World Has Long Known

Dates as Staple Food "Americans who eat dates chiefly as sweets, dessert, or as components of puddings and cakes, seldom realize that dates have been raised and prized from antiquity as one of the most nourishing, satisfying foods in the world," says a bulletin from the Washington neadquarters of the National Geographic society. "Over 4,000 years ago, dates were raised on the banks of the Euphrates. Inhabitants of China, Spain, and Greece, supplement their diet with dates.

"Persians, Arabians, and North Africans eat them as we eat potatoes. They are the chief source of wealth and the staple article of food in Arabia. Give a desert nomad a few boiled beans, a little olive oil, milk, and some dates, and he considers it a Thanksgiving dinner. In the dry parts of North Africa, dates constitute not only the main meal of the inhabitants, but are consumed by dogs, horses and camels."

Week's Supply of Postum Free Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it .-- Adv.

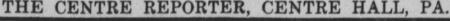
Boat That Made History

The war vessel Monitor, built in 1861, was designed by Capt. John Ericsson, one of the inventors of the screw propeller. Its sides were protected by armor plate five inches thick and its turret by armor eight inches thick. Its queer appearance gave it the name, "the Yankee cheese box on a raft."

Fatal Illness Sunday School Teacher-What killed Samson? Willie-Falling arches.



Really Simple Economy begins in not wanting something one can't afford.



of him. Conscious, but too spent to ask nothin' fer good will toward those speak or move, she lay back on his arm and watched him. There had been a trail along here once, as was proved by a depressed line on the gravelly earth. When Jim surmounted this barren divide he suddenly was confronted by an amazing

and marvelous spectacle. "Blue valley !" he ejaculated. "Blue valley! . . . Helen, we're out

of the brakes! . . . Safe! Men live here." She heard him, for she smiled up into his face, glad for his sake, but in her exhaustion beyond caring for her own

There was no sign of habitation, nor any smoke. But Jim knew this was Blue valley. It was long, perhaps fifteen miles, and probably the farms were located at the head, where irrigation had been possible. How could even pioneers utilize that ferocious river?

Jim followed the lead pack horse down into gumbo mud. The floor of the valley supported a mass of foliage besides the stately cottonwoods. And at every step a horse's hoof sank deep, to come forth with a huge cake of mud.

At midday Jim passed deserted cabins, some on one side of the river, some on the other. They did not appear so old, yet they were not new. Had Blue valley been abandoned? Jim was convinced it could not be so. But when he espled a deserted church, with vacant eye-like windows, then his heart sank; Helen must have rest, care, food. He was at the end of his resources.

An hour later he tolled past a shack built of logs and stones, and adjoining a dugout, set into the hill, People had lived there once, but long ago. Jim's last hope fled. He was still far from the head of the valley, but



in need." "Thank you," Jim replied, huskily.

"Will you call them to look after mymy wife?" Helen was staring up at Jim with

wondering, troubled eyes. "Is everything all right?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, if to find friends an' care is that," replied the rancher, kindly. Then he stepped to the door to call within. "Mary, this rider was not alone. It was his wife he was carryin'. They got lost in the brakes an' she gave out. We must take them in." That night, after the good ranchers

assured Jim that Helen was just worn out Jim went to sleep under the cottonwoods and never moved for seventeen hours. Helen sat up the second day, white

and shaky indeed but recovering with a promise that augured well. Her eyes hung upon Jim with a mute observance.

Next morning while the women were at work in the fields and Tasker was away somewhere Jim approached Helen on the porch. Her hair, once again under care, shone like burnished gold.

"Well, you look wonderful this morning," he said. "We must begin to think of getting away." "Oh. I'm able to start "

"We mustn't overdo it. Tomorrow, perhaps. And then if we're lucky, in three days you'll be back at Star

ranch. . . . And I-" His evident depression, as he broke off, checked her vivid gladness.

"You will never go back to-to your old life?" she questioned quickly.

"No, so help me, God! This I owe to you alone, Helen. It will be possible now for me even to be happy. But enough of myself. I have traded two of the horses for Tasker's light wagon. I will take you to the stage line and soon you will be at Grand Junction."

Jim ceased. Her hands slipped from her eyes, to expose them wide, filmed with tears, through which shone that

"Wait-please wait !" she called after him, as he made with giant strides for the gate. But he did not go back.

when the good Taskers had gone to well-earned rest, Jim heard his name called. He ran with swift, noiseless "You did not come back," she whis-

pered. "I cannot sleep. . . . There is away. something I—want to say." Not He sat down upon the bedside and

clasped her hand in his. "Is your real name Jim Wall?" she asked, with more composure.

"No. I will tell it if you wish." "Are you a free man?"

"Free. What do you mean? Yes, free-of course!" "You called me your-your wife to these kind people."

"I thought that best. They would be less curious." "I was not offended-and I under-



My work-room dictionary contains two definitions of prosperity. One is: "The state of being

prosperous; good for-What Is Prosperity? tune in any business or enterprise." The other is: "Success in respect to anything good or desirable." Of the two, I

like the second better. I have known many men who were said to be prosperous. They had abundance of money, good health, and never failed of friends to swarm around them and fatten on their bounty.

But "in respect to anything good or desirable," with all their money, they were bankrupts.

It seems to me that a man with a clear conscience, enough money to live on, and with friends who are his friends because they like him, and not because of what he can do for them, is the truly prosperous man.

In recent times a great many people who believed they were prosperous have fallen on what they called evil days.

Their money has dwindled, their health has been impaired by worry over their changed estate, and they feel that they are ruined men.

Naturally, the kind of friends that they have acquired in the days of good fortune, have not remained their friends.

. Rats are no keener to leave a sinking ship than are human parasites to leave

people who can no longer entertain them or get them good jobs, or come around to borrow a few hundred dollars when the wolf is hard on their heels.

Lucky is the man who has no friends of that sort, but whose friends are of the kind who do not base their affection on favors to come, but upon a genuine liking.

. .

. . .

Among my acquaintances is a man who three years ago lived in a vast house, owned three or four cars, went to Europe every year, and belonged to half a dozen golf clubs.

A turn in affairs swept all these

Not long ago I visited him in a small house which he had rented. His wife and his children were with him. There was enough in the house to provide them with food. But all the old glamorous days were gone. Yet he was serene and smiling.

"I have learned a great deal," he said. "I know now who are my friends, and who were merely parasites.

"I expect soon to have a job which will support me. My wife and children are here. What more could I want?" He really meant what he said. He is still under fifty, and with his brains and energy may make another fortune. In the meantime he is not worried. And if you would suggest to him that the old prosperous days will come back he would smile and say: "They never left me." I have known a good many men who have had to quit their jobs now and then because they this adventure. But this was my first

Value of Kindergarten Shown in After Years

Education is a lifelong process. The better the beginning, the better the life. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, chancellor emeritus of New York university, once said: "From the kindergarten to manhood is so long a span that it is hard for many people to realize the full significance of kindergarten training for the adult life of our people. But there are certain ways-not altogether obvious though long recognized by the friends of the kindergarten-in which this foster-parent of our child-citizenship is vitally related to our citizen-life in its entirety." And Prof. W. H. Lancelot of Iowa State college writes: "Our great mistake in the past has been to throw away in many cases the years in which the life and character of the child are most easily shaped. We now know that habit formation is at its height in the pre-school years and that this is one of the most critical stages of child life."

The child who goes to a good kindergarten usually enjoys his later school days, and whatever his adult occupation may be he still continues interested in the world about him and in the accomplishments of his fellow men, just as long as he lives, Be sure there is a class, conducted by a properly trained kindergartner. for the boys and girls of your community. If you need help write to the National Kindergarten association, 8 West Fortleth street, New York city. There is no charge for any service rendered.

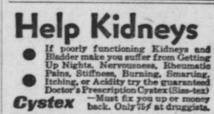
Congenial Isolation

An Englishman and an American traveled in the same compartment on one of the Liverpool expresses. The former spoke not a word to his companion, who was the only other occupant of the compartment, and it was only when the train was crossing Runcorn bridge that the American said: "Excuse me, sir, but your tie is riding up over the back of your collar."

"Well, what if it is?" was the curt reply. "Your coat pocket has been on fire this last five minutes, and I haven't bothered you."-Montreal Star.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the orig-inal little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Says the Cynic Love is a blissful dream. Marriage is the alarm clock.



which made him flee.

In a moonlit hour that night, late, feet to Helen's bedside.



PIMPLY SKIN from clogged, irritated pores, can be relieved, improved, and healing aided with Resinol

Indigestion, Lost Pep!



Mr. Harrison T. Moorhead of Middletown, Del., said: "When I had indigestion, no pep or energy, and did not feel like eating, Dr. Piero's Golden Medical Discovery soon had me feeling fit again. I felt like an entirely new man-year man-years younger. I ate better, slept better and had Write to Dr. Plerce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

New size-tablets 50c, liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.35. "We Do Our Part,"

HELP KIDNEYS

your kidneys function badly and you have a lame, aching back, with attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains . . . use Doan's Pills.

Dogn's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!



WNU-4

DLD AGE PENSION INFORMATION JUDGE LEHMAN, HUMBOLDT. KANS

ink. Jim saw the sheet of water fall and the black space of gorge again. He heard the avalanches and the great single bowlders come down, and the furious backlash of the torrent below, and the lessening roar of the waterfall,

ROBBERS'

ROOST

Zane Grey

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

The instinct of the horses had

guided them to halt behind the only

safe spot on the unsafe bank. Jim

removed their packs, leaving the sad-

dles on. Without hesitation he poured

out all of the grain, about two quarts

for each horse. Lastly he jammed the

packs under the edge of the boulders

and left the horses free to take care

night-the-he knew not what.

He dreaded the coming hours-the

Jim removed his slicker and folded

it into a long pad. As he crept closer

the girl stirred again and spoke. He

thought she asked if he was there.

He placed the slicker in the best avail-

able place and covered that with the

drier of the two saddle blankets. He

pulled the saddle closer. Then he

lifted the girl over his lap and covered

her with the dry blanket. He leaned

back against the stone with her head

on his shoulder and his arm support-

ing her. It was not only that he want-

have her in his arms while he

This was the climax of the storm

A sheet of water, sliding over the

and slipping sides, and fight till the

brought, that flood did not rise above

But many changes as the hours

bitter end.

of themselves.

The time came to Jim, as if he dreamed, when all sounds changed, lessened, faded away, except the peculiar thrashing of the stream below. And he got to listening for that sound, which occurred only occasionally. For a while the sliding rush of heavy water swept on, suddenly to change into a furious splashing.

At length Jim calculated it was a strong current laden with sand, which at times caused billows to rise and lash their twisting tips back upon themselves. Long he heard these slowly diminishing, gradually separating sounds.

The streams ceased flowing, the slides ceased slipping, the rocks ceased rolling and the waterfall failed from a thundering to a hollow roar and from that to a softening splash.

Jim imagined he saw dim stars out in a void that seemed to change from black to gray. Was dawn at hand? Had they been spared? The gurgle of the stream below merged into the distant, low rumble of the Dirty Devil. Jim rested there, staring out at the spectral forms on the opposite wall, thinking thoughts never before inhabitants of his confused brain.

But the sky was graying, the gorge taking shape in the gloom, and this place which had heard a din of hideous sounds was silent as a grave.

At last Jim had to accept a marvelous phenomenon-dawn was at hand. Gently he slipped Helen into the hollow of the saddle. She was still asleep. His cramped limbs buckled under him and excruciating pains shot through his bones and muscles.

In the gray light objects were discernible. He could not see to the head of the gorge, where the waterfall had plunged out from the wall. But silence meant that it had been surface water, a product of the storm, and it was gone. Beneath the bank ran a channel of fine-ribbed sand where not even a puddle showed. On the bank the horses stood patiently, except Bay, and he was nosing around for a blade of grass that did not exist on the sodden earth. The great slope appeared the same and yet not the same. A mute acceptance of ultimate destruction hovered over it.

Sunrise found Jim Wall topping a rise of rocky ground miles beyond the lowed his sure-footed lead pack horse, The sky was blue, the sun bright and warm, and at the moment it crowned with gold the top of the purole butte Jim had seen twice before. It appeared close now, rearing a corrugated peak above yellow and brown bills. Jim was carrying Helen in front ' your money. Me an' my women folks

Jim Hurried On to the Porch and

Laid Helen on the Bed.

apparently he had left the zone of habitation behind.

The afternoon waned. The horses plodded on, slower and slower, wearing to exhaustion. Helen was a dead weight. Despair had seized upon him when he turned a yellow corner between the slope and the cottonwoods, to be confronted by a wide pasture at the end of which a log cabin nestled among cottonwoods. A column of blue smoke rose lazily against the foliage.

The horses labored out of the mud to higher ground. Jim rode up to the cabin. Never in all his life had he been so glad to smell smoke, to see a garden, to hear a dog bark. His everquick eye caught sight of a man who had evidently been watching, for he stepped out on the porch, rifle in hand. Jim kept on to the barred gate. There were flowers in the yard and vines on the cabin-proof of feminine hands. And he saw a bed on the porch.

"Hello," he shouted, as he got off carefully, needing both hands to handle Helen.

"Hullo, yourself," called the man, who was apparently curious, but not unfriendly. Then as Jim let down a bar of the gate with his foot, this resident of Blue valley leaned his rifle against the wall and called to some one within.

CHAPTER XIII

Jim hurried on to the porch and laid Helen on the bed. She was so exhausted that she could not speak. but she smiled at Jim. Her plight was evident. Then Jim straightened up to look at the man,

His swift gaze, never so penetrating, fell upon a sturdy individual of middle age-a typical pioneer, still-faced and bearded.' The instant Jim looked into the blue eyes, mildly curious, be knew that whoever the man was he had not heard of the abduction of Herrick's sister.

"Howdy, stranger."

"My name's Wall," said Jim in reply, slowly seeking for words.

"Mine's Tasker. Whar you from?" "Durango, . . . My-my wife and I got lost. She wasn't strong. She gave out. I'm afraid she's in bad shape." "She shore looks bad. But the Lord is good. It's only she's tuckered out." "What place is this?"

"Blue valley. I've stuck it out. But I'll be givin' up soon. No use tryin' scene of his night vigil. Again he fol- to fight thet Dirty Devil river. Five years ago there was eighty people livin' hyar. Blue valley has a story, friend--"

"One I'd be glad to hear," interrupted Jim. "Will you help me? I have money and can pay you." "Stay an' welcome, friend. An' keep

stood. . . . I want you to go back to Star ranch with me." "You ask me-that!" he exclaimed

incredulously. "Yes, I do." "But you will be perfectly safe.

Some one will drive you from Grand Junction." "Perhaps. Only I'll never feel safe again-unless you are near. I've had too great a shock, Jim. I suppose one of your western girls could have stood

rough experience. It was a-a little too much." "I can never go back to Star ranch,"

he replied, gravely. "Why not? Because you are-you were a member of a robber gang? I had an ancestor who was a robber baron.'

"That's not the reason," he said. "What is it-then?"

"If I leave you now-soon as I've placed you in good hands-I can ride off in peace-go to Arizona, or somewhere and be a cowboy-and be happy in the memory of having served you and loved you-and through that having turned my back on the old life.

... But if I went back to Star ranch -to see you every day-to-to-" "To ride with me," she interfered,

softly. "Yes-to ride with you," he went on hoarsely, "That'd be like what you called your rough experience-a little and working long hours.

too much. It would be terribly too much. I'm only human." "Faint heart never won fair lady," withdrawing her hand, "Jim, I believe if I were you, I'd risk it."

Jim gazed down at the clear-cut profile, at the shadowed eyes, hair silvered in the moonlight; then, stricken and mute, he rushed away.

Before dawn Jim had beaten his vain and exalted consciousness into a conviction that the heaven Helen hinted at for him was the generosity of a woman's heart. She could not yet be wholly herself. He must not take advantage of that. But to reassure her he decided he would conduct her to Star ranch, careful never to reopen that delicate and impossible subject, and after she was safely there and

farewell. At sunrise Jim acquainted Tasker get away with it. with his desire to leave for Torrey. At breakfast and in the bustle of departure he was sure Helen felt feel that you really need his services. something aloof and strange in him, and he dared not meet her thoughtful

TO BE CONTINUED.

eyes.

Town Is Narrow

Marshall, N. C., built on a shelf between mountain bluffs and the French Broad river, is so narrow that only one street extends the length of the city.

Work were overworked. Rarely Fatal In many cases these men were

overworried, but not overworked. If you have and keep your health. you can do a great deal more work than you think you are capable of.

But once you begin to fret and fuss about it, it is time you changed to something else.

Either your health needs attending to, or you have undertaken some kind of a job for which you are not fitted. Work is rarely fatal.

You can do more of it, if you really try, than you imagine you can.

When I was actively engaged in the newspaper business I knew many men who worked sometimes eleven or twelve hours at a stretch when they had important tasks.

I meet many of them now and then. Most of them are still at their desks

Others have gone farther up the ladder, and have more time to themselves. but they are all of them capable of she whispered, averting her face and turning out a surprising amount of production.

. When you think that your job is slowly killing you, you had better go to a doctor, who will look you over and find out that it is something else that is at the root of the trouble--ill health -quite possibly taking a little more stimulant than you need to keep the machine going.

Eat enough, but not too much. Drink alcoholic liquors sparingly, and never drink while you are working. Get out of the shop when your job

is done and keep out till the next day. Cultivate the acquaintance of cheerful all was well he would ride away in and kindly people, who do not get excited the night, letting his silence speak his and peevish when they have an occasion to pack a two-day job into one day and

> Every now and then let a doctor have a look at you-even if you do not Above all, be calm and philosophical, keep control of your temper and don't lose your head or your patience.

You ought to be a better man at sixty than you were at forty if you have behaved yourself and kept your seren-

I know many men of sixty who are even more capable today than they were forty years ago, and at that time they were stars at their job.

Female Help Wanted

SPECIAL EMPLOYMENT for married women, \$15 weekly and your own dresses FREE representing nationally known Fashion Frocks. No canvassing. No investment. Send dress size. Fashion Frocks. Dept. A-385, Cincinnati, O.



For Coughs due to Colds, Minor Bronchial and Throat Irritations JAS. BAILY & SON, Baltimore, Md.

INSIDE INFORMATION

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"After three months' suffering | recalled the Cuticura treatment user by my mother. I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and used them according to directions. The first treatment brought relief and she is now healed." (Signed) Mrs. Marie I. Johnson, 4720 Ames Ave., Omaha, Neb., March 14, 1934.

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