

# Cynthia Grey:

### Choosing a Profession—Financial Independence in Any Field Comes Only Thru Hard Work and Concentrated Energy.

Dear Miss Grey: My son is 23 years old and is working in a good commercial house with a chance of advancement to a position paying him \$200 per month, but never much more than that.

He has a leaning towards the medical profession and wants to specialize in surgery and has asked my advice concerning taking up the study of medicine next October.

Will it pay him a good living? How much does the average surgeon make per year? Don't tell me that if my son likes surgery that's what he should take; but where his heart is there his best efforts will be spent, etc. We know that, but I do know that unless he can make good money in any line he will not like it, because he wants to be independent.

Will a profession pay him as much as the average small business he could establish? Perhaps your readers could help along this line. Can you give me any good, sensible answers to my questions and am there anything appealing to you. Thanking you in advance I am MRS. R.

My physician's income is not a matter of public record, and I would prefer to ask any one of them such questions. A successful physician or surgeon, like the other successful professional man, realizes larger income than the salaried man, unless he is an exception in his line of work.

Do you need a family physician. I can explain your problem to you. I am sure he will appreciate and do his best to help you to reach a satisfactory conclusion.

Dear Miss Grey: Please tell me the name of Frankie Kiolet, winner of contest conducted recently by P. B. R.

Frankie Kiolet is 30 years of age. How to Wash Delicate Veils Dear Miss Grey: I have several veils that need washing. Is there any way in which I can do them myself? Veils can be washed in the same way that lace are—use warm soap suds. They should be pinned out on something flat to dry, however.

Recipe for Butter Scotch Pie Dear Miss Grey: Will you please send me a recipe for butter scotch pie? M. N. R.

One cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1/2 cup shell.

Mix sugar, boiling water and butter. When boiling add the flour and with the yolk of egg and milk. Stir until thick. Pour into shell and top with white of egg beaten until stiff and dry with 1/2 tablespoons of sugar.

Small Jackson Let Tragic Death Dear Miss Grey: What noted general was killed by his own men? MARY.

Small Jackson. J. S. Bonds More Valuable Than Others Dear Miss Grey: Why is it that U. S. 5% and 4% bonds are everywhere and better, while Liberty Victory bonds are 10% and 15% INQUISITIVE.

5% and 4% bonds may be deposited with the treasury as security for national banks who issue national bank notes on them. This makes them more valuable than the Liberty Victory bonds.

President's Wife American Born Dear Miss Grey: Is the second wife of ex-President Wilson of English birth, and has she a jewelry store in England? I. L. N.

No, she is an American by birth. She is from Pocahontas, Okla., and has a jewelry store in Washington, D. C.

OUR DOCTORS GAVE HER UP Through a Neighbor's Advice This Woman Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Kenosha, Wis.—"I suffered with a female trouble and at last was in bed for six weeks with what the doctors called inflammation of the bowels. Four of them said I could not live. A neighbor told me to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the start. When the doctor came I told him what I had taken and he said 'Throw your medicine away and keep on with the Pinkham medicine.' I did and it cured me. If more women would take your medicine they would not suffer as I have. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to lots of people and they have been satisfied."—Mrs. MARY BRADSHAW, 2704 Wisconsin St., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

When a woman is beset with such symptoms as irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, a displacement, backache, headaches, bearing-down pains, nervousness or dizziness, she should treat the cause of such conditions by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TRUSS TORTURE can be eliminated by wearing the LUNDBERG Support. We give free trial to prove its superiority. A. LUNDBERG CO. 101 Third Avenue Seattle

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Wilbur Spoils a Big Idea

BY ALLMAN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Branding Him!

BY BLOSSER



## THE CRAZY QUILT

BY AHERN



## EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO

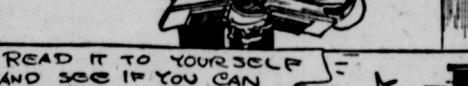
ROBINSON, I WISH YOU'D LOOK IN THE DICTIONARY AND SEE WHAT IS THE EXACT DEFINITION OF THE WORD "CUSPIDOR."



HERE IT IS, MR. TRUE. IT SAYS: "CUSPIDOR— A RECEPTACLE FOR..."



READ IT TO YOURSELF AND SEE IF YOU CAN REMEMBER IT!!!



hear the sound of a chaeta salute? Miska watched him, wild-eyed. "And he knows," continued the metallic voice, "how to deal with Chunda Lal? But it may be that Chunda Lal will know how to deal with him!"

"You mean he has your orders to kill him?" she cried desperately. "Fo-Hi closed the door. "On the contrary," he has my orders to take every possible care of him. That Dr. Stuart covets my choicest possession in no way detracts from his value to my council."

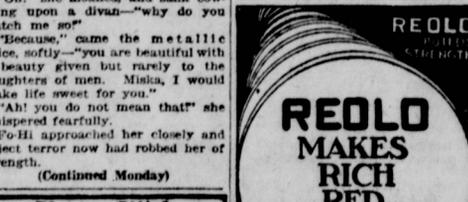
"But you plan to carry him to China—like those others." "I assign him a part in the New Renaissance—yes. In the deluge that shall engulf the world, his place is in the ark. I honor him."

"Perhaps he rather remain a nobody—than be so honored." "Fo-Hi stood watching her, and slowly, as he watched, terror grew upon her and she retreated before him, step by step. "Oh!" she moaned, and sank cowering upon a divan—"why do you watch me fear?"

"Because," came the metallic voice, softly—"you are beautiful with a beauty given but rarely to the daughters of men. Miska, I would make life sweet for you."

"Ah! you do not mean that!" she whispered fearfully. "Fo-Hi approached her closely and a subject terror now had robbed her of strength. (Continued Monday)

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug



REOLO MAKES RICH RED BLOOD

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

# Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 375 THE BIG FOREST FIRE

"Couldn't you tell just one more before you go?" begged Peggy. "Bout Harry or 'bout you or anything?"

Miss Frances thought a minute before she said anything. "I have about used up the sure enough Early Day ones, I think, but I was just wondering—I remember an awful forest fire about 19 years ago."

"Were you in it?" David asked. "Yes, we surely were in it!"

"Then it's a pioneer story," said David with masculine finality, "it was a big forest and you were living in the middle of it and not in a town, and if the forest was there, I guess you were a pioneer in that place, no matter what year it was. Go on, will you? I love forest fires."

So Miss Frances began: "One lovely evening in the summer of 1902, Clara and I were in the garden watering flowers. Mother was setting out the little cabbage plants and we carried little buckets of water to her to wet the ground around them as she put them in."

"We noticed a fire in the woods way up in the hills toward the White River Lumber camp. "Presently some neighbor children came to play with us and we stopped working and all stood watching the distant fire and wondering, as children will. "Whoopee!" cried one, "that's an awful big fire. I bet the mill's on fire!"

"I'll bet it is, too," said another. "I'll bet the whole mountain is going to burn over, because when it's dry like this it burns and burns."

"It's dangerous, too," said a third, "I'll bet it'll come right on down the side of the mountain right down here!"

"This sounded pretty bad. "Papa!" I called, "Papa, will the fire come down here?" "And father stood and looked at it and answered gravely, 'It's a big fire. I was up there riding old Dick (the pony) and I had hard work to get him thru; the fire was on both sides of the road and it was so hot I had to put my arms up to protect my face from the heat. "It won't come down here, though," he added. "That's quite a way off. Looks nearer than it is."

"What would you like?" the Fairy Queen asked the twins. (To Be Continued) (Copyright, 1921, by N. E. A.)

## Confessions of a Husband

20. WHY WASN'T DOT LIKE MRS. TALBOT?

The balmy spring air had put everyone at the office in good humor—even those whose salaries had been cut. Talbot, the bookkeeper, who boasted about his little home in the country. "You ought to come out there one night and see it, Howard," he said. "I'm ready," I replied. "When do you want me?" "Why not tonight?" "It's a go."

I called up Dot and told her very abruptly that I was going home with a friend at the office and would spend the night at his house in the country. It would be the first time we had been separated at night since our marriage. I knew her parents would ask a lot of questions and I wanted her to have the pleasure of trying to answer them. I was surprised to find that Talbot, in spite of living in the suburbs, got home nearly as quickly from the office as I could. He had a very modest little place, but it was neat and attractive and flowers were already blooming in the garden. When we got within about 50 yards of his home an urchin in the front yard set up a cry of "Daddy!" and ran to meet us as fast as his four-year-old legs could carry him. His shout was echoed by a tiny tot of a girl who was playing on the porch, fenced in by a little wooden railing. A motherly person with a pleasant smiling face—the gossiping of the suburb probably were saying, "It's a pity Mrs. Talbot is getting so stout"—came forward and kissed my host as we went up the steps. It was very easy to see that Talbot was a rather popular person in his own household. I was warmly greeted and made to feel at home. The two children were given their supper and then put to bed, Talbot helping in the process. Then we had dinner—a well-cooled, agreeable meal. After dinner we talked about many different things. Incidentally, Talbot told me he was gradually paying for his home and expected in three years to own it outright except for a small permanent mortgage. I knew he was earning only \$40 a week, hardly more than half what I was making. And I was finding it hard to get along on my reduced salary. When I went up to my small but cheerful room I wondered how he did it and how Mrs. Talbot drove so well on such hard work. Dot found it difficult to take care of one child and our apartment; it seemed easy for Mrs. Talbot to attend to two and manage the house at the same time. Yet Dot was more efficient than Elaine, Leslie Wiggin's wife, who didn't see how she could live without a butler and an automobile. Why were the Talbots so happy? It wasn't merely that Talbot was living within his income. I myself had always done that. But Talbot and his wife weren't pinning their hearts away for more money, they probably would have been glad if he had gotten a raise. But they seemed to have sensed one great truth about money. The more you get, the more you want. That night I dreamed that Edith was wearing \$20 gold pieces as earrings. (To Be Continued)

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Clara Roberts Burton

THE FAIRYMAN'S REWARD



The Fairyman dropped into his bed at once

"Now think what each of you should like best," said the Fairy Queen to Nancy and Nick and Filippety-Flap, the little fairyman who had helped the kiddies for rather had helped him to rather up the circus animals way off in the Land-of-Ever-Sof-Far-Away. "I wish to give you a reward for helping me so nicely. Just think! If it hadn't been for you there wouldn't be any more circus this year than there is snow from last winter. And that's all gone, ages ago."

Filippety-Flap blinked his eyes and yawned. Then he stretched and yawned again. "If—if you please, your royal highness," said he, yawning a third time, "I'd like a nice, large, soft, feather-bed, without any dreams in it. I'm as tired as poppy-juice and if you look in the books you'll find that's awfully tired. These shoes—they're so big, 'n' so full of things, 'n' so heavy 'n' all, that I do believe I'll have to have a good solid rest for a summer or so to catch up. I see to myself, sez

"What would you like?" the Fairy Queen asked the twins. (To Be Continued) (Copyright, 1921, by N. E. A.)

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Come and examine our equipment for the safekeeping of bonds and other valuable papers. Entrance corner Second ave. at Pike st. PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK

## Mrs. Venice Jensen Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"I had pimples on my face so badly that they disfigured me until I almost felt that I could not be seen in company. The pimples were large and red and were scattered all over my face. They annoyed me as they itched, and I was always picking and squeezing them."

"I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I found great relief and bought more. When I had used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment there were no pimples to be seen. I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Venice Jensen, Ovid, Idaho.

Once clear, keep your skin healthy and clear by using Cuticura Soap and Ointment for every-day toilet purposes and Cuticura Tablet to powder and perfume. Nothing better.

Sample each free by mail. Address: "Cuticura Tablets, Soap, Ointment and Lotion," Sold everywhere. Cuticura Soap shares without cost.

STUDY WITH AN EXPERT Hall Business College