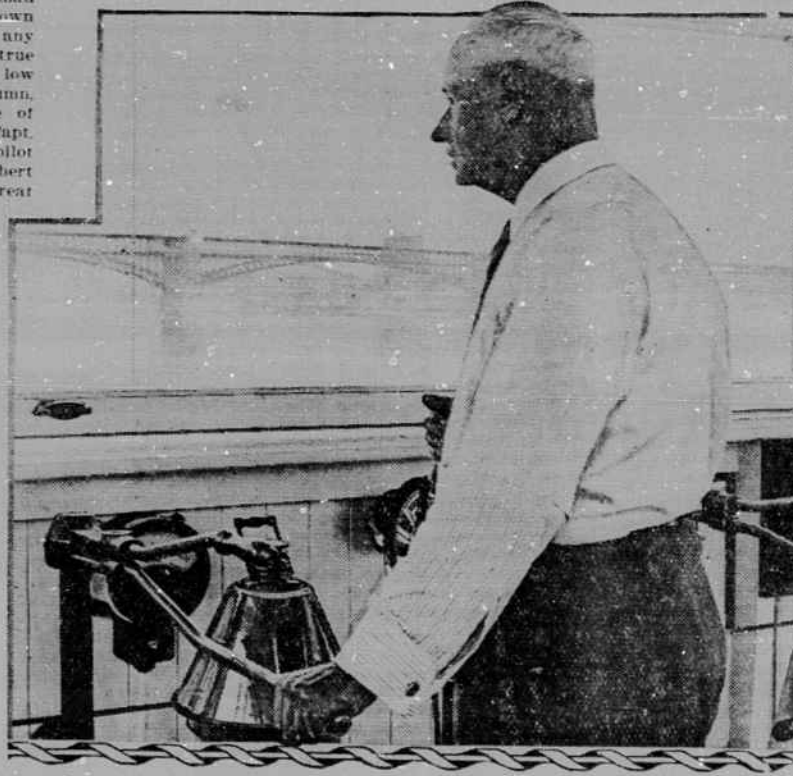


He Knows Old Man River's Every Twist and Turn

IT TAKES a veteran river man to pilot his craft up or down the Mississippi river at any time, and this is especially true when the river is at as low a stage as it is this autumn. Our illustration shows one of the best of the veterans, Capt. George O. Rogers, in the pilot house of the towboat Herbert Hoover, approaching the great Edg's bridge. His craft is the largest towboat in the world, is powered with Diesel engines and makes regular trips between St. Louis and New Orleans.

Captain Rogers, who is sixty-seven years of age, knows "Old Man River" like a book and can point out every one of its crannies and nooks, some of them dangerous and others safe. He has spent a lifetime learning the Mississippi, but because of its frequent changes of channel his "studies" are never completed. Every trip there may be something new to learn in the way of twists and turns of the mighty stream. Readers of Mark Twain's tales of Mississippi river pilotage will appreciate this.



BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

OLD MAN COYOTE WARNS PETER

PERHAPS you think that when Old Man Coyote just missed catching Peter Rabbit because Peter managed to reach the old bramble-tangle first he lost his temper. That shows that you don't know Old Man Coyote. If Reddy Fox had been in his place very likely Reddy would have lost his temper and finally gone off in a great rage. Old Man Coyote did nothing of the kind. No sir, he did nothing of the kind. He just spat out the little tuft



"Do You Know, Peter, That It's Bad Business to Meddle in the Affairs of Other Folks?" Continued Old Man Coyote.

of white hair which he had pulled out of the middle of Peter's tail, so near to catching Peter had been, and then peered in through the bramble and grinned at Peter. If he was disappointed, and of course he was, he didn't show it. And as for being angry, why, there wasn't the least trace of a temper.

"Almost got you, Peter, that time," said he breathing very hard, for he had had a long run. "It's lucky for

you you've kept your legs oiled up and haven't let them get rusty."

He grinned again, and Peter, panting for breath there in the bramble-tangle, felt almost like grinning back in spite of the fact that he had been so terribly frightened and that he had lost that little bunch of hair right out of the middle of his nose too big tail.

"Do you know, Peter, that it's bad business to meddle in the affairs of other folks?" continued Old Man Coyote. "Now tonight you meddled. You warned Honker the Goose through Paddy the Beaver and so cheated me out of a good dinner. People who meddle generally get into trouble. You came pretty near furnishing me with that dinner you cheated me out of, Peter; pretty near. One jump more and I'd have had you. You wouldn't have made me as good a dinner as one of those geese but you would have done very well."

Old Man Coyote licked his chops and Peter had a little shivery, crawly feeling all over.

"And now I am going to give you fair warning, Peter," went on Old Man Coyote, still grinning, "that unless you get me a goose, a fat one, mind you, to make up for the one you cheated me out of you'll never get back to the dear Old Brier Patch. You see I'm giving you fair warning I must have a goose or I will have you. Now don't you wish you hadn't meddled?"

"No," replied Peter bravely enough, though inside his heart sank as he thought of how far away the dear, safe Old Brier Patch was. "I'm glad I did it. If that was meddling it was a good kind of meddling and I'm glad I had the chance and wasn't afraid to. Of course I am sorry if you are hungry but if you would learn to eat grass and clover and bark and berries as I do you never would need to go hungry. But I'm glad, ever so glad, that I saved those geese and I'd do it again if I had the chance. Perhaps it was bad business for me, but it was good

business for them and I'm glad I meddled."

"All right, Peter," replied Old Man Coyote as he turned to trot away. "Remember what I said and get me a fat goose if you want to get back to the dear Old Brier Patch," and with a parting grin he disappeared.

"It's a queer world," sighed Peter. "It's certainly a queer world when helping others gets you into trouble yourself. But I'm glad I did it. I am so."

(© by J. G. Lloyd.)—WNU Service.

Woe to him . . . who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment.—Carlyle.

Getting Advice From a Veteran



PRINCE NICHOLAS of Rumania, general inspector of his country's armies, is here seen, at the left, getting pointers on military affairs from Marshal Pilsudski, the veteran boss of Poland, during a visit to Warsaw. The prince is a brother of King Carol.

Mother's Cook Book

All the world reposes in beauty to him who preserves equanimity in his life, and moves serenely on his path without secret violence; as he who sails down a stream, he has only to steer, keeping his bark in the middle, and carry it round the falls.

FAVORITE RECIPES

HERE is a delicious salad for a bridge luncheon or for a hot Sunday evening supper. Heat two cupfuls of crushed pineapple, add the juice of a lemon and one cupful of sugar. Stir until dissolved. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water for ten minutes. Add to the hot mixture and cool. When cool and beginning to set, add one cupful of grated American cheese, and one-half pint of cream beaten stiff. Mix thoroughly, put into a mold and leave in a cold place to mold. Serve with a mayonnaise dressing to which two tablespoonfuls each of chopped green pepper and celery have been added to a cupful of the dressing.

Fresh Lobster Salad.

This is a peerless salad when prepared from a freshly boiled lobster. The lobster should be boiled with a tablespoonful of salt and a few pepper corns in rapidly boiling water for forty minutes, remove and cool. If cooked this length of time the meat is easily removed from the shell and is more tender. Cut the meat into

EQUALITY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

AS TENDERLY the starlight falls On cottage roofs as castle walls. And we, with all of our contending, Our much of making, much of spending, Our holding high, and walking proud, A little better than the crowd, Find nothing in God's scheme, my brothers, That makes us better than the others.

The workman passing by your door May be a laborer, no more, But who have so much wealth or beauty

They have no destiny or duty? You are a laborer, I guess, Or, if not that, then something less, A weed beside the road of living, Taking and taking, nothing giving.

There is but one nobility: You may be better, friend, than me, But only if you better labor For God and world and land and neighbor.

If I were idle, I would ask, Or find myself, some sort of task, For men are only equal, brothers, Who labor somehow with the others. (©, 1921, Douglas Malloch.)—WNU Service.



"No girl should poll a heavy date," says practical Polly, "unless she is strong for a guy."

(© 1931 Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

Los Angeles Boy Needed Help



Leroy Young, 1116 Georgia St., Los Angeles, is a "regular fellow," active in sports, and at the top in his classes at school. To look at him now, you'd think he never had a day's sickness but his mother says: "When Leroy was just a little fellow, we found his stomach and bowels were weak. He kept suffering from constipation. Nothing he ate agreed with him. He was fretful, feverish and puny."

"When we started giving him California Fig Syrup his condition improved quickly. His constipation and biliousness stopped and he has had no more trouble of that kind. I have since used California Fig Syrup with him for colds and upset spells. He likes it because it tastes so good and I like it because it helps him so wonderfully!"

California Fig Syrup has been the trusted standby of mothers for over 50 years. Leading physicians recommend it. It is purely vegetable and works with Nature to regulate, tone and strengthen the stomach and bowels of children so they get full nourishment from their food and waste is eliminated in a normal way. Four million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it. Always look for the word "California" on the carton to be sure of getting the genuine.

Caring for the Aged

Approximately \$3,000,000 is expected to be distributed annually among some 8,000 persons under Massachusetts' old-age assistance act, which went into effect in July. All needy citizens seventy years or over, who have been in the state at least 20 years, are eligible for assistance, which ranges between \$2 and \$3 weekly.

You Can Stop that Rheumatic Pain

The constant nerve-racking pain that spells rheumatism or neuritis can be relieved, often stopped entirely. The new treatment which gives quick results where old methods have failed calls for two or three daily applications of B. & M., The Penetrating Germicide. Used externally, this preparation seldom fails to stop the intense pain in a few hours. Also, where the trouble is caused by germ infection, the B. & M. treatment will destroy the germs, making it possible for Nature to restore normal conditions. Your druggist should be able to supply B. & M. If not, send us his name and \$1.25 for a full-size bottle. Or ask for free booklet, F. E. Rollins Co., 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass. (Adv.)

Secrets

"And why did you leave your last mistress?"
"I'll tell you when you tell me why your last maid left."

Next to putting money in the bank is the satisfaction of putting coal in the cellar.



When PAIN Comes

WHAT many people call indigestion very often means excess acid in the stomach. The stomach nerves have been over-stimulated, and food sours. The corrective is an alkali, which neutralizes the acids instantly. And the best alkali known to medical science is Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this harmless, tasteless alkali in water neutralizes instantly many times that much acid, and the symptoms disappear at once. You will never use crude methods when once you learn the efficiency of this. Go get a small bottle to try.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. 25c and 50c a bottle—any drugstore.

The Voice of Labor

