

**Pawning Wives Great Idea
Till Mates Want 'Em Back**

Husbands of Peiping, China, who thought the idea of pawning their wives a great one, now are appealing to the police to get their mates back. They say that when they were ready to repay the loan they could not redeem the wives. The trouble is not with the lenders, but with the women themselves who refuse to return to their erstwhile husbands on a variety of pretexts.

Above all, they accuse their husbands of harboring the design of sending them to Manchukuo next, and state that, although they are prepared for everything in reason, that is a step to which as patriotic Chinese women they can never agree. There is no law dealing with this particular form of pawn-broking.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

Sleep After Toil

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas, ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please.—Spenser.



Soothes and Refreshes
TIRED EYES

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

What They Should Be

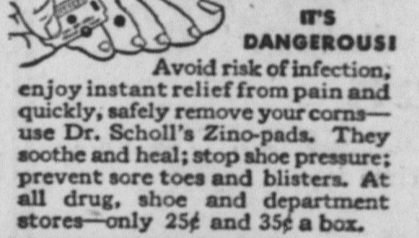
If we would amend the world we should mend ourselves and teach our children to be not what we are but what they should be.—Penn.



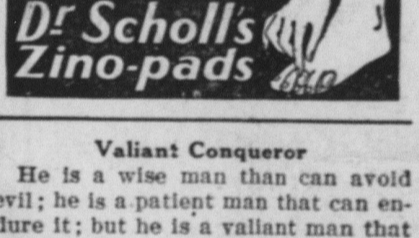
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IT'S DANGEROUS!

Avoid risk of infection, enjoy instant relief from pain and quickly, safely remove your corns—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They soothe and heal; stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters. At all drug, shoe and department stores—only 25¢ and 35¢ a box.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Valiant Conqueror

He is a wise man than can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

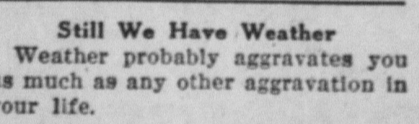


FOUND!

My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE

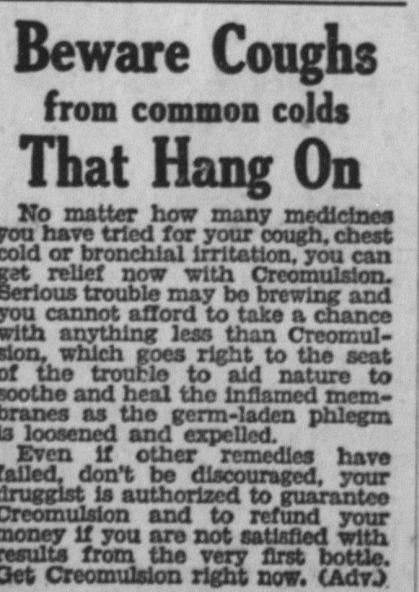
"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle." Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, sciatica—perilous pains.

CAPUDINE



Still We Have Weather

Weather probably aggravates you as much as any other aggravation in your life.



**Beware Coughs
from common colds
That Hang On**

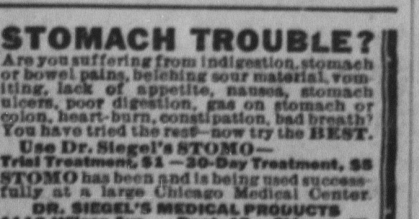
No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Cromulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Cromulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Cromulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Cromulsion right now. (Adv.)



TO WOMEN EVERYWHERE

The Franco-American Hygienic Co., Chicago, the home of GUTTIERE, the famous night cream, wants women representatives to sell the fine line of GUTTIERE Preparations and Household Products. A Old reliable company. Splendid chance to develop interesting and substantial sales profits. Address: NEALIE ELYNE CHASE, 1720 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



STOMACH TROUBLE?

Are you suffering from indigestion, stomach or bowel pain, belching, sour material, vomiting, lack of appetite, rashes, skin eruptions, poor digestion, gas on stomach or colon, heart-burn, constipation, bad breath? You have tried the rest—now try the BEST.

Use Dr. Siegel's STOMO—

Trial Treatment, \$1.—30-Day Treatment, \$5. STOMO has been and is being used successfully at a large Chicago Medical Center.

DR. SIEGEL'S MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 1119 Wilson Ave. Dept. 15 Chicago, Ill.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Grey and Faded Hair—60 and 15¢ at Druggists.

Manufactured by Parker Brothers, New York.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hixcox Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

WNU Service

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

Garth himself was ready to quit when, in the twilight, they came down to where the steep pitch eased off on a small patch of tundra. He opened his pack and spread the blanket on the dry gravel in a hole under a pile of boulders.

At sight of the fat with the frozen caribou and smoked moose meat in the pack, Lillith at once gathered dry moss. This time the raw caribou flesh was seared over a fat-fed fire of the moss before being eaten. After the meal, Garth opened the gold-mounted cigar case and handed one of the Havanas to his owner.

Mr. Ramill hastily bit off the end and lighted the cigar in the flame of the fat and moss fire. As he put it to his lips he hesitated, then, with a perceptible effort, he turned to offer it to his daughter.

"Uh—ladies first, my dear." Lillith started to thrust out her hand. Something seemed to catch it. She glanced at Garth and stood up.

"You need it more than I do, Dad. Good night, everybody. I'm dog tired." Her father and Huxby looked at each other in astonishment. Garth was less surprised. He smiled to himself as he put more moss and fat on the fire and coiled up beside it.

The short nights were already getting longer and darker. When awakened by the chill of midnight, Garth saw Huxby lying on the other side of the fire hole. The fire had burnt out. He built a new one. As its small flame lightened the darkness, he saw the half-inch stub of the cigar clutched in Huxby's fingers.

Before sunrise, Garth was again awake. He filled the little pot with ice and set it in the edge of the rebuilt fire, then began cooking caribou meat. The others awakened almost too stiff to move. But all managed another big meal of the meat. To top it off, Garth had Lillith boil a little tea in the water from the melted ice.

After the hot drink, even Mr. Ramill managed to hobble down the now fairly easy slope. The exercise gradually warmed and relaxed stiffened muscles. The end of a long day's hike at last brought the party down the edge of timberline. There was no trail—none at least that the city dwellers could detect. Time and again Huxby declared that Garth was lost no less utterly than the rest of them; that he was wandering at random. To silence the cavalier, Garth began foretelling small landmarks before they came into view. This at last forced the engineer to realize that their guide was following his former trail through the forest maze as surely as if it were a beaten path.

The most positive proofs of all were the mounds of dirt-covered ashes where Garth had smothered his camp fires going to the last valley and returning from it to the Mackenzie. He predicted they would reach canoe water on the seventh day. But during that morning Mr. Ramill turned an ankle. Even after much soaking in a cold spring and tight bandaging by Garth, the sprain held the millionaire down to a slow hobble. An aspen staff enabled him to travel slowly until the noon meal. After that the pain overcame him. He refused to move.

Garth looked doubtfully at the none too large supply of food that was left. His pack now weighed little more than the platinum alloy in Huxby's wolf-skin knapsack. He had allowed everyone to eat without stint. That had been necessary in order to keep up the strength of the chechacos. But, as he had foretold, the country was barren of game. There was none too much meat left in his pack.

"If you can't carry on, Mr. Ramill, you'll have to stay here and keep bathing your ankle in this rill," he said. "We're too short of food, though, to lose any time. The stand of birch at the stream is so small that I'll need a full three days to build our canoe. The three of you follow down this brook as soon as you can."

When he picked up a few pieces of meat and the rifle, Huxby spoke: "I should have the gun to protect Miss Ramill."

"There's nothing here to attack you," Garth replied. "Just possibly, I may find game at the stream."

"Could another pair of hands be helpful in making the canoe?" Lillith asked.

"Well—yes." The girl looked at Huxby. He did not speak or move. She stood up. "Dad, you'll be all right with Vivian. I am going to help Alan."

Her father shook his head. "You should stay here with me. Let Vivian go."

Huxby rose, frowning. He looked at Garth with cold rancor. "I see no need for anyone to go. I certainly cannot permit my fiancée to accompany you."

"She might have helped. You'd be only a hindrance," Garth replied.

He swung away at a rapid pace. But behind him he heard the girl speak sharply: "Don't be silly, Vivian. Get out of my way."

After that came a quick patter of moccasins. Garth kept on for some

distance as if he did not hear the sound. Then he halted behind an alder thicket to face the girl. She was so close behind that she almost ran into him. He smiled into her eager eyes.

"This is a happy surprise, Lillith." Her eyelids sank, and her cheeks crimsoned under their coat of pitch-and-grease mosquito dope. "You needn't fancy I'm running after you. It's—It's only because I want to get out of this beastly North country of yours—and be rid of you, too!"

"So that's it. Well, you're a good hater, but you're a real sport. You're game. Tag along, if you wish."

He set off again at a pace twice as fast as the best her father had been able to travel. An occasional snap of a twig behind him told that the girl was still following. Yet he did not once slacken his gait or look back until, three hours later, the brook began to meander through a stretch of muskeg.

At the edge of the swamp he stopped beside a game trail. Lillith came up beside him, breathing deeply from the long and rapid walk. He pointed to the big water-filled hoof prints in the mud.

"We may be in luck. Moose passed here yesterday—the water is clear in the tracks. They may not have gone too far. Stay here, or be quiet."

An upstilled leaf showed that the wind was in his favor. He started along the trail. The tracks were still a day old when they turned out into the muskeg toward a lily pool. A mother swan and her brood of cygnets were swimming around the lily pads.

Garth skirted on along the border of the swamp to where a bend of the stream twisted in close to dry ground. Here was the grove of birch of which he had spoken. He pointed to the fringe of willows below the birch.

Those bitten twigs—still white. They've been eaten off less than an hour ago. Stay here."

After another test of the wind, he went ahead alone, silent as a lynx. Luck was with him. As he rounded the bend he saw the immense antlers of an old bull moose rise above the willows on the bank. Before the startled beast could plunge into the water Garth dropped him with a bullet through the brain.

At the crash of the shot, three moose cows with calves broke cover beyond the bull. The distance was considerable and brush obscured Garth's aim. He had to shoot four times to bring down one cow and her calf. But that was enough.

His shout brought Lillith on the run. She looked delightedly at the bull. "Oh, no chance now of starving!" "That's not all," he said. "I can build a hide canoe in two days; a better one than can be made from those small birches."

When, a day later, Mr. Ramill came limping after Huxby to the smoke-marked camp, Lillith was still hanging moose meat on alder poles over the smudge-fire.

Huxby dropped his full-stuffed knapsack and wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand.

"Pah! To think I've lugged all that old meat, and he's killed again. Why didn't he come back and tell me?"

The girl gave him an odd glance. "We've been too busy, old dear. Where's the blanket?"

"I couldn't pack everything. If I'd known, I could have left this confounded smoked moose and brought the blanket instead."

"Why not have left your load of meat? Didn't you consider that Dad and I will get far more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth of comfort out of that blanket?"

His lips tightened. "Sorry, darling. The thought of a common dirty blanket as against all the platinum—I did not even think of it. Now of course I realize. But it's too late."

"Yes," she agreed, "it's too late. Dad, you were a real sport not to wait for Alan to come back and carry you."

The millionaire had slumped down to rub his swollen ankle. He looked up at Huxby, with a bantering smile. "We couldn't permit our girl to elope with a woods vagabond, could we, Vivian?"

The engineer did not smile. His face went blank. "Where is that rascal, Lillith?"

"Down in the willows, working hard for us. Won't you be glad when we're rid of him?"

"Won't you?"

"Well, I'm not so sure as I was. At present he is far more agreeable company than you are."

Huxby stiffened and went off towards the willows without any reply. Mr. Ramill peered up shrewdly at his daughter.

"That was pretty hard even from you, Lillith. Try to keep in mind how matters will stand as soon as we get out of this damnable mess. Remember that Vivian is my partner in the profits of all our Northwest Territory deals. Garth is responsible for our being marooned in this woods hell. He set the plane drift to go to smash over those falls."

For a long moment Lillith Ramill stood silent. She looked down at her grimy tattered sports suit, at her

bloodstained hands and broken finger nails. The dimmed glitter of the diamond in her engagement ring failed to hold her gaze. It passed on down to her foxskin leggings and moosehide moccasins.

"Squaw," she murmured. "Dirty squaw! He certainly has put us through the mill. And more to come! We're not yet out of the woods. Dad, do you still have Vivian's pistol?"

"Why, no. He asked me for it this morning. Said that the less weight I carried, the better for me."

She reached down a hand to help him to his feet.

"Listen, Dad. No matter how much we hate Alan Garth, we'll never get out of the muskegs without him. Haven't you noticed Vivian's eyes? You must ask him to give you back the pistol."

"But—it's his. And to rasp his self-esteem with such an intimation of distrust—"

"What's more important—his feelings or Alan's guidance—if anything happens to Alan—Make some excuse."

Mr. Ramill got to his feet and limped beside her down to the stream bank. Huxby stood with his morose gaze fixed upon Garth, who was tying wolverine ribs on the gunwale of his canoe frame with rawhide thongs.

The millionaire spoke in a casual tone: "How long will it take to put on the birch bark?"

"We'll use the moose hides, sir. They weigh more but will be much stronger. You might ask Huxby to chop down a birch and cut it into five-foot lengths. We'll have to split the wood to make paddles."

"So?" Mr. Ramill turned to his prospective son-in-law. "You may as well return the pistol to me, Vivian."



"Squaw," She Murmured. "Dirty Squaw!"

It will hamper your chopping, and as we're not to be in a canoe, its weight will not bother me."

Huxby sat motionless, taken aback. Before he could think of an excuse to refuse, he met Garth's coolly inquiring gaze. He turned away and drew the pistol from inside his tattered coat, with a show of careless indifference. In the same offhand manner, he picked up the belt-ax and went to hack at the base of the nearest birch tree.

Another day saw the canoe complete. The cow and bull hides, gummed and sewn together, formed the cover, half side in. The result was a craft large enough for the party but shorter and broader than the average canoe.

At Garth's suggestion, Lillith had begun tanning the calfskin. Mr. Ramill tended the smudge-fire. After cutting the birch billets, Huxby had at first sat around brooding. Then, suddenly, he went off up the brook. He did not come back until after the canoe was finished. But he brought the abandoned blanket.

Garth was beginning to shape into paddles the slabs of wood that he had rived from the birch billets. He glanced from the blanket to the clouds overhead, and from them to Lillith's tattered skirt.

"Not half bad, Huxby. That blanket will soon be needed. Too splendid a sunrise this morning. We're in for a storm. Miss Ramill, that calfskin is cured enough for you to wear. Make a skirt of it."

"How about Vivian's shoes?" she asked. "He's walking on his uppers."

"He's welcome to my old moccasins. They may last out our portages."

Though Huxby's ears reddened, he accepted the castoff footgear of the man from whom he had sought to bilk a claim worth at least a million dollars. He could not refuse. His thick shoe soles had scuffed through on the rocks that the plant rawhide moccasins passed over with slight wear.

When Garth launched the canoe, he fastened it to the bank with a line made from the trimmings of the moose hides. For anchor he used the wolf-skin knapsack with its weight of platinum alloy.

"May as well make it useful," he met Huxby's look of moody protest.

"You are to have the bow seat, and so can continue to guard my 60 per cent, along with—"

A clap of thunder and the swish of a wind gust through the birch tops checked Garth's banter. He spoke a quick order: "Leanto the blanket on that knoll between the trees, front this way."

A glance at the onrushing black clouds of the thunderstorm sent even Huxby hurrying to help the others. While they tied the upper corners of the blanket with rawhide thongs and weighted the back edge with logs, Garth pulled the canoe ashore and placed it bottom up over the smoke racks.

When, three hours later, the crashing thunderstorm passed over and the heavy downpour of rain ceased, all the party were wet from the drip through the blanket. But the fire still smoldered and the half-smoked meat was dry under the canoe.

"Had you been used to canoeing," Garth said, "we need not have lost all this time. But you'll get enough drenchings later on. Wrap out the blanket and fetch the meat."

He launched the canoe again, unaided, and directed the others to their places. All had to kneel, facing the narrower prow of the double-stemmed craft. First came Huxby, with his wolfskin treasure bag for knee-pad. Lillith knelt on the front part of the lengthwise folded blanket. Her father had the end of the blanket behind her. At the wobble of the unstable craft, he squatted back on his heels and clutched the gunwales.

The others held to willow branches while Garth loaded in the meat behind his own place. He stepped aboard and began to paddle with a steady stroke that sent the canoe gliding out into the swamp stream.

A paddle lay beside each of the others. Lillith was first to dip hers overboard. At a murmured word from her, Huxby followed suit. Both of them had done a bit of amateur canoeing at the fashionable beaches. They were able to start in at once and help a little. But two days passed before Mr. Ramill gained enough balance and assurance to rise on his knees and try stroking his paddle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Left-Handedness Occurs
in Four to Eight Per Cent**

There are various theories concerning left-handedness, some believing it a matter of heredity, others claiming it is due to instinct or socially acquired habit. The percentage of left-handedness among normal individuals is estimated to run from 4 to 8 per cent, says a writer in the Detroit News.

Statistics published by the Journal of Heredity have shown that in families with one or both parents left-handed, a much higher percentage of the children are left-handed. Authorities have told child behavior experts that the nervous systems of left-handed persons are attuned to left-sided makeup in which the left eye dominates. To attempt a distortion of this makeup by forcing the person into right-handed action results in throwing the whole nervous system out of balance, and the child may be made "irritable, pugnacious, elusive and tending toward theft, lying and tantrums." On the other hand, if left to work out their own left-handed destinies, these persons are fully as bright as any right-handed person. Another authority has shown that when the naturally preferred left hand is interfered with, as is often done, the general dominance of that hand is not affected by the change but may be strengthened by this action.

Bridal Beads

When the Borneo maiden becomes a bride her gown has no graceful train or entrancing veil. Instead she dresses herself in a bead garment of bathing-suit proportions. The Borneo bride is decidedly décollete, for her bridal array covers her body only from below the armpits to the knees. Her costume for this momentous occasion is decorated solely with beads, which cover the entire gown and form designs of native origin. The hem of the dress is decorated with a long fringe.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Boarded Wrong Ships

When the American revolution broke out Britain's admiralty offered a large money reward and three years' exemption from service to any of her seamen who embarked on board an American ship and made themselves masters of her. Unfortunately for Britain, Englishmen who sought for the rewards did not always trouble to distinguish between American and French ships, inflaming France and hastening France's alliance with America.

The Oldest Plow

What is believed to be the oldest plow in the world is exhibited at the Provincial museum, Hanover. A wooden plow discovered on a moor in West Friesland, it affords an interesting insight into the agricultural methods employed in lower Saxony in prehistoric times. Its age is estimated to be between 5,000 and 6,000 years.

Lady "Much Relieved"
After Taking Cardui

Although they may be very active and apparently in good health, many women, at certain times, will do well to take Cardui. Mrs. F. T. Foster, of Greensburg, Ky., writes that she has "derived great benefit" from Cardui.

"Before taking Cardui, I was weak and extremely nervous, and suffered from sleeplessness. This made me tired and worn in daytime. My back ached continually. Being an active woman, I did not want to continue in this condition. Having heard a great deal about Cardui, I found, after just a few bottles, I was much relieved. I continued taking Cardui and was so much helped."

Of course, if Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.



DETOUR DOGS

"BLACK LEAF 40"

Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs, etc.

Use 1 1/2 Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

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You need a medicine to stop it—regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. Stops excessive falling hair; overcomes dandruff; promotes normal hair growth and scalp health. Ask your hairdresser.



GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

ADVICE TO WOMEN

Mrs. Ida B. Lanum of 404 Pearl St., Lynchburg, Va., said: "I was unable to sleep at night and my household work became burdensome and tedious. My back hurt me so badly at times I thought it would break. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did me a great deal of good. My digestion was greatly improved, I became stronger, slept better at night, had no more backache, and I felt more like living after using this tonic." Buy now!

Mrs. Bailey's Sensitive Skin

Rash Broke Out But Cuticura Soothed

Read this letter—how smarting rashes and blisters due to external causes were relieved in almost no time by Cuticura.

"I noticed an itching sensation on my face and arms. It afterwards formed blisters that left the skin very tender and sensitive. Finally a rash broke out which, when rubbed, caused a smarting and intense itching. It was agony."

"A sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment relieved me so much that I bought some. After using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one-half tin of Cuticura Ointment, the rash disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. Grace Bailey, 380 East 201st St., Bronx, New York City.

Cuticura also soothes the irritation of pimples, ringworm, burning and itching of eczema with wonderful speed and effectiveness. Buy today. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. Samples FREE. Write to "Cuticura," Dept. 19, Malden, Mass.—Adv.

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia.

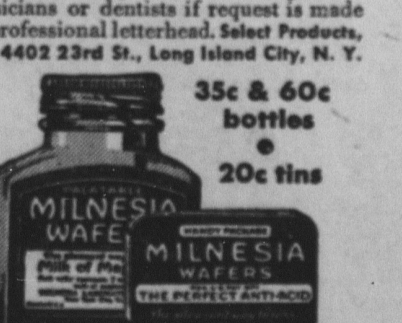
Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Postpaid, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



MILNESIA WAFERS

35c & 60c bottles, 20c tins

The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

WNU-4 12-36

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for peevy working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!



DOAN'S PILLS