

and the word and the word Bayer, with the ed in every box:



ening Called Off

the home of a l not know that hed snorer, and t the adjoining sound was perwere just com "broadcasting." ost was unable was contemplat muffling the dis nis guest stopped in a loud voice

nen, the program been listening is you through the Co.," and with osition and they

Practice r (after strenu-ll, do you think take the rest by

love her more it d him. Water by Get!

rity's Rule

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nt water often ying, upset and besn't, give him cher's Castoria. s of babies and , cholera, diar nd bowels, con-, loss of sleep, ling physician effective. It is ecipe is on the in over thirty g use. It reguakes him slee him to get ful food, so he in should. With book on Motht in gold.

ion. Look for H. Fletcher on be sure to get ty-cent bottles

"Hello, stranger," called Jensen "I didn't know old lady Mears had a hired man."

The stranger failed to look up, but

kept grubbing at a stump with his pickax, working silently. "Funny-lookin' cuss," mused the old sen had signed a temporarus pledge.

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0 | man to himself when he noticed by the light of the rising full moon that the man was wearing attire common to the mountain folk of fifty years

THE

GHOST AND

HAT a ghost was responsible for

The ghost's appearance had done

his good behavior. It caused Jensen

to cancel his mortgage on the Widow

Mears' farm. It resulted in the "Old

Man's" halting further objections to the marriage of his son, Max, junior,

There are only two persons in the

community who have never taken the

ghost story seriously. They are young

"You can take your choice of mar-

ryin' the Mears girl and going some-

where else to make your livin' or you

"I can't see why you should despise

Elsie just because her mother is poor,"

said the young man. Max junior, just

back from three years at an agricul-tural college, was the pride of an illit-

erate and superstitious but wealthy

"Before I met your mother I was

courtin' Mrs. Mears and she turned me

down when she knowed I'd be the

and me used to be big pals and we

"I got a chance now to show the

a mortgage on the Mears place some

and Monday I get the Mears farm

and the widow and her daughter will

be paupers. I can't have my son mar-

ryin' a pauper or her mother gloatin'

over what a good catch the girl made."

act quickly. Borrowing money to give

Mears and her daughter had farmed

their little plot near the Jensen place

They grew constantly poorer, but they

"Pop; I want to run down to the county seat over Sunday," he declared.

"All right," said the old man, knowing

he would be better off not to have the

boy around when he made the con-

templated foreclosure on the Mears

Monty Perkins, owner of the plane,

midnight. But we'd better fly out to-

'For once I'm glad pop has all his

sen, driving a rather dilapidated au-

tomobile of the common garden va-

"Let's get ready," Max suggested.

along the road the "Old Man" had to

travel. The grove, like the pasture

just behind it, was on the Mears prop-

erty five miles from the Jensen place.

took out of it a complete outfit of

clothes. With the aid of a mirror he

dressed himself until he looked just

like a picture of a man he had placed

"I'll bet I'm a dead ringer for old

man Mears now," he commented as

Taking a pickax in his hand, he

walked over to where Perkins was

"I'm going over through the grove

by the roadside. Pop will be coming

back home now. It's almost dark and

the moon is coming up. He'll see me

at work and stop and talk. Then

he'll probably try a quick getaway.

His old buggy can't make over ten

miles up the hill. I'll run right back

here then. You be in the machine and

we'll be ready to hop off the minute

"Just so long as he doesn't hear our

"No chance: his bus will drown our

Night had just fallen. "Old Man"

As he neared-the wood lot on the

"What the heck?" he mused to him-

self, driving his car nearer to the side

of the road where the man was work-

Jensen was driving slowly homeward.

Mears farm he saw a figure working

sound and after he sees me he'll only

you see me," said Max.

be thinking of a getaway."

motor," said Perkins.

Opening a large bundle, young Max

There was a small strip of woodland

village ten miles distant.

before the mirror.

tache and a goatee.

night when no one can see us."

The son changed the subject.

had a great deal of pride.

farm Monday.

He told his plans.

listened with interest.

Max had mentioned.

replied Max.

Young Max knew he would have to

"The mortgage falls due Monday

can quit her and stay home."

to the widow's only daughter Elsie.

Max and his mother.

broke up, too.

five years now.

"Old Man" Jensen's moral reformation- everybody in the little isolated mountain com-

THE GIRL

munity knew.

before. "Oh, stranger, I say, be ye old lady Mears' hired man?" he almost shout-ingly asked, thinking that perhaps the

The figure on the other side of the fence drew himself up to full length. Jensen's face paled. Frantically he looked up and down the road for another possible traveler, while his foot madly sought the accelerator of his car. With a jerk the car swerved into

more than merely put Max Jensen on The motor died. Jensen sprang out to "crank."

Seeing before him the living image of his former neighbor, Dan Mears, had given him a jolt. The face glowing with phosphorus had done the rest.

"I ain't monkeying with any ghosts, I ain't," he stuttered to himself as he clambered back into the car and started for home as fast as the lumbering vehicle of 1914 vintage would

"The 'old man' didn't wait to keep up the conversation when he saw my face," exclaimed young Max exultingly as he came running up to the

"That's good," said Perkins as his lodged in the state penitentiary. pal climbed into the rear seat of the plane. A moment later the machine was in the air. Then for two minutes t circled aloft only to settle down along the roadside in another pasture almost opposite the Jensen home. Here again the machine was hidden by a small grove of trees.

Young Max climbed out of the plane,

richest man in the township. She married Mears. That got me. Mears ran through the grove, climbed over to Randall. the fence and started walking down the road toward the Mears farm. He old girl where she slipped. I've held wasn't a moment too soon.

Trying frantically to get more than ten miles an hour out of his car on the up grade "Old Man" Jensen saw the pedestrian approaching him. Thinking here was a kindred spirit, the old man stopped the car and waited for the stranger to come up.

When the man was within ten feet of the car he stepped directly in front of the headlight, halted and pointed the girl was out of the question. The his finger upward.

It was the figure Jensen had left behind in the Mears woodlot. His car widow would never accept a gift. Mrs. wouldn't start. With a yell the old these ten years since Mears died. man sprang out, dashed across the road, over the fence on his own land and in a few moments, almost exhausted, he sank down on his own doorstep. A little later Mrs. Jensen found him

sitting there.
"I didn't hear the car," she commented. "Nope, the engine died and I walked

up the hill. Have the hired man go In the city Max visited a friend who to get it. I'm too tired." "Max, something odd happened this

evening," said his wife. "When I was making supper a man came to the door and asked for a drink of water. "Sure I'll help you with the scheme He almost frightened me. He looked if you're positive the landing places like a twin brother to old Dan Mears.

"Funny thing, too, he said he was "It will take us only a little while out this way to look for some land he Saturday night. You can get back by owned. Said it was going to change hands in a few days and he was calculatin' to make his home on the place when it changed. Said he was goin' to That night Perkins and young Max returned to the latter's community live with the new owner. He didn't by air, landing easily in the pasture say where the land was nor nothin'. thanked me for the water and went

"He-he what?" asked Jensen, failold-fangled ideas about ghosts," said

Late the next day "Old Man" Jen-Monday morning came. Bright and medicine without detection, early "Old Man" Jensen found himriety, started from his farm to the self rapping at the door of the Widow

Mears' home. "Come after the mortgage payment, ain't ye?" she asked. "I wonder if I could have a few days' time. I could maybe sell the cow to get enough money to meet the interest and get a new renewal."

"You can't have any more time.

Mandy, I'm tired of waiting. I've waited too long," said Jensen.
"My wife and I had a long talk about this mortgage Saturday night. Your man and me was good friends. You and I was, too, once. Besides my Max and your Elsie have a pretty he rubbed some phosphorus paint over his face and hands and applied a mussion's future wife turned out of her home. Here is your old mortgage. Burn it up. Ye don't owe me noth-

> "Oh, Max, how can I ever thank you?" gasped the widow, tears of joy streaming down her cheeks. "Don't," was the one-word comment

> of the community's richest farmer as he turned on his heel and walked down the road.

"Anyhow," he mused to himself, "that ought to down Dan's ghost for a while. Maybe it was my disposition that made me see what I did. Maybe it was a real ghost. Anyhow, the wife is right. She says it don't pay to monkey with things as concerns the dead and, besides, most folks would have thought I was too hard on Mandy if I'd a done what I was going to Besides, as the wife says, my folks didn't want me to marry her

either, yet we've had a pretty good time these years." At home that morning young Max came into the kitchen where his moth-

er was working. "Elsie sure liked the ring I gave her this morning," he told Mrs. Jensen. "I'll bet she did" said the farm wife as she stuffed the remains of what was once a theatrical costume into the kitchen stove and then directed her

son's attention to the table on which

lay a card announcing that Max Jen-

BANKER IS SENT TO PRISON FOR KILLING FRIEND

Former Wealthy Financier and Pioneer South Dakotan Now Occupies Cell.

Sioux Falls, S. D.-From the posttion of one of the leading bankers of South Dakota, with considerable personal wealth at his command, to a cell in the state penitentiary in Sioux Falls, marks the change in the fortunes of George H. Randall, aged sixty-seven. He was one of the pioneer residents of what now is South Dakota and during the height of his career as business man and banker he numbered his friends by the hundreds. He must serve a term of four years in prison for second-degree manslaugh ter, having been convicted of administering poison to Ole Peterson Moen, seventy-one-year-old rancher and city property owner at Rapid City, just east of the Black hills, so he could gain possession of the \$35,000 estate

Sensational Case. The case has been one of the most sensational in the criminal history of South Dakota. Moen died in convulsions on September 19, 1927, and with in a short time thereafter Randall offered for probate a will purported to have been executed by Moen, in which the dead man's estate was bequeathed

of the dead man. Randall recently

lost out in his attempt to obtain

a new trial, and was immediately

Others had expected to inherit the property of Moen, who was without relatives in this country, and brought about an investigation which resulted



To a Cell in the State Penitentiary. in the arrest of Randall on the charge of having killed the old man by placing poison in medicine which he was taking for a physical ailment.

Chemists examined the stomach of ing to notice a semblance of a smile Moen and found sufficient strychnine "Then we ought to get by if he doesn't try to shoot at us," said Perkins.

"Don't worry, these fellows down here only shoot when they think the guy is a special government agent,"

"Better come in; supper is ready."

Meanwhile Max junior and Perkins returned to the city by air, and spent a pleasant Sunday together, after quent caller on Moen at the boarding which young Max started back for his house where he lived, and had every father's farm—this time on the train, opportunity to place the poison in his

Suicide Defense. It was urged in Randall's behalf at the time of the trial that Moen had

committed suicide. While the evidence against the accused was purely circumstantial, it was deemed sufficient by the jury to return a verdict of guilty. The term of four years to which he was sentenced was the maximum which could be imposed under state statutes for second-degree manslaughter.

In addition to having been engaged in the banking business for man years at Canova, S. D., Randall served as county treasurer of McCook county and in other positions of trust.

During recent years his once large fortune had gradually melted away through poor investments and in other ways, until at the time he was arrested on the poisoning charge, it was said, he was badly in need of money. If which he was convicted it is thought his dire need of cash prompted him to hasten Moen's death so he could obtain possession of the estate and several thousand dollars which Moen had on deposit in banks.

Their First Chance

Brownsville, Texas .- The entire voting strength of Point Isabel, Texas, 308 souls, answered a blanket sum mons for a grand jury investigation of the first and only municipal election ever held in the one hundred year-old seacoast town.

Of Course

Paris .- "Taxicab" English in 20 lessons for \$2.40 is now being taught Paris chauffeurs, results guaranteed. "Tip" is one of the first words they learn.

Dog Brings Help

Logansport, Ind .- A faithful family dog led Mrs. Ed Metz to the wood lot, where her husband was found dying. while at work alone.

Press Staves Off Deadly Boredom by Giving Suspense to Life

By DR. THADDEUS L. BOLTON, Temple University.

EWSPAPERS are indispensable to the happiness and well-being of mankind, for they supply the stimulus to animation without which the life of the average citizen would become unbearably monotonous. It is difficult to know how we would get along if murders, disasters, instances of banditry, descriptions of crimes and conflagrations were not brought to us.

Suspense-the alternation between hope and depression-is after all something that our natures demand, and here is where the newspaper comes into our routine lives as a saving grace, snatching us from this dreaded lingering death by boredom.

Shooting the chutes and riding on the scenic railway in the amusement park supply the necessary prods to children. The modern newspaper performs this function for the adult of higher mental level.

What does a horse race in England amount to without its spills? Would boxing bouts be considered worth while by the fans if blood did not flow freely? What does it matter to the spectator whether a conflagration causes

\$1,000,000 damage, if only the spectacle has been grand and filled with We cannot possibly attend all the murders, fires, earthquakes, unsuccessful transatlantic flights and other occurrences of the kind in

The modern newspaper does this for us, and thus saves our consciousness from "innocuous desuetude."

Invincible Forces at Work Making for Growth of Internationalism

By DR. JOHN RANDALL, Director World Unity Foundation.

Popular conceptions of nationalism have been so magnified since the World war as to assume the aspect of a great popular myth. The notion attributes to an international boundary line mystical properties far greater than those it actually possesses.

At the beginning of the war the French and the Germans resorted to every subterfuge to make it appear armed forces of the opposing nation had crossed the boundary first, solely to gain popular support by an appeal to this prejudice.

But coincident with the spread of this glorification of nationalism, the world's economic forces have been steadily at work making for internationalism. A hundred years ago most countries might well have styled themselves self-sufficient, but today every nation specializes, each is interdependent with the others in the intricate economic scheme of the

Youths' Disregard of Moral Standards Due to New Significance

By DR. MAX C. OTTO, University of Wisconsin.

If modern youth looks lightly upon the moral standards of the older generation, it is because young people suspect their elders of making a failure of life. Interviews with hundreds of high school and college students have revealed the wide prevalence of dishonesty in school work, and that dishonesty was not considered in the moral category of the young

While the older generation has accepted science with its mind, but not with its heart, youth has taken the new developments of biology and psychology into the fiber of its being, and is trying to make life insignificant in terms of this new world. Hope for the future lies in helping youth in the search for a new form of human existence that shall bring a sense of achievement rather than frustration.

Good Humor and Joyous Laughter as One of the Articles of a Creed

By REV. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER, Detroit.

It is high time we abandoned the religion of fear. The New Thought cults have much to teach the churches in the matter of affirmative re-

Laughter is conducive to health. A hearty laugh will cure a cold. Laughing heartily and frequently will get a person in the habit of breathing correctly, and correct breathing is the first lesson in health. Sometimes a person can get more good out of a stage comedy than out of a doleful sermon by a long-faced parson.

Laughing should be a part of religion. When I marry a couple with a sense of humor, I know that they are likely to weather the storms of matrimony. If I had a creed one of its articles would be, "I believe in salvation by good humor and joyous laughter."

Athletics in Church Needed to Put Backbone Into the Youth of Today

By SIR WILFRED GRENFELL, English Missionary.

Football, baseball and track men are needed in the Christian church he really was guilty of the crime of if it is to solve the problem of saving the world. The task is not one for half-hearted believers, in an age when theological questions have little attraction for the young men who will be leaders tomorrow. Backbone and faith-the kind of faith that can be described as reason grown courageous-are the properties needed.

Faith is not a fool's credulity. It is the power by which human beings with limited capacities visualize the possibilities they hope for. Charles Lindbergh is a typical example of the man who had faith in the thing he sought to do.

Youth Looks to Older Generations for Example in Standards of Conduct

By REV. HENRY H. LEWIS, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Modern youth puts the burden of proper conduct on the parents. Youth is disgusted with hypocrisy and the habit of older generations to practice things other than they preach. The youth of today believes that what is fair for his parents is fair for him. Youth seeks the correct path, but demands that his leaders be beyond reproach.

Young persons are growing more observing, and it is a difficult matter for older persons to mask the errors of their lives from the search-He had suffered a stroke of paralysis | ing gaze of the boy or girl of today.

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Lloyd Waner

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Cats Before Relatives When the will of Mrs. Emma P. Bennett of Lindley, N. H., was probated it was found that her eight cats pipe during the game. Bell-I don't see how that would make him have to go to the hospital. had fared better than her ten relatives. To the animal friends went a total of \$7,000, while the ten relatives had only \$4,450 to divide among them ver Province.

The lower the light is turned the brighter it seems for a pair of fond

A soft answer may not always turn

"Then you came from preferred

When changing the conversation away wrath, but it saves a lot of leave.



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> Mae-It was his windpipe.- Vancou-Ountations "All my ancestors were blonds."

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