whom I choose. You can't make me believe it was your conscience Esther hit."

Swept by impulse, Barbara turned and looked straight up at the old lady. She had a right to know after her extraordinary offer that must have been dictated by a deep interest, a genuine affection.

"But I heard her say something else, something dreadful about my mother, which, if true, might have made her right in saying I wasn't fit—"

Mrs. Twining's hard fingers grasped Barbara's shoulder, and pressed until they hurt.

"Don't say anything about your mother. I don't care to know. It's you I care for. And don't believe everything Esther says. She, too, is supremely selfish."

Barbara placed her head on Mrs. Twining's knees.

"I think she'd been making inquiries about me, finding out things I've never been able to find out myself. So you see it was partly my conscience, because I don't know anything about my mother. I don't even know who she was. So I don't know who I am, whether Norcross is really my name. I didn't want her telling people things like that, things that I didn't know about at all."

Mrs. Twining's grasp was very tight, but Barbara wasn't conscious of it, yet she heard and obeyed the harsh command.

"Keep quiet. Not another word. Don't let us ever recur to this subject unless we have to."

"But you wouldn't want me unless you knew who I was."

"Don't tell me what I want and don't want. One thing I know. I shan't have you yet awhile. No use arguing. Your narrow egoism, call it conscience if you like, which you must have acquired in Elmford, would beat me."

Barbara thought of her Aunt Barbara Gardner, stern, constricted, secretive, probably, about the very things Esther had found out, and that Barbara didn't know. Doubtless Barbara's conscience had been molded by Mrs. Gardner, who more and more seemed a personification of all the backwardness and conservatism of Elmford; and she wondered if Mrs. Twining wasn't secretly glad of it after her confession.

The hard hand left Barbara's shoulder.

"Go back to your tea now, and let me have mine, while we talk about this silly contract. Don't sign it. Leave yourself free to accept my offer whenever you change your mind."

Barbara rose, and went wearily back to the tea table.

"I don't see how I can honestly change my mind."

Apparently Mrs. Twining didn't hear.

"Make any temporary arrangement."

"I'm going to talk it over with Harvey Masters tonight."

Mrs. Twining approved.

"He'll advise you as I have, and perhaps selfishly, too. He's a sensible young man. Lyon tells me he's a coming one. And let me know when you've decided. Come here and tell me. Your conscience will let you do that at least."

"Yes," Barbara said. "I'll come and tell you."

"And now something about yourself. I haven't heard much since Esther ran you off."

"It wasn't altogether her, Mrs. Twining."

The old eyes smiled.

"But we weren't to talk about that for a while. I want to know about you, where you've been living, how."

Barbara told her of the rooming house and her haphazard life. Mrs. Twining disapproved.

"Now I can advise. Hunt up a small apartment, not too far from your work, and sublet it for the winter."

"Those things are expensive, and if the play should fail—"

"The play won't fail, or if it does there are ways out. You must have a place where you can be your own mistress, where you can have your own meals, with one maid at least. I'll get Steve to look into it."

Barbara was cautious.

Mrs. Twining was inflexible. "Steve will have a list for you to-morrow. He's in touch with a lot of real-estate people."

Their parting was constrained, embarrassed. Barbara kissed her, held her shoulders for a moment, said "Thanks" again, and went out. Yes, she reflected, probably Mrs. Twining was very grateful, after her confession, that she had an Elmford conscience.

The performance went well that evening for a second night, and Rulon congratulated her after the last curtain, and Hackey came back, waylaid her on her way to her dressing room, and sneered:

"Talked it over with the shysters yet?"

She shook her head and Rulon grinned doubtfully.

"Here comes the chief ambulance chaser now."

Harvey strolled through the stage door, and Rulon grumbled.

"That means no supper tonight, Barbara."

"I'm afraid it does. I want to make up my mind as soon as I can. I won't keep you waiting long, Mr. Hackey. Probably to-morrow."

"I hope I'll change my mind before to-morrow just to put you in your place."

Harvey over supper was as earnest as Mrs. Twining in begging her not to bind herself for so long a period, and she looked at him, very well understanding his selfish motive. Naturally he wanted her to be free if she should decide to give him his desire. Why not give it to him now? Why not make Harvey happy since she couldn't foresee any happiness for herself? He grasped her hand beneath the table.

"Why sign anything? Let me take care of you."

She fought the instinct to free her hand while he murmured about his progress downtown. Even though she had heard Steve's and Lyon Helder's opinion, she was amazed at the extent of Harvey's success.

"Drop the stage. Come to me, Bobbie. Everything I've done, and mean to do, is for you."

Her laugh was broken.

"Is this a proposal, Harvey? It sounds like a business deal."

He freed her hand and grasped her arm. In his stern face flashed all his desire.

"It's the only way I dare

talk to you, Bobbie. You haven't forgotten the night you said it made you unhappy even to have me touch you."

His quick emotion died.

"And here I've been touching you—too soon."

"Don't go back to that Harvey. Please don't. It makes me ashamed."

He smiled confidently.

"I'm perfectly sure you won't always hate my touching you."

"Please don't, Harvey. Please don't keep reminding me of that."

In spite of herself she experienced a quick relief when he let her arm go. No, the moment hadn't come yet when she could offer him happiness through her grief. And his quite confidence made her uneasy.

"Even as things are I'm going to look after you all I can. I'm going to see no harm comes to you."

She didn't want his guardianship. It frightened her. It could very well make trouble with Rulon. It had too many threatening implications.

"Let me go my own way, Harvey."

He shook his head.

"I shall watch the way you go. About this contract for instance. Why not slip in the loophole of a month's notice on either side? Of course he'd want your guarantee not to work for anyone else if you exercised your option."

She made a wry face.

"I guess I'm a coward. Then he could throw me out any time he pleased."

"The important point is," Harvey said, "you could throw yourself out, and I honestly don't think, if you improve at all, he'll exercise his right."

She thought of Rulon and was doubtful, but she wanted to take his advice and Mrs. Twining's. She sighed.

"All right, a month's notice. That will be my ultimatum. Now you must let me go home, Harvey."

On the way to the rooming house he was almost happy.

"I've an idea life will simplify itself for us before long."

She couldn't share his faith. To her life seemed increasingly complex, more than ever vulnerable to disturbing threats.

Steve the next day sent her by messenger a list of small apartments for sub-lease, and enclosed a note informing her he would be at Mrs. Twining's for a late tea.

"If you care to drop in, and tell me what you've settled on, I'll take the formalities of the lease off your hands. I think, too, that Adelaide would like to know what sort of a den you choose."

So she put Hackey off until night, and devoted the afternoon to the exhausting task of home hunting, shrinking from the dinginess of some habitations, and drawing fearfully from the prices asked for more congenial ones. By 5 o'clock she had determined on two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette in the upper Fifties. The apartment faced a court, but it was comfortably furnished, and was in a comparatively new building. As long as her salary went on she could afford it, but if anything happened to that, if the play closed, or Hackey gave her a month's notice, she didn't see how she could meet the rent, for she had very little left of the money she had saved while with Mrs. Twining.

Tired, and worried over what she was doing, she reported at Mrs. Twining's. Steve was with the old lady in her sitting room, and promised to have everything arranged so that she could take possession the next day.

"Moving will be no great exertion. I can carry all I've got with me in a taxicab."

Mrs. Twining didn't like her renting so small a place.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BAYER ASPIRIN is always SAFE



Beware of Imitations

GENUINE Bayer Aspirin, the kind doctors prescribe and millions of users have proven safe for more than thirty years, can easily be identified by the name Bayer and the word genuine as above.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is safe and sure; always the same. It has the unqualified endorsement of physicians and druggists everywhere. It doesn't depress the heart. No harmful after-effects follow its use.

Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

- Headaches Neuritis
- Colds Neuralgia
- Sore Throat Lumbago
- Rheumatism Toothache

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid.

Fortunate Gold Seekers

Out of work and with little money, A. N. Foreward and his wife went to Auburn, Calif., from Los Angeles. They had heard about gold mining, but knew little about it. However, they set up a sluice box, had a miner show them how to pick the raw gold, and in six weeks banked dust worth \$264. Their sluice was set up in the Last Chance mining district.

MENTHOLATUM
 Keep hands in good condition for outdoor work by using Mentholatum regularly. It is indispensable for cracked, sore skin. Jars or tubes.
CHAPPED SKIN
 30c.

Sample Sufficient

Boxing Instructor—That was what they call a half hook.
 Pupil (nursing his jaw)—Well, you can keep the other half.—Boston Transcript.

Feeling Stale?
 Few are free from the occasional constipation that comes from irregular eating and hurried living. To release yourself promptly from the heaviness and sluggishness that comes now and then drink a cup or two of Garfield Tea. Its action is natural and gentle, completely harmless. Splendid, too, for children.
 At your nearest drug store
GARFIELD TEA
 A Natural Laxative Drink

Sonny Grows Up

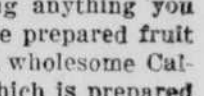
"You think we need an extra bath-room, John?"
 "Yes, Bert will be learning to shave soon."

Snappy Game

"Mother, Johnnie's throwing sardines at me."
 "Well, cheer, she asked if she could play sea lion."

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.



It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Loma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is limited, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.

Royal Families Broke.

From Toledo Blade.
 King Boris of Bulgaria refused a loan offered by Bulgarian bankers to relieve the depression that has hit the royal family. He is "determined to share the country's poverty and not increase the burden of the taxpayers." A splendid gesture.

And so a royal family is broke. The queen mother, the queen and one princess have had to cancel orders for new Paris gowns and haven't a thing to go out in. But if there must be poverty, why shouldn't royalty feel the pinch of it as well as the humble?

King George recently sold four

of his horses and nobody seems to know how long it has been since Queen Mary had a new hat. When we're all broke and on a common level we may be happier.

Truly a Genius.

From Passing Show.
 "Dad, it says here that a certain man was a financial genius. What does that mean?"
 "It means that he could earn money more quickly than his family could spend it."

GARDEN OF EDEN REVISITED.

Moscow.—(UP)—A party of American tourists, including several women, has arrived here after visiting Merve, the oasis on the edge of the Kara-Kum desert, the traditional site of the Garden of Eden and cradle of the Arya race. This remote region formerly was reached only by caravan, but is now traversed by modern tourist railroad trains. It is a region of great natural beauty with rich vegetation and a profusion of animal life.

Environment

From Ded Lustige Sachs, Leipzig.
 Guest: Your dog is so friendly to strangers and yet at home he is always growling.
 Hostess: Yes, he gets that way, my husband.

DATED TURTLE FOUND

Kalamazoo, Mich.—(UP)—A turtle six inches long, with the dates "1907" and "1921" and the initials "M. E. K." was found here under a

mass of leaves, in which it had apparently buried itself for the winter.