

TOYS MADE OF GOLD

Toys valued at more than \$5,000,000 were shown in an exhibition of "Children Throughout the Ages" in London, England, recently. Two gold rattles which once delighted the prince of Wales, and a fair-haired doll companion of Queen Mary in her baby days attracted much attention. Musical dolls given by Queen Victoria to the prince of Wales and the duke of York when they were babies; Queen Elizabeth's and Oliver Cromwell's christening robes, and a skirt worn by Charles I when he was two, were also shown.



LOVES OATMEAL MORE THAN EVER

Once you learn that oatmeal is so rich in Vitamin B for keeping fit, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THOUSANDS STICK TO OATMEAL BREAKFASTS? Many are nervous, poor in appetite, system out of order, because their daily diets lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit. Few things keep them back like a lack of this protective food element. So give everyone Quaker Oats every morning. Because in addition to its generous supply of Vitamin B for keeping fit, it furnishes food-energy, muscle and body-building ingredients. For about 1/2c per dish. Start serving it tomorrow for a 2-week test. Quaker Oats has a wholesome, nutlike, luscious appeal to the appetite. Flavors, surpassingly good. All groceries supply it.

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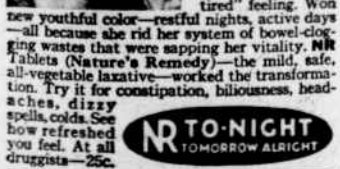
Nature an Artist When nature beautifies the face she puts the color in the right place.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN Have Discovered This Economy



More Needed Don't let a proverb influence your life.

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FREE: This week—at your drugstore—Best... (Offer details for N-T-O-N-I-G-H-T)

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN CAPUDINE

CAUGHT in the WILD

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

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SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the air-ways emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as nearly worthless. Lilith Ramill, product of the jazz age, plainly shows contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly worthless, but to "encourage" take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the motor of the plane. Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth, but their tone soon changes when they try to start the plane. Returning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane adrift, and the current carries it over the falls. He points out that he is their only hope in guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie.

CHAPTER IV

The Whip Hand.

The girl licked her fingers and turned to stare covetously at the pieces of moose dangling in the smudge-fire smoke. She spoke to Garth almost civilly: "I've no need to rest like Dad. Do I have to wait for another piece?" "Certainly not. But you've let the cook-fire go out. Keep this one going, and you can use it. Better cut another spit. Mind the knife edge, if you don't want to lose a finger." She showed she could be deft enough when she chose. One stroke of the knife hacked off a willow twig, two cuts sharpened the end. Grasping the bottom of the uncut second liver, she sliced up lengthwise, all the way to the rawhide thong. She poked the green wood from the near edge of the fire, piled on dry sticks, and crouched down to hold her spit over the blaze. Garth had at once begun to make catgut. It would be needed to sew the moccasins. He was intently at work, and the girl was still more intently eyeing her meat, when Huxby came striding between the spruces. The once elegant engineer was smeared with mud from his midbody down to where the rock-milk water of the ford had drenched the bog slime from his shoes and leather aviator trousers. Snags had scratched his flying jacket and even torn through one sleeve. Worst of all, his bare face and neck was a swollen mass of mosquito-bite welts and the bleeding wounds of deer-fly stings. The skin had already begun to puff and discolor. At sight of the man's condition, Garth picked up his rifle. Even the most cold-blooded, calculating schemer can be tortured into crazed violence. Miss Ramill glanced up from her cooking, and uttered a startled cry. It awakened her father from his doze. He sat erect to start at Huxby. "My G-d, Vivian, what's happened? You look like something the cat brought home." "Those d-d pests," Huxby cursed. "Left my headnet. Hey, you airplane thief, fetch me a drink. Jump lively." Garth lifted his rifle. "Put up your hands. No, don't reach for your pistol. Up with them, or I'll wing you—That's it. Now hold them there while Mr. Ramill takes your pistol. I've had enough of your threatening."

The millionaire looked at Garth's cool gray eyes, and heaved himself upon his feet to shuffle around behind Huxby's shoulder. He pulled open the leather jacket and drew the automatic pistol from its high-slung sheath. Holding the butt forward, he brought the weapon to Garth. "Keep it yourself," Garth told him. "You can give it back to him soon as he gets over this fly madness. There's your headnet, Huxby. Better stand in the smoke till you get it on."

The tormented man first ran to lean down on the mill bank. Between deep drinks, he doused his bitten face in a pool and dashed the gratefully cool water over the back of his neck. The moment he stopped, the pests buzzed at him again. He ran to the smoky side of the fire without stopping for his headnet. For the first time since Garth had met Lilith Ramill, she showed consideration for someone else than herself. Her second piece of liver had been cooked enough to be eatable. She tore it in two and gave half to her fiancé. "It's good, Vivian. Try it. You must be famished."

Her unexpected graciousness calmed his half-crazed mind. "Why, Lilith—you roasted this yourself! It will taste doubly delicious." He forced a laugh. "But I couldn't take the food out of your mouth." "I'll soon cook more. There's plenty." Garth caught Mr. Ramill's hungry look, and shook his head. "Not yet for us, sir. We'll pack in some more of the meat before the wolverines get it."

He laid a mat of willow foliage, sliced up what was left of the second liver, and started off with Ramill. Though at first stiff, the millionaire did not get out of breath so quickly as before. This was an encouraging sign. That easy climb to the claim and the fast return had been violent exercise for the mine investor. He could not have recovered so soon if his heart had been bad. But when he opened his cigar case, Garth interposed. "You have only four left, sir. Better hold them back to taper off gradually. This change of diet is going to jolt you hard enough. No wine or whisky, either."

Mr. Ramill walked along quite a distance with the cigar case open, his face impassive inside the mosquito gauze of the headnet. When at last he looked up, he closed the cigar case and handed it to Garth. "You're the doctor."

Garth put the case in his shirt pocket. "All right, sir. You'll get them when they'll do you the most good—and you'll get them all."

Again Mr. Ramill walked along with his gaze on the ground. They were near the muskew swamp before he looked up. He turned his shrewd gaze upon Garth, and spoke with blunt directness: "What's your game?" "My game?"

"Yes. We may as well settle this now as later. Don't tell me you haven't some big scheme in mind. You guessed we meant to cast off and leave you holding the sack. Otherwise you wouldn't have taken that key part from the plane motor."

Garth chuckled. "Did you ever outwit a fox, corner a pack of wolves, or trap a crafty old bear?" The ruddy face of the millionaire purpled. "What is the connection?" "Nothing invidious," Garth assured him. "I had in mind only the fun of the game."

"So? Well, young man, it has already been admitted that you're so far taken all the tricks. I gave you credit for more sense, however, than you showed when you cast loose the plane."



Garth Lifted His Rifle. "Put Up Your Hands."

You had no need to walk up like a drape and permit Vivian to get the drop on you. Easy enough for you to've come out of cover with your rifle up. Don't tell me you'd rather travel afoot to the Mackenzie than fly out in a plane."

"That depends, sir. Perhaps I did not wish to part company with you so soon. Over at the river, I could of course have invited myself to fly out to Fort Smith with you. But that would hardly have given us time to get acquainted. As it is, in the weeks of close companionship to come we may even learn to be friends."

Mr. Ramill frowned. "Is that a taunt, or maudlin soft stuff?" "Neither."

"Then what's your game? If you think, after marooning us here in these d-d wilds, you can win our friendship or gratitude by guiding us out, you're a sadly mistaken young man."

Garth agreed. "It would be a stupid mistake to expect anything decent from you or your daughter or Huxby. But think what fun I've already had, facing that pistol and telling Huxby he dared not use it."

"Fun? You must be crazy!" "Not at all. I had him sized up. The game was to let him think he had me trapped, then give him the laugh." The big man chewed on this. "That's clear enough. But why wreck the plane? Will your next joke be to walk off and leave us to starve?" "Does it look that way? Two moose make a deal of eating."

squall shrilled into a shriek that nipped off into silence.

When Mr. Ramill rather hesitatingly followed Garth to the hanging legs of moose, he saw a three-foot, stub-tailed wildcat with black-tufted ears lying under a torn shoulder of moose meat. A second cat, slightly larger, had leaped several yards away before dropping.

Garth drew his knife. "Only a pair of lynx. Not much for two shots. We haven't any cartridges to throw away. But we can use the skins, and the meat will make a change from moose."

He flayed the bodies, bagged the best cuts of meat in the skins, and hung them high. The next move was to see if Mr. Ramill could pack the hide of the cow moose. He made a game attempt to walk off under it, but at once began to stagger. Garth relieved him of the load, and in place of it gave him one of the bagged lynx skins. He himself bagged one of the bull moose quarters in the cowhide and heaved it upon his back.

They came back to the camp with Mr. Ramill panting and sweating. Garth swung lightly ahead of him. He slipped off his heavy pack and stood looking at the idle couple on the mill bank. They had eaten their fill of liver, and stretched out to rest. No smoke was rising from the embers of the smudge-fire. Flies were beginning to cluster on the moose tongues and other meat.

The girl met his look with contemptuous indifference. Huxby stared with bloodshot hostility from between his swollen eyelids.

Instead of speaking to the couple, Garth addressed the girl's father as he relieved him of the lynx pack: "As I remember, sir, I told Miss Ramill she could cook on the smudge-fire if she kept it going. I will say now that I do not intend to shoot any more meat, until use is made of what we have. There are none too many rifle cartridges. If the three of you prefer rotten, maggoty meat, I'll go you to the last mouthful. I've lived for weeks at a time on spoiled fish and rotten walrus."

Huxby's face and neck were swollen and sore as if covered with boils. His temper was no less sore. "You're the one who put us in this fix, you wood louse!" Garth gave him a pitying look. "That's the fly venom talking. No cool, calculating schemer in his right senses would ask for trouble when his hands were tied. I might point out, however, that the venom was due to your haste in trying to—uh—appropriate my discovery claim."

"That's a lie. You cast the plane adrift. I was stung while trying to save it. Curse the luck! I came within an ace of reaching the snagged line. Almost had it, when the plane dragged it loose and went down over those hellish falls!"

"I might remind you that you ordered me to cast off the line—at the point of your pistol."

The thrust proved too much for Huxby. He sat silent. Garth went on with his quiet argument: "All that is now past history. We're more concerned with the present and future. Mr. Ramill has shown his common sense by facing the facts of the situation. He has fallen into line. The question is, do you and Miss Ramill throw in with us, or do you go on your own? If with us, I'm to be chief. How about it?"

Huxby had cooled down enough to see the point. "You win. I join up." Miss Ramill looked puzzled and a bit alarmed. "What's the great idea, Vivian?"

"Very simple, my dear. He has the whip hand. He is boss. We must obey his orders, or we'll never get back to civilization."

"Oh! The despicable, cowardly—!" She met Garth's cool gaze and fell silent. He nodded. "You'll begin by rebuilding that fire. After that you'll cook the other liver for your father and yourself. You will then start graining the hair off the moosehides while Huxby and your father go back for more meat."

"I will do no such thing!" "Very well. That means you get no moccasins to replace your boots when those flimsy soles wear through on the rocks."

She flared: "Gallant Sir Galahad!" "Leave her be, Garth," her father interposed. "I'll tend the fire and scrape the skins."

"No. Lie down. Whenever you work, it's to be on your feet. We must build up both your wind and your muscle. Huxby, I'll ask you to fetch that pot and the gold pan."

The mining engineer rose and started up towards the trough without a word of inquiry or protest. Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She gazed wonderingly from him to her father. Mr. Ramill had no less obediently lain down as ordered.

When he returned, smoke was billowing up to drive the flies from the moose tongues and muffs. Miss Ramill had rebuilt the smudge-fire and taken down the liver, ready for slicing. She gazed up at him, stormy-eyed, ready to flare if he had shown the slightest flicker of amusement or gloating.

Instead, he gave her a curt nod of acknowledgment, laid his knife beside the liver, and turned to space the poles across the sapling framework to make a grill above the smudge. Upon this he laid the moose leg and the pieces of lynx meat.

Huxby came back from the discovery stake with the gold pan and little aluminum pot. He stared in surprise at sight of Miss Ramill cooking the liver. She shrugged her slim shoulders, and drew back from the fire to give one spit to her father. After that she silently offered the other to Garth.

"Thank you," he said. "Let me suggest that you now fill the gold pan with water and slice into it one of the muffs. They don't look promising. But if simmered for a day or two, a single moose muzzle will give us several delicious meals of what might be called aspic jelly."

This won no sign of interest from the girl. She was no longer hungry. Garth ignored her silence. "After starting that dish, you may cook as much more of the liver as your father can eat. He will keep on resting while Huxby and I go for another load of moose meat. The sooner we pack all to camp, the surer we will be that other mouths do not get away with it."

He unbuckled his pack, slung the pack-board on his back, and picked up his rifle and belt-ax. Huxby trailed after him out of camp. They walked in Indian file all the way around to the muskew swamp, Huxby with his gaze fixed coldly upon the back of his leader.

At the swamp Garth cut a tote-pole and passed it through the tendons of two hindquarters of moose. The remaining quarter he strapped to his pack-board. He folded the second lynx skin for Huxby to use as a shoulder pad. Upon it the mining engineer rested his end of the tote-pole. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Giraffe, Tallest Among Quadrupeds of the World

Tallest among the quadrupeds of the world, the giraffe is constructed along a variety of levels, its front legs longer than its long hind legs and its neck longer than the longest of its other members, with a tongue of length and flexibility entirely suited to the architectural whole.

In fact, notes a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, there are evidences in support of one belief that nature must have started to make something else when it got around to fashioning the timid creature. Original plans probably called for a quadruped of conventional dimensions and the barrel and rear running gear must have been completed before amendments were decided on. Very likely the many quadrupeds of comparative size looked too much alike. So it was probably decided this new animal should have a much longer neck, and to make its neck longer than the facts justified it must have longer front legs. So we have an animal started in regularity and finished in singularity, with its body sloping up from rear to front legs and a neck so long that it distorts the distortion.

Nature in all truth must have been in a sportive mood when it made the giraffe. If it sought to give the jungle a laugh it succeeded admirably, giving the laughing hyena something about which it could laugh without restraint. The beast has to straddle itself all out of shape to get a drink of water from the level of its own feet! So by habit it has taught itself to drink very little water, or at least to drink it with great infrequency. The long neck, the long front legs and the up-tilted body could hardly have been anything but afterthoughts.

River Flows Uphill

It has been figured out by the United States geological survey that a point at sea level on the equator is about 13 miles farther away from the center of the earth than a sea level point at either of the earth's poles. Their calculations show the mouth of the Mississippi river to be four miles farther from the earth's center than its source. Thus, it may be said the "Father of Waters" runs uphill. This phenomenon results from the water in the river obeying the laws of gravity which cause it to run from the higher surface level at its source to the lesser one at its mouth.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Old Maids' Home an Arsenal

Residents of the peaceful Paris suburb of Montrouge were perturbed over rumors that a house in the district occupied by two aged spinsters was a veritable arsenal. Finally the police were prevailed on to investigate. In the house they found 17 military rifles, dating back to 1870, modern rifles, revolvers, rounds of ammunition and even hand grenades.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, & Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for October 27

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST (Temperance Lesson)

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 5:1-31. GOLDEN TEXT—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Proverbs 20:1.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Daniel Feels a Riddle. JUNIOR TOPIC—At the Feast of Belshazzar. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Drink Leads To. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Facts About Alcohol.

I. Belshazzar's Impious Feast (vv. 1-4).

1. Those in attendance (vv. 1, 2). Those present were Belshazzar, his wife and concubines, and one thousand of his lords.

2. Their behavior (vv. 3, 4).

a. They drank wine and engaged in drunken revelry.

b. They committed sacrilege. They drank wine from the sacred vessels taken out of the temple at Jerusalem.

c. They worshiped idols.

II. The Handwriting on the Wall (vv. 5-16).

1. The time of (v. 5). It occurred "in the same hour" in which they were engaged in their drunken debauchery.

2. The effect upon the king (v. 6). "The joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another."

3. The king's behavior (vv. 7-16).

a. He called for the astrologers and soothsayers, offering them rewards of gold and of position (vv. 7-9).

b. Daniel brought in at the suggestion of the queen (vv. 10-16). The queen was perhaps the wife of Nebuchadnezzar who remembered Daniel's service in interpreting the dream of her husband.

III. Daniel Interprets the Writing (vv. 17-28).

1. Daniel's address to the king (vv. 17-24).

a. He brushes aside his promised gifts (v. 17). He would not have his speech limited by the king's gift.

b. Daniel reviewed before Belshazzar the history of Nebuchadnezzar (vv. 18-24). He showed clearly that Belshazzar should have profited by the experiences of his father.

2. The interpretation of the writing (vv. 25-28).

a. "Mene" means "numbered" (v. 26). "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it."

b. "Tekel" means "weighed" (v. 27). "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

c. "Peres" means "divided" (v. 28). "Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

IV. The Judgment Executed (vv. 29-31).

So rapidly did the divine judgment fall that Belshazzar was slain and Darius the Median took the kingdom that same night. The Chaldean dynasty ended with Belshazzar. We may, therefore, interpret this whole scene as pointing to the conditions at the close of the time of the Gentiles, and as adumbrating their prevailing conditions. Let us note

1. The stupidity of men. Belshazzar, like people today, did not learn by example. Nebuchadnezzar's fate should have deterred Belshazzar.

2. The magnificent splendor. This great feast was characterized by pomp, display and parade. How characteristic of our own age!

3. Luxury. The famous hanging gardens of Babylon were a noteworthy example. Signs of luxury abound today on every hand.

4. The licentiousness of the king with his many wives and concubines. Licentiousness is likewise notoriously prevalent today.

5. Blatant sacrilege. The sacrilege of this day may be in excess of that of Belshazzar's day and expresses itself in

a. A profession of religion for pecuniary gain, social and political preferment.

b. The use of the pulpit of the Christian ministry for notoriety and even for the propagation of false doctrine.

c. Uniting with the church and attendance at the Lord's table so as to cover up secret sins.

d. The use of the Word of God to give point to a joke.

e. Denying that the Bible is God's Word, making it a book of errors, myths, and legends.

f. Sneering at the virgin birth, repudiating Christ's deity and setting aside his vicarious atonement.

6. Drunken carousals. The handwriting is on the wall. His judgments shall eventually fail. Conditions in the world indicate that the time is drawing near. Are you ready?

Pity

Friends should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as medicine, when enemies use the same article as poison.—J. F. Boyes.

The Country

Men are taught virtue and a love of independence by living in the country.—Meander.

Humility

True humility: The highest virtue, mother of them all.—Tennison.

Housewife's Idea Box



A Mid-afternoon Bite

When the kiddies come home from school in the afternoon they may feel somewhat hungry. It is better to give them an apple or a piece of some other kind of fruit than to let them have candy, cookies or cake. The fruit will not interfere with the appetite, but will have a beneficial effect. THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Pretty Brave

Sol. J. Lupoff, a passenger on the liner Dixie, which stranded on a reef off the coast of Florida, went back to New York with mingled feelings about women. What puzzled Lupoff was that the women were scared as they wore awkward life belts and braced themselves against slipping furniture, but they continued to dab their noses with powder and apply lipstick.

THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT

Women should take only liquid laxatives

Many believe any laxative they might take only makes constipation worse. And that isn't true. Do what doctors do to relieve this condition. They use a liquid

THREE STEPS TO RELIEVING CONSTIPATION



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

laxative, and keep reducing the dose until the bowels need no help at all. Reduced dosage is the secret of aiding Nature in restoring regularity. You must use a little less laxative each time, and that's why your laxative should be in liquid form. A liquid dose can be regulated to the drop.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit even with children. Syrup Pepsin is the nicest tasting, nicest acting laxative you ever tried.

And Wait

A woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of wait.

Still Coughing?

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, 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 Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Quick, Complete Pleasant ELIMINATION

Let's be frank. There's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste matters that cause acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts—your intestines must function. To make them move quickly, pleasantly, completely, without griping. Thousands of physicians recommend Minessia Waters. (Dentists recommend Minessia waters as an efficient remedy for mouth acidity.)

These mint flavored candy-like waters are pure milk of magnesia. Each water is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly in accordance with the directions on the bottle or tin, then swallowed, they correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source and at the same time enable quick, complete, pleasant elimination.

Minessia Waters come in bottles of 20 and 48 waters, at 35c and 60c respectively, or in convenient tins containing 12 at 20c. Each water is approximately an adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores carry them. Start using these delicious, effective waters today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letter head.

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