

### Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food.

It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

#### Boa Wasn't Superstitious

When Eladio Grimaldo of New Cristobal, Panama, opened his garage a recent morning, he failed to see the black cat which slept there and always greeted him with a friendly meow. What he did see was something that looked like an inner tube with a bulge in it and even as he looked, it moved. Investigation showed the tube to be a boa constrictor seven feet long. After it was killed the bulge was found to be the black cat, the snake's breakfast. It was bad luck for both snake and cat. —Capper's Weekly.

#### Whole Show

"Yes," said the young thing, "I am going to study law and become a lawyer."  
"Why not just get married and become the lawyer, Judge and jury?" — Cincinnati Enquirer.

### MUSCULAR-RHEUMATIC PAINS

Draw them out with a "counter-irritant." Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond to good old Musterole. Doctors call it a "counter-irritant" because its warming action penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. It gets action and is not just a salve. But do not stop with one application. Apply this soothing, cooling, healing ointment generously to the affected area **once every hour for five hours.** Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



#### Air Mail Pickup Device

A new type of aerial pickup was determined at the Washington-Hoover airport recently. It permits an airplane in flight to take up mail sacks without slackening its speed.

It is the old intellectuals who have found out that what the young intellectuals are raising a fuss about is worn out.

#### High Cost of Art

This country purchased \$250,000, 000 worth of paintings and sculpture in 1930.—Collier's Weekly.

### 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.

### Rheumacide

Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOIT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains. At All Druggists. Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

### The Dentist

#### Who Wanted to Be an Artist

By Fannie Hurst

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

IF ANYONE had asked Howard Masters why he took up dentistry as his profession, he would have answered quickly and somewhat bitterly: Because my grandfather, father, two brothers and a sister are dentists and the period of training was shorter and less expensive than that of most of the other professions.

No unsound reasons and yet lacking in every fundamental principle upon which, usually, the choice of a life work needs be founded.

In Howard's case, to his bitter realization, the fundamental principle, love for his work, was lacking. It was difficult to cross his family in its unanimous desire for his electing dentistry. His grandfather and father were about to retire, his two brothers had removed to remote western cities there to develop practices and his sister, about to marry, was torn between continuing her profession or following the wish of her husband-to-be, that she retire.

It was therefore expected of Howard that he would go into dentistry, and keep alive, so to speak, the Masters' tradition in the Middle West city, where for generations there had been a Doctor Masters, D.D.S.

Well, Howard qualified all right as a student, profiting by the elders who were constantly at his elbow with help and advice during his term, and graduated, if not with high honors, at least with sufficiently good standing to start him off well in his practice.

Not only that, there was ready and waiting for Howard a certain clientele which would just naturally gravitate to a Masters. Certain of the old families of the town would let a tooth ache, rather than take it to anyone besides a Masters. As the grandfather and father said, it was impossible for either one of them to actually retire, until Howard got out his shingle. The town insisted upon a Masters for a dentist.

Strangely, the first year was not so bad. There were so many side issues to divert. First the new office to be furnished, with all the modern and expensive appliances which the older Masters had managed to forewear. Then, the novelty of putting into practice the theoretical information he had achieved in classroom and laboratory and half-applied in his clinical work and as apprentice in the office of an older dentist.

The new dentistry with its growing relationship to medical science and the various aspects of oral surgery, presented, during the first year, interesting vistas of experimentation and research.

Then one day a slip of a girl from one of the town's newer families, whose right molar he happened to be filling, looked up at him between sessions of grinding, and said: "How in the world would a man ever choose to be a dentist?" And off-hand Howard began to realize to what extent that same question was pushing against his consciousness.

How in the world did he, Howard Masters, whose fingers itched to paint and the secret corners of whose room were jammed with oils and water-colors done at odd moments between dental lectures and clinical sessions, ever choose to be a dentist? As a matter of fact, it came surging over him in a slow sort of anger, he hadn't. It had been planned, thought, decided for him, and he, non-resistant, had allowed a half-senile grandfather and a father accustomed to rule to carve out his destiny as if it had been so much soapstone.

And what sort of a destiny? The destiny of a dentist? A filler of molars. An engineer of small mouth bridges and false plates for the toothless. He, Howard Masters, with the soul of an artist, grinding, filling, bridging, and crowning his days away. Realization, like an avalanche set in motion by the pebble of a slip of a girl's remark, began to roll in thunder into the mind of Howard, awakening him to the enormity of his discontent; filling him with a kind of humiliation, causing him to openly loathe his profession.

Thus it was that very early in his career, the first 18 months to be exact, lassitude and an indifference that were nothing short of appalling to his parent and grandparent, began to lay hold of Howard. Appointments he regarded with none of the rigid observance demanded of his profession, bridge work, because he despised its intricacies, he did in a loose, slipshod fashion, and on one occasion, when an old and revered patient of his grandfather's came to him requesting to have his teeth cleaned, Howard flatly told him his repugnance for such work, and sent him to a rival classmate who had hung up a shingle opposite.

Of course the result was inevitable, but it came none too soon to suit Howard. Within a six-month, to the consternation of his family and his own secret satisfaction, his office, so far as business was concerned, was dead as the proverbial doornail, and stacked against his fine new apparatus was canvas after canvas, testifying to the leisure hours he had spent in his office that were applied to activities other than dentistry.

The upshot of it all was that after a year and a half, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, the lightest heart he had ever known, and the reluctant blessings of his family on his eager head, young Masters turned his face toward a certain remote art colony on the Pacific coast, there to take up the work that lay closest to his heart, water-color and oil-painting.

Verdun-By-The-Sea turned out to be all he had dreamed it would be. Crags closed it in, the Pacific rolled up to its curving coastline like a lazy blue tongue, cottages nestled in the pale sands, and for a pittance, the young artist could rent himself a studio along the straggling bit of Main street, where all day youths in flaring collars and no hats and girls in tams and flaring smocks hurried back and forth with canvas and camp chairs under their arms. A careless, improvident, picturesque little art colony, with tea rooms along its Main street called, Ye Tiny Shoppe, Ye Rembrandt Inne, Ye Mortar Board and a two-story building called the Auditorium, where a shaggy-haired, barefoot Hercules of a man called "Master" by the students, delivered lectures every morning and held classes in modeling during the afternoon.

It was all as in a dream to Howard who, released from the horrible arduousness of a profession that had repelled him, found himself, the very first day, attired in one of the open-collared shirts, duck trousers, sandals on bare feet treading on warm sands to a class in modelling presided over by the Master.

It was exhilarating beyond anything that had ever happened to him. The fact that the Masters, after six weeks had never so much as paused by his canvas except to mark it with a bit of red chalk, which meant "do it over" did little to daunt his enthusiasm. Free, uninhibited, and according to the demands of Howard's heart, he lived this life among the students at Verdun-By-The-Sea, apeing their carefree habits, learning their arty patter, relaxing the long evenings through, on studio floors or over endless hours of discussion in Ye This, or the Ye That Tea room on the Main street.

Then one day, about his sixth month there, earning his precarious living by serving tea and scones at Ye Tiny Shoppe, he met a Miss Alicia Moore, of whom he had heard, daughter of the well-known artist Myron Trollope, who lived in a town called Briarcliff, ten miles away.

It was one of these immemorial cases of love at first sight. Alicia who was eighteen, slender, bobbed and forthright as a boy, western in bearing, and relentless in frankness, gave one look into the brown responsive, rather frustrated eyes of Howard, and forthwith, as she said of herself, "fell."

The same applied to Howard to such an extent that precisely three days after he had served her tea and scones at Ye Tiny Shoppe, they were engaged, on prospects so slim that alongside them, Alicia said, a tooth-pleck looked fat.

Myron Trollope, particularly after one look at Howard's work, took a stand and remained adamant. The young people were entitled to one another, if they insisted, but Howard would have to establish his ability to make his girl a living, and somehow Trollope was not inclined to think he could do so with his palette.

It was at that moment that his palette became a deterrent to Howard. "I'm a graduate dentist," he told his beloved's father in a state of irate self-defense of his earning power. "I'm not like most of the artists around here, dependent only upon a palette and brush. I can pass any kind of state examinations tomorrow, and open dental offices in any town I want."

It seemed to Howard that the father of Alicia, Myron Trollope, the distinguished landscape painter, literally fell upon his neck.

"Good Lord, boy, these two towns of Briarcliff and Verdun-By-The-Sea have been begging for a dentist for the past five years I've been preaching for exactly that long that the bright young fellow who puts a dentist's shingle out in these two towns can reap a young fortune. Can you have Alicia? You just bet as a D.D.S. you can have Alicia!"

Thus it was that another Masters used a brass plate as background for fame and fortune.

#### Release From Disease Found in Common Sense

Release from contagious disease can be sane and yet be safe for those who will come in contact with the person previously ill. Since the notion of spontaneous generation of life has been exploded, precaution against disease can be comparatively simple. The greatest danger lies not in the bedding, books and magazines the patient has used, but in the patient himself. Fumigation is not necessary. A good soaping, airing and cleansing of articles in contact with the patient is sufficient. Apparent recovery of the patient, moreover, is not an indication of safety to others. The doctor's duty ends with the recovery of the patient; he has nothing to say about when the patient will be released. That duty is left to the health department in consideration of the welfare of the community. There is no mystery to release. Dr. W. W. Bauer emphasizes in the last of his series of articles in Hygeia Magazine. "It is cheap. It requires only four ingredients: hot soapy water, sunshiny fresh air, elbow grease and horse sense."

#### No Such Word

The word impossible is not in my dictionary.—Napoleon.

### When Mother Sews for Little Folks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AND now the spring sewing campaign begins. As a rule, it's "children first" when mothers begin to sew. What with the little folk's needs taking precedence, it's time to look about for timely suggestions on the subject.

As little daughter emerges from the tiny tot age, she wants her outfits fashioned more on the lines of the clothes mother or big sister wears. Wherefore, it appeals to her greatly to have a jacket suit somewhat after the styling of that of her elders. The skirt and jacket two-piece worn with dainty washable blouses has also the virtue of being eminently practical for the little girl who goes to school. Usually the tiny skirt is pleated like the one worn by the sprightly little lady posing to the right in the picture.

There are many pretty checked materials which will make up successfully after this fashion. A rayon and wool weave is suggested, for mixtures of this sort launder perfectly, the presence of the rayon keeping the wool from shrinking. It also adds a pretty luster. The jacket may be fashioned along simplest lines as the picture portrays. As to the blouse, or perhaps it should be spoken of in the plural, for that is the beauty of a jacket suit—it admits of many a change when it comes to the blouse—it should show clever little trimming features. There is a new trim stitch decoration which is very effective and easily done. The work is entirely done by sewing machine. All that is needed for this is a trim stitch thread in both needle and bobbin, the needle being of the coarsest, and the gauge set to nine or ten stitches to the inch. Worked in bright colors the effect is that of embroidery. The blouse which completes the jacket suit pictured, is of cross-bar lawn, all edges bound with bias trim.

The beauty of bias trim is that it can be bought ready to use, thus proving a time-saver and a nerve-saver for everyone who has had the experience knows what a task it is to cut narrow strips on a true bias, to which add endless folding of edges. It is bias trim (bright green) which gives so pleasing a finish to the attractive pajama outfit illustrated to the left.

#### NEW MODELS GIVE VERVE TO SATIN

Take a length of black satin, add to it a dash of white satin, and you have a most wearable frock. Early in the season there was quite a lot of satin shown, but it hasn't been worn so much through the winter.

But for early spring it would not be surprising to see several models of black satin with white satin touches making a grand success. Such a black satin frock, cut on suit lines is vastly becoming and is luxurious without being too lavish.

Always an effort should be made to see that there is a dash and a gay air to the black satin frock; otherwise it has a tendency to look heavy and set, which means, of course, that it looks old and is inclined to make the wearer look rather too matronly, something that even the matron of long standing usually wants to avoid.

#### Lace Bolero Jackets New Note for Evening

Colored venetian lace bolero jackets are a new note for evening wear. One of the newest dinner dresses is designed of black crepe in the princess silhouettes with bodice of light blue georgette over which is worn a bolero of pale blue venetian lace.

#### Fur Collar and Cuff Sets Add Dash to Coat

Everyone will like to know about the fur collar and cuff sets that are being sold over the counters. A winter coat could have an interlining added and one of these sets imposed upon it and turn out to be winter's greatest success.

Thin sheer woollens made up in two colors such as a brown crepe with a rose-colored yoke, belt and other details are features in the realm of juvenile modes. The fair for corduroy which is insistent in the adult world is also reflected among children's fashions. A type of school suit which is ideal for midseason has a shapely skirt formed of many gores. The jacket is collarless, is hiplength and is belted. For the littler tots the bolero is favored in that it can be taken off and put on so easily.

There is a tendency in designing party frocks for the very young to introduce long-skirted effects with quaint high waists and sashes. A yellow-flowered white organdy, for instance, has a floor length full skirt. The high waist is defined with a wide sash of yellow taffeta.

Handsome and as practical as it is good looking is white washable satin for the making of dressy frocks and blouses for little folks, for anyone who has had the experience of washing satin of this description knows how perfectly it may be tubbed.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

#### BUTTONED BLOUSE By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It is considered tres chic for the blouse to button straight up the front as you see in the picture. This model is of emerald green wool, finished with bindings of brown braid. It is worn with a skirt of red brown wool. Brown kid oxfords with built-up leather heels answer to the call of the hour for definitely smart footwear. The brown angora turban with small green feathers at each side supplies its quota of chic.

**KILL COLD GERMS**  
**NAVAP**  
NASAL VAPOR  
Clears head instantly. Stops cold spreading. Sprinkle your handkerchief during the day—your pillow at night.  
A McKESSON PRODUCT **50¢** AT ALL DRUG STORES

#### Hindus Eager to Draw Chariot of Juggernaut

The carriage of the great god Juggernaut now rumbles through the streets of Puri, India, a trifle faster than usual. This is due to the large number of policemen on hand, who hurry up the festival as one of the many precautions taken to prevent suicides. Juggernaut's chariot has thirty-two wheels, wide of rim, seven feet in diameter, and it is under these that impulsive devotees as part of the centuries-old ceremony have cast themselves. The Puri festival is one of the most celebrated in the Hindu calendar and annually attracts thousands of pilgrims. Great ceremony attends preparations for the journey of Juggernaut, lord of the universe, and his brother and sister, to the Garden temple, where the three gods pass a week. Hindus believe that when God comes to the earth he incarnates himself in one of the ten forms and that on the day of the festival God incarnates himself as a "Yaman" or dwarf and appears in Juggernaut's car. Those who are fortunate enough to see him, they contend, attain salvation. The orthodox Hindus believe, too, there is much virtue in aiding to drag the car about a mile, from one end of the town to the other, which accounts largely for the eager rush to Puri each year.



### Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment. Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria. Real Castoria always bears the name:



**The Last Laugh**  
As Eddie Cantor, the comedian, was standing in front of a theater where all seats had been sold, a little man and his wife were turned away, greatly disappointed. "Here," said Eddie, "I'll let you have a couple of my seats," and he gave the little man two tickets. Delighted, the man gave Eddie his card, saying, "Some day I hope I may be able to do something for you." The comedian looked at the card. The little man was an undertaker. — Capper's Weekly.

Sometimes it's a good thing if it turns out bad.

### Bedridden with Rheumatism

Rubs on oil... gets up right away  
There's nothing like good old St. Jacobs Oil for relieving the aches and pains of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Neuralgia or sore Muscles. You rub it on. Without burning or blistering it quickly draws out pain and inflammation. Relief comes before you can count 60! Get a small bottle from your druggist.

**CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND**  
For Coughs Due to Colds, Minor Bronchial and Throat Irritations  
JAS. BAILY & SON, Baltimore, Md.