

The Remedy That Has Passed The Test

It has been before the public for more than fifty years—

It is a scientifically compounded prescription

It has healed thousands—

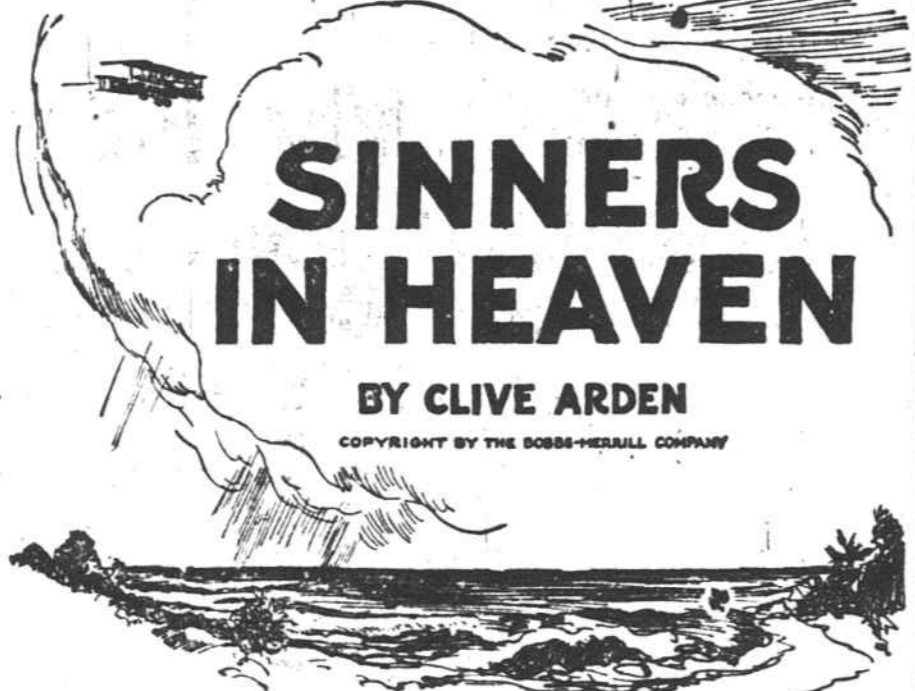
It is of special value in diseases of catarrhal nature—

Catarrh is inflammation of the mucous membranes. It manifests itself in the nose, the throat, the stomach, the bowels and other parts of the body.

PE-RU-NA

will prove helpful wherever and whenever there is catarrhal inflammation.

Sold Everywhere
Tablets or Liquid



SINNERS IN HEAVEN

BY CLIVE ARDEN

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOSSA-HERRELL COMPANY

HUGH'S PHOTOGRAPH

SYNOPSIS.—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and sedate peace, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is seen to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Roehdale, rich and well-connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cut-and-dried conventions of her small town. They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost. Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two castaways build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a cannibal. Croft rescues her. Croft discovers a party of blacks, apparently reconnoitering. Croft fixes up an electrical guard which scares off an attacking party. Secure from immediate danger, Croft and Barbara settle down to make the best of things. Croft, who has traveled much among savages, makes friends with the blacks. Croft and Barbara fall in love. The man betrays his passion but restrains it. The girl desperately tries to remain loyal to Hugh. The man demands "marriage" and a husband's rights. The girl sets duty before inclination.

age face she knew well, looming suddenly up amid the trees—a spear arm uplifted, preparatory to hurling the weapon into the back of an unsuspecting enemy. . . .

Her man was in danger! That was her only coherent thought. Instantly she had whipped out the revolver, and, with deadly calm, raised it. . . .

A sharp report and a puff of smoke; a wild howl of pain and fear; then a stream of blood oozing from the black shoulder in front of her, as the smoke cleared away. Those were the outward impressions of which her mind was dimly aware; but they seemed unreal, of no account. She heard the spear fly wide into the tree at her side; then Babooma's running footsteps and retreating cries. . . .

Croft, astounded, had barely caught a glimpse of the dark face which he had often seen covertly watching him, before it was momentarily blotted out in smoke. He started forward in hot pursuit; then, arrested by a choking cry, halted abruptly, and looked at the girl. . . .

She stood motionless; her eyes, luminous as stars, fixed upon him, mouth a little open, the still smoking weapon lying at her feet. It had been no wild idea of causing Babooma fear which had impelled her action, but a furious, savage desire to kill! She had hurled herself to the rescue, regardless of herself. . . .

Afterward, all power or desire to move seemed to leave her. A veil fell from before her eyes; and a brilliance streamed in, illuminating, scorching—full of such ecstasy that she stood as though transfixed, paralyzed with the wonder of it all, gazing upon him whom this brilliance had newly revealed. . . .

The breath caught in the man's throat; the blood raced madly through his veins; his eyes blazed, answering the glory of her own. . . .

Like the Wagnerian lovers after drinking of the love potion, they stood a few feet apart, under the sun-flecked foliage of the trees, awed for a moment by the miracle. She raised her hand at last, as if inviting. . . . The spell broke. . . .

Instantly his arms were around her. With an inarticulate cry, she was swept off her feet, clasped to his throbbing heart, his burning lips pressed hers, her hands clinging round his neck. . . .

all her individuality merged irrevocably into his, as a stream, falling through arms of rock, merges into the resistless waves of the ocean. . . .

son's daughter, my dear girl! Face things squarely! You drifted into this engagement when a mere child, not realizing all it meant. As you developed it ceased to fill your life. His nature did not satisfy yours. I saw that at once. But until I knew your heart was free, I could do nothing—save keep away." He laughed bitterly. "I have wanted you and craved for your love, day after day, night after night, all these desolate months here together like—like two icebergs in the Garden of Eden! Do you think now, when I have got it, I am going to lose it again? Would he or any sane man wish it—or expect it—after all this? Don't you realize what—the world would—think—now?"

She looked puzzled over this sentence, not having been acquainted with a malicious-minded world beyond her old horizon. But she knew the truth of every other word he uttered. Her awakened heart understood now the affectionate comradeship, alone aroused by Hugh. Her whole nature yearned toward this man who had mastered it; her heart fluttered—wavered. The consequence warring against it made another dying attempt. . . .

"I—I can't shatter a man's lifelong faith. It would be murderous—" "Do you love me?" he interrupted, taking her firmly by the shoulders. "Ah! you—know it," she breathed. "Yet you would put—this—between us, with no hope of rescue?"

Loosing her abruptly, he turned and looked long at the pictured face. Then, with a stifled exclamation, he pulled it from the bamboo. Before she realized his motive, he had torn the photograph into shreds, and scattered them upon the ground. . . .

"Alan!" she gasped, almost frightened by his vehemence. He wheeled, facing her with burning eyes. "I'm not a lap-dog! If we get rescued, we shall, of course, go straight to Hugh and tell him the truth. But—if not—" He suddenly threw his arms around her, straining her to him. "Have you realized that probably—now, Barbara? We may be here forever—just you and I—where the



She Stopped. Hugh's Face Smiled Down at Her.

mazes of civilization give way to Truth—where no laws exist save those of nature—no conventions!" He swept her off her feet, and his kisses burned upon her lips, her neck, her short hair. . . .

Once more her life seemed to sink from her own keeping into his. . . .

He set her down at last, still clasping her to him. "Doesn't—that—decide it all?" he murmured unsteadily. "Don't you understand that we have bigger issues to face—here—than useless scruples?"

She turned in his arms, looking into his eyes through the gathering darkness. The distant thundering surf was the only sound; and it seemed to suggest approaching storms more terrible than any she had faced before. Freeing herself a little, she pressed him from her. . . .

"You have won your way—as usual, Alan. But—ah! Be merciful!" As she had appealed before, so the cry came again from her unprotected heart. "That pitiful entreaty and her surrender reached where resistance might have failed. The passion in his face faded a little; and, seeing this, she pressed her advantage. . . .

"Isn't the present joy—sufficient? You are mine and I am yours. Don't let us spoil the glory of it all!"

For a long moment there was silence in the darkening hut. . . .

Then this man, who had ever been wont to sweep aside all obstacles to his will, bent his head slowly, and kissed in turn the small hands clasped upon his breast. . . .

"We must keep our faith in each other—whatever the future brings," he whispered. And tenderly, almost reverently, he kissed her lips. . . .

PART THREE

Deep Chords

I

A ring of stakes, lolling drunkenly to one side, encircled the hut, at a distance of about twenty yards. With a small rock for hammer, Alan was pounding them into the ground, during the hour before sunset. He had conceived the idea of building a palisade. . . .

Occupation! It was what they craved. Though neither confessed the fact to the other, both tacitly acknowledged the need. They seized on any excuse that would supply food for their thoughts, toll for their limbs, fatigue for body and mind. For, deep in the heart of each, below all the ecstasy of their joy together, lurked grim fear—not fear of each other, but fear of themselves; above all, fear of nature, of her smiling face and irrevocable laws. Resolutely, each buried the skeleton out of sight, covering it with a hundred pretty-colored reeds. But sometimes, unexpectedly, it stirred below the thick layers, stretched out its skinny arms. . . .

"I'll bring the river down here some day," the inventor of modern aircraft observed, thumping in a stake with his stone-age hammer. Why are you smiling in that vacant manner?"

"Alan," she murmured, "you have been a revelation. I thought you a bully, only intent upon getting your own way, regardless of everybody." "Well?" He laughed gently. "Haven't I got it?"

"Ah, but not until it proved to be my way too."

"Merely because I realized it would be worthless otherwise. I learned that first of all the many things you taught me."

"I?"

"Yes, you." He raised her chin possessively. "Don't you think you have been a revelation, too? And hasn't the 'spirit' of the island you spoke about been a revelation to us both? It seems to me," he laughed, "the only thing to save the world from being choked by materialism is to wreck it on a desert island! Make everybody begin life afresh, back in prehistoric days."

Barbara caught at this idea. "But," she said, following the train of thought it engendered, "if all wisecranted people had the chance to come, wouldn't every tree be crowded?"

"Not at all. Only a handful would arrive. The majority are too peacefully asleep to realize they are being choked. Commercialism is the god they worship. Although, when there is nothing better to do, they go to church—in their best clothes."

"You are very bitter!" she exclaimed in surprise. . . .

To Barbara, this man had ever been full of surprises; but she had spoken the truth when she had called him a revelation. For, during the two months since Christmas, he had been so at every turn. Not until love opened her own eyes; until she knew the meaning of passion herself, and understood the tempestuous force of his, did she realize the strain under which he had been living. Since Christmas night the nature she had thought arrogant had revealed a thousand wonderful mysteries. As a tree, cold and hidden in the snows and frosts of winter, responds to the glory of spring, so he had opened in the glory of their love. . . .

She drew away from him, and clasped her arms round her raised knees. Mountains, dark and threatening to those whose way lies across them, are little heeded when shrouded in mist, below which the sun shines. But now and then a jagged peak thrusts through; and, with the journey's progress, more appear behind. . . .

Generally, these frequent peaks were instinctively shunned; but today Alan went on recklessly. . . .

"After all, marriage was made for men, like all other conventions. We are not their slaves. What do forms and ceremonies matter—here? They are often tosh. A pauper marries an heiress, and vows to endow her with all his worldly goods! If he did, he would have to take the clothes off his back and go stark naked. You and I would vow to forsake all others, when there is nobody here to forsake. You would hardly want to elope with Babooma? If you did, I should soon catch you. That's another point: we couldn't separate if we wanted to! So what would be the good of a wedding? Of vows we couldn't possibly break?"

WOMEN MOST CRUEL TO FELLOW WOMEN?

Feminine Writer's Arraignment of Gentler Sex.

That women are unjust to women is an ancient cry. But there has never been any different answer to the question. "Why?" Women are unjust to women because they don't trust them, and because they fear them, and they have always had ample reason for that mistrust and fear, is a statement made by Jane Doe, in the Continental Edition of the London Staff. . . .

Even the injustices to which women in the workaday world are subject from colleagues of their own sex, the cattiness of forewomen and managers, the slave-driving mistresses who want the arts of the chef, the manners of a duchess, the gumption of a field marshal, and the energy of a pack mule, all told in the same domestic for a few dollars a year; the backbiting, the jealousies, the enmity and the petty rivalries and utter snobbishness to be found flourishing like ugly weeds in every layer of feminine society—all these pale into utter insignificance before the stupendous cruelty of woman to woman where hearts and men are concerned. . . .

Let us face the naked facts and pur sentimentality and all popular but lying fallacies anent the inherent saintliness and gentleness of what is really the unfair sex on one side. Woman's greatest enemy after she gets a husband is woman. . . .

Men have been, and are, responsible for much of the unhappiness that enters into the lives of single girls, but it is women in the main who ruin the happiness of wives. For every woman who tries to make a shining success of her married life, there are a dozen women in the biffing who are convinced they could do it a lot better if they were given the chance. And some of them stop at nothing to secure that chance. . . .

If the secret history behind most of the unhappy stories of women who have been forced to leave their husbands, or who have been deserted by them, were revealed to the public, the story would be astounding—astounding because it would tell of the appalling prevalence of the girl-thief of married love, the feminine cuckoo who is fouling another woman's love-nest, the pirate on the matrimonial seas who doesn't care what hopes she wrecks and what honor and peace she shatters forever. . . .

I know of a score of such cases, I have heard of scores more, and I have read of hundreds like them. Nor are all these women the lurid vamps so unfaithfully portrayed on those cheap-novelettes-in-de-luxe-bindings which we call films. They do not fit like beautiful birds of paradise across the horizon of happily married men, dazzling their good sense with mysterious perfumes, intoxicating them with rose du tendre kisses, blinding them with their charm and magic to all other bonds but worthless ones. . . .

We wish they did. They would be so easily sorted out. Alas, the thief of love can be a commonplace girl in an office with a gift for petting and soulful sympathy; she can be the woman wearing a transformation who lives next door and who invites you both in for mah-jongg and chicken sandwiches, subsequently helping herself to your husband's chicken heart. . . .

Prevents Chapped Hands & Cracked Knuckles

Chapped Hands & Cracked Knuckles

Chamberlain Mfg. Company
New York

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY

CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' and I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. I took Mr. Ashliman's fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries" now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to Dr. E. C. Clearwater, No. 2324 A Street, Hattiesburg, Miss. Send now, but you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand it to a good friend and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

WANTED Young Men to Learn the BARBER TRADE

Best college in the South. Jobs awaiting our graduates.

Charlotte Barber College, Charlotte, N. C.

BILIOUS ATTACKS

From Which Kentucky Man Suffered Two or Three Times a Month, Relieved by Black-Draught.

Lawrenceburg, Ky.—Mr. J. P. Nevins, a local coal dealer and farmer, about two years ago learned of the value of Theford's Black-Draught Liver medicine, and now he says:

"Until then I suffered with severe bilious attacks that came on two or three times each month. I would get nauseated. I would have dizziness and couldn't work. I would take pills until I was worn-out with them. I didn't seem to get relief." After taking the pills my bowels would act a couple or three times, then I would be very comfortable. . . .

"A neighbor told me of Black-Draught and I began its use. I never have found so much relief as it gave me. I would not be without it for anything. . . .

"It seemed to cleanse my whole system and make me feel like new. I would take a few doses—get rid of the bile and have my usual clear head, feel full of pep and could do twice the work." . . .

One cent a dose. NC-161

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT LIVER MEDICINE

SELF-FILLING WELL BUCKETS

THEY SINK AND FILL AND CAN'T MUDDY THE WATER.

BRIGGS-SHAFFNER CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

SOLD BY HARDWARE STORES

WANTED to Employ a Salesman in Every County

in North and South Carolina who can furnish his own car to sell our line of medicines direct to the consumers.

DIXIE MEDICINE CO.,
14 S. Church St. Charlotte, N. C.

Big Bargains in used pool and billiard tables, bowling alleys and box ball alleys. Excellent condition—big saving. Write today. Recreation, 4th and Broad, Richmond, Va.

WANTED—FARM FOR CASH BUYER. Describe and state lowest price. ROBERT H. SHULL, Box 283, FORT WORTH, TEX.

Certified Cotton Seed, Pedigreed Cleveland Big Boll, Pedigreed Mexican Big Boll. Our seed officially inspected and guaranteed. Edgcombe Seed Breeders' Ass'n, Tarboro, N. C.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, N. C., 2-1925.

PART TWO—Continued.

"It's a d—d lonely position for you!" he exclaimed. Then he rose, with such precipitancy that she nearly fell. He began walking up and down outside the hut. . . .

Instead of hurrying away, she hesitated, watching him in bewilderment—conscious of a strange longing to remain near him, to saunter together on the shore, as was sometimes their habit at night. . . .

But when, at last, he paused near her, he made no such suggestion. "Go to bed," he said rather curtly; "it's late. And, Barbara, don't lie awake all night, or cut off the rest of your hair! It's all—useless."

With that he turned away, and went off alone to the beach, leaving her staring after him. . . .

Strangely enough, she did not lie awake this time. Those few passionate moments had embodied hours of emotional strain. The force which had seemed to be sweeping her from all moorings had caused her to struggle violently, both mentally and physically, to retain her own individuality, to prevent it from being submerged in his. His lips on hers would have been sheer physical pain, unbearable, overpowering. . . .

Afterward, a numbness fell upon her mind. She felt too desperately tired to attempt coherent thought. This volcano upon which, nowadays, they lived, must take its course! Since the moment when she had seen the shark, a lifetime of tumultuous emotions had whirled her mind and heart round like thisledown. Confused, yet subtly, gloriously elated, she slept till dawn. . . .

A fusillade of sticks and stones roused her, but she did not see Alan. And a sudden overwhelming shyness restrained her from calling to him. . . .

But there was no trace of last night's passion about this man of a hundred moods when they met; and her self-confidence revived. While she was packing the old tin box with food, he arrived, fresh and damp from the river. He gaily deposited a large bundle at her feet, and wished her a merry Christmas. . . .

With surprise, she uncovered a cunningly contrived hammock made from tree fiber, airplane canvas, and aerial! As this was exactly what she had often wanted upon her afternoons, her pleasure was unbounded. . . .

"I have nothing for you, Alan!" she regretted, with compunction. "Oh? Well—we'll see about that!" he replied enigmatically; then hurried their departure. . . .

They walked quickly, saving little, over the rough ground which, covered with low scrub, sloped upward on the east of their bay. . . .

They paused to rest and eat, in the eastern wood, meaning to remain there during the midday heat. The shady branches stretched out over the beach were welcome to eyes dazzled by the glare without. The intoxication of the morning's beauties, their own radiant health and spirits, the strains of the wild sweet orchestra rising all around, lent enchantment to that little picnic. Barbara had, as it were, caught at reeds during the last few weeks, but they had broken in her grasp. Onward she was madly whirling. She knew it; could not save herself; could not quench that light in his eyes, and her own foolish weakness in his proximity. . . .

Abruptly, he went to her and took her by the shoulders, saying nothing, but gazing into her face as if searching for something he wished to learn there. Suddenly, apprehension in her eyes deepened to horror; a cry burst from her lips; she became rigid in his hands. . . .

With such precipitate haste did the whole incident occur that she could never afterward clearly remember how it happened. In a flash, the face of the whole world changed. . . .

She was conscious of a dark bulk, a sav-

PART TWO—Continued.

age face she knew well, looming suddenly up amid the trees—a spear arm uplifted, preparatory to hurling the weapon into the back of an unsuspecting enemy. . . .

Her man was in danger! That was her only coherent thought. Instantly she had whipped out the revolver, and, with deadly calm, raised it. . . .

A sharp report and a puff of smoke; a wild howl of pain and fear; then a stream of blood oozing from the black shoulder in front of her, as the smoke cleared away. Those were the outward impressions of which her mind was dimly aware; but they seemed unreal, of no account. She heard the spear fly wide into the tree at her side; then Babooma's running footsteps and retreating cries. . . .

Croft, astounded, had barely caught a glimpse of the dark face which he had often seen covertly watching him, before it was momentarily blotted out in smoke. He started forward in hot pursuit; then, arrested by a choking cry, halted abruptly, and looked at the girl. . . .

She stood motionless; her eyes, luminous as stars, fixed upon him, mouth a little open, the still smoking weapon lying at her feet. It had been no wild idea of causing Babooma fear which had impelled her action, but a furious, savage desire to kill! She had hurled herself to the rescue, regardless of herself. . . .

Afterward, all power or desire to move seemed to leave her. A veil fell from before her eyes; and a brilliance streamed in, illuminating, scorching—full of such ecstasy that she stood as though transfixed, paralyzed with the wonder of it all, gazing upon him whom this brilliance had newly revealed. . . .

The breath caught in the man's throat; the blood raced madly through his veins; his eyes blazed, answering the glory of her own. . . .

Like the Wagnerian lovers after drinking of the love potion, they stood a few feet apart, under the sun-flecked foliage of the trees, awed for a moment by the miracle. She raised her hand at last, as if inviting. . . . The spell broke. . . .

Instantly his arms were around her. With an inarticulate cry, she was swept off her feet, clasped to his throbbing heart, his burning lips pressed hers, her hands clinging round his neck. . . .

all her individuality merged irrevocably into his, as a stream, falling through arms of rock, merges into the resistless waves of the ocean. . . .

Immensity of Waters Stirs the Imagination

Picture a place of inky darkness and intense cold; a region to which the rays of the sun never have penetrated; a barren waste seemingly unending, bereft of vegetation and air, with oozy slopes inhabited by queer, crawling creatures; a place where no man could exist for an instant, where no work of man could be placed without being crushed to shapeless uselessness under a weight greater than all the mountains of the earth. . . .

Most of our globe is like that, for that is the bottom of the sea, as pictured by modern science, writes Raymond J. Brown in the Popular Science Monthly. . . .

In round numbers the earth's surface consists of 57,000,000 square miles of land and 140,000,000 square miles of water. These figures, however, give but a vague idea of the real immensity of the vast, marvelous sea. . . .

The average depth of sea is five times greater than the average height of land above sea level over the whole earth, the average depth of the sea being more than two and one-half miles, while the average height of land is half a mile. If Mount Everest, tallest mountain on earth, five and one-half miles high, were dropped into one of the deepest parts of the ocean, its summit would be submerged by more than half a mile. In fact, if all the land could be leveled off flush with the sea, and all the debris dumped in the water, the sea could scarcely be changed at all. There still would be an ocean one and three-fourths miles deep. . . .

Ancient Roman Temple

The Maison Carree, or Square house, at Nimes, France, is perhaps the most perfect of extant specimens of ancient Roman temples. It is thought to have been built in the Second century of the present era. . . .

The Other Thing

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Immensity of Waters Stirs the Imagination

Picture a place of inky darkness and intense cold; a region to which the rays of the sun never have penetrated; a barren waste seemingly unending, bereft of vegetation and air, with oozy slopes inhabited by queer, crawling creatures; a place where no man could exist for an instant, where no work of man could be placed without being crushed to shapeless uselessness under a weight greater than all the mountains of the earth. . . .

Most of our globe is like that, for that is the bottom of the sea, as pictured by modern science, writes Raymond J. Brown in the Popular Science Monthly. . . .

In round numbers the earth's surface consists of 57,000,000 square miles of land and 140,000,000 square miles of water. These figures, however, give but a vague idea of the real immensity of the vast, marvelous sea. . . .

The average depth of sea is five times greater than the average height of land above sea level over the whole earth, the average depth of the sea being more than two and one-half miles, while the average height of land is half a mile. If Mount Everest, tallest mountain on earth, five and one-half miles high, were dropped into one of the deepest parts of the ocean, its summit would be submerged by more than half a mile. In fact, if all the land could be leveled off flush with the sea, and all the debris dumped in the water, the sea could scarcely be changed at all. There still would be an ocean one and three-fourths miles deep. . . .

Ancient Roman Temple

The Maison Carree, or Square house, at Nimes, France, is perhaps the most perfect of extant specimens of ancient Roman temples. It is thought to have been built in the Second century of the present era. . . .

The Other Thing

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Immensity of Waters Stirs the Imagination

Picture a place of inky darkness and intense cold; a region to which the rays of the sun never have penetrated; a barren waste seemingly unending, bereft of vegetation and air, with oozy slopes inhabited by queer, crawling creatures; a place where no man could exist for an instant, where no work of man could be placed without being crushed to shapeless uselessness under a weight greater than all the mountains of the earth. . . .

Most of our globe is like that, for that is the bottom of the sea, as pictured by modern science, writes Raymond J. Brown in the Popular Science Monthly. . . .

In round numbers the earth's surface consists of 57,000,000 square miles of land and 140,000,000 square miles of water. These figures, however, give but a vague idea of the real immensity of the vast, marvelous sea. . . .

The average depth of sea is five times greater than the average height of land above sea level over the whole earth, the average depth of the sea being more than two and one-half miles, while the average height of land is half a mile. If Mount Everest, tallest mountain on earth, five and one-half miles high, were dropped into one of the deepest parts of the ocean, its summit would be submerged by more than half a mile. In fact, if all the land could be leveled off flush with the sea, and all the debris dumped in the water, the sea could scarcely be changed at all. There still would be an ocean one and three-fourths miles deep. . . .

Ancient Roman Temple

The Maison Carree, or Square house, at Nimes, France, is perhaps the most perfect of extant specimens of ancient Roman temples. It is thought to have been built in the Second century of the present era. . . .

The Other Thing

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Immensity of Waters Stirs the Imagination

Picture a place of inky darkness and intense cold; a region to which the rays of the sun never have penetrated; a barren waste seemingly unending, bereft of vegetation and air, with oozy slopes inhabited by queer, crawling creatures; a place where no man could exist for an instant, where no work of man could be placed without being crushed to shapeless uselessness under a weight greater than all the mountains of the earth. . . .

Most of our globe is like that, for that is the bottom of the sea, as pictured by modern science, writes Raymond J. Brown in the Popular Science Monthly. . . .

In round numbers the earth's surface consists of 57,000,000 square miles of land and 140,000,000 square miles of water. These figures, however, give but a vague idea of the real immensity of the vast, marvelous sea. . . .

The average depth of sea is five times greater than the average height of land above sea level over the whole earth, the average depth of the sea being more than two and one-half miles, while the average height of land is half a mile. If Mount Everest, tallest mountain on earth, five and one-half miles high, were dropped into one of the deepest parts of the ocean, its summit would be submerged by more than half a mile. In fact, if all the land could be leveled off flush with the sea, and all the debris dumped in the water, the sea could scarcely be changed at all. There still would be an ocean one and three-fourths miles deep. . . .

Ancient Roman Temple

The Maison Carree, or Square house, at Nimes, France, is perhaps the most perfect of extant specimens of ancient Roman temples. It is thought to have been built in the Second century of the present era. . . .

The Other Thing

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Immensity of Waters Stirs the Imagination

Picture a place of inky darkness and intense cold; a region to which the rays of the sun never have penetrated; a barren waste seemingly unending, bereft of vegetation and air, with oozy slopes inhabited by queer, crawling creatures; a place where no man could exist for an instant, where no work of man could be placed without being crushed to shapeless uselessness under a weight greater than all the mountains of the earth. . . .

Most of our globe is like that, for that is the bottom of the sea, as pictured by modern science, writes Raymond J. Brown in the Popular Science Monthly. . . .

In round numbers the earth's surface consists of 57,000,000 square miles of land and 140,000,000 square miles of water. These figures, however, give but a vague idea of the real immensity of the vast, marvelous sea. . . .

The average depth of sea is five times greater than the average height of land above sea level over the whole earth, the average depth of the sea being more than two and one-half miles, while the average height of land is half a mile. If Mount Everest, tallest mountain on earth, five and one-half miles high, were dropped into one of the deepest parts of the ocean, its summit would be submerged by more than half a mile. In fact, if all the land could be leveled off flush with the sea, and all the debris dumped in the water, the sea could scarcely be changed at all. There still would be an ocean one and three-fourths miles deep. . . .

Ancient Roman Temple

The Maison Carree, or Square house, at Nimes, France, is perhaps the most perfect of extant specimens of ancient Roman temples. It is thought to have been built in the Second century of the present era. . . .

The Other Thing

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

Snow King Baking Powder

is double strength. It does a long way. You get more baking power for less money.

25 OUNCES—For 25 CENTS

A Double Barreled Argument

Snow King Baking Powder is double strength. It does a long way. You get more baking power for less money.

25 OUNCES—For 25 CENTS

THE U-C-O

SPRINGLESS SHADES Last Longer—Look Better

At Your Dealers or The Columbus Spring Shade Manufacturers, Greenboro, N. C.

Dad's Warm Welcome to His Soldier

When the call for recruits the Hindenburg line reached of folks in Hendy Hallow, a boy was in the field plowing the soil. The lad in his little between milking and chopping had read much and filled his mind with the doings of one Cincinnatus, Roman farmer of early days, who plowed in the furrow at the duty. Here was an opportunity to pull off the same stunt, did so he slipped himself on the blossom and ejaculated in a Yankee dialect: "By gosh, what calls, I must go!"

Well, he went. And he became of the very marines that put to the Dutchman's progress, and he returned, covered with medals, he held out his hand to a grumpy old pa and asked: "Ain't you got nothin' to say to my return from the war?"

"Yes, I got a lot to say to you, old Grump," and that's what he told you afore you left for the front to put the plow and drag and shed and ye didn't do it, so right on it and do it afore you get in this house!"—Eugene Zimmerman in Cartoons and Movie Magazines.

Brought up on a Farm

As a young man Dr. Pierce's medicine in a rural district was known to a great many of his greatest friends. In an early move Buffalo and up in rock use form Golden Medical Discovery, well-known for the which is an extract of native roots. This "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's clears away pimples and annoying eruptions to keep the complexion clear and tender. It corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, indigestion, acts as a tonic and purifies the blood. Vim is sure to follow use. All dealers. Tablets or . . .

The Earnest Man

The earnest man are so few world that their very earnestness comes at once the badge of the billy; and, as men in a crowd, they make room for one who is eager to force his way through mankind everywhere open the door to one who shows zealousness some, object lying beyond the Dwight.

America's First Law School

The first law school in America opened in Philadelphia in 1794.

When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole

Musterole is easy to apply and it is its good work right away. It prevents a cold from turning into pneumonia. Just apply Musterole with the fingers. It does all the work of grandmother's mustard plaster without the blister. . . .

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made of oil of mustard and other simple ingredients. It is recommended by doctors and nurses. Try Musterole on sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, chitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestive pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts. . . .

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes, hospital size, \$3.00.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
Better than a mustard plaster