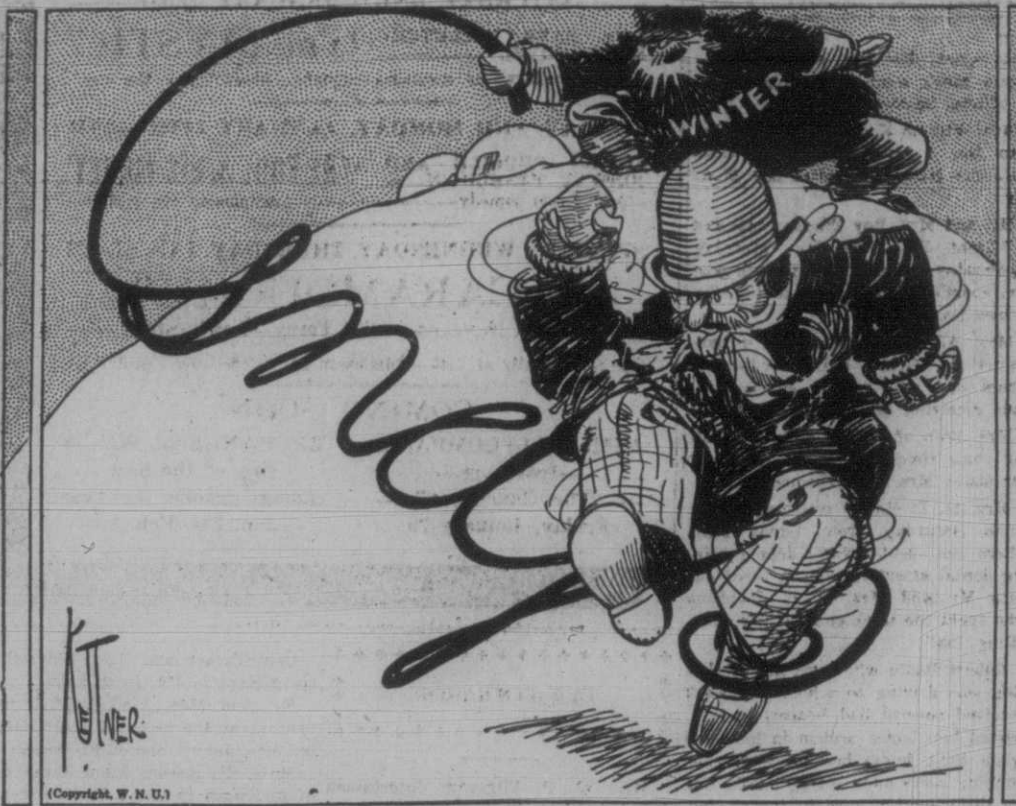


OUR COMIC SECTION

The Bad Man From the North



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Slants on Life

By J. A. WALDRON

Embracing Opportunity

"WHAT a bereavement!" cried Elinor gayly, as she stopped her car in Elizabeth's grounds, where the latter stood waiting. And Elinor laughed a little louder than good form would sanction.

"It's embarrassing, at least," replied Elizabeth, who had to smile to keep in the picture.

"And I suppose you don't feel exactly like giving them a wedding present?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was a bit fond of them both."

Elizabeth had phoned that morning early that her chauffeur had eloped with her maid. And so Elinor had come to take Elizabeth to the dog show, where they both had entries.

Of course Elizabeth might have called a taxi, but Elinor, being one of her dearest friends, wouldn't hear of that.

Orson, Elinor's chauffeur, was one of those in the fortunate books of the gods. He had a snap. Elinor drove her cars quite as skillfully as Orson himself could drive them, while he sat back in the tonneau with all the poise of a personage. Elizabeth could no more negotiate a motor than she could make biscuits.

"Why," Elizabeth had once asked Elinor, "why do you keep a chauffeur and yourself do most of the work, dear?"

"Oh, I love to drive," was the answer.

"Then why take Orson along at all?"

"Isn't he rather ornamental, dear? And then it happens that he must sometimes get under the car and fix things. To do that one must be a bit acrobatic and have a lurid vocabulary. In fact, one must be a man."

Elinor was reasonably young and more than reasonably attractive. Elizabeth was not exactly old and had never been eligible for the beauty show. Yet she had much more money than Elinor. She was among the very

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Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

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This woman's experience is typical of thousands. Ask any physician.



"And to think I was poisoning my own Baby!"

"I couldn't see why he didn't gain. I never dreamed that my constipation was responsible until the doctor told me.

"He explained that faulty or slow elimination of waste matter allowed poisons to form and be absorbed by the blood—and this meant tainted milk for baby.

"He prescribed the Nujol treatment and it made a world of difference to both of us. Now that I know how dangerous constipation is and how easily it can be prevented, I am never going to allow myself to get into that bad condition again."

Mothers are the best friends of Nujol. When precious new little ones are at stake the internal lubricant they seek the remedy that medical authorities

unhesitatingly approve because it is so safe, gentle and natural in its action. Constipation is dangerous for anybody. Nujol is safe for everybody. It does not affect the stomach and is not absorbed by the body.

Nujol helps in Nature's own way

Nujol simply makes up for a deficiency—temporary or chronic—in the supply of natural lubricant in the intestines. It softens the waste matter and thus permits thorough and regular elimination, without overtaxing the intestinal muscles.

Nujol can be taken for any length of time without ill effects. To insure internal cleanliness, it should be taken regularly in accordance with the directions on each bottle. Unlike laxatives, it does not form a habit and can be discontinued at any time.

Ask your druggist for Nujol today and begin to enjoy the perfect health that is possible only when elimination is normal and regular.

Nujol For Constipation

Three in One

A Chikoganik to marry the girl who nursed him when he had heart trouble. Looks like a case of class effect and cure.

Proficient

"He talks German, French and Italian."
"Does he speak Esperanto?"
"Yes—like a native."



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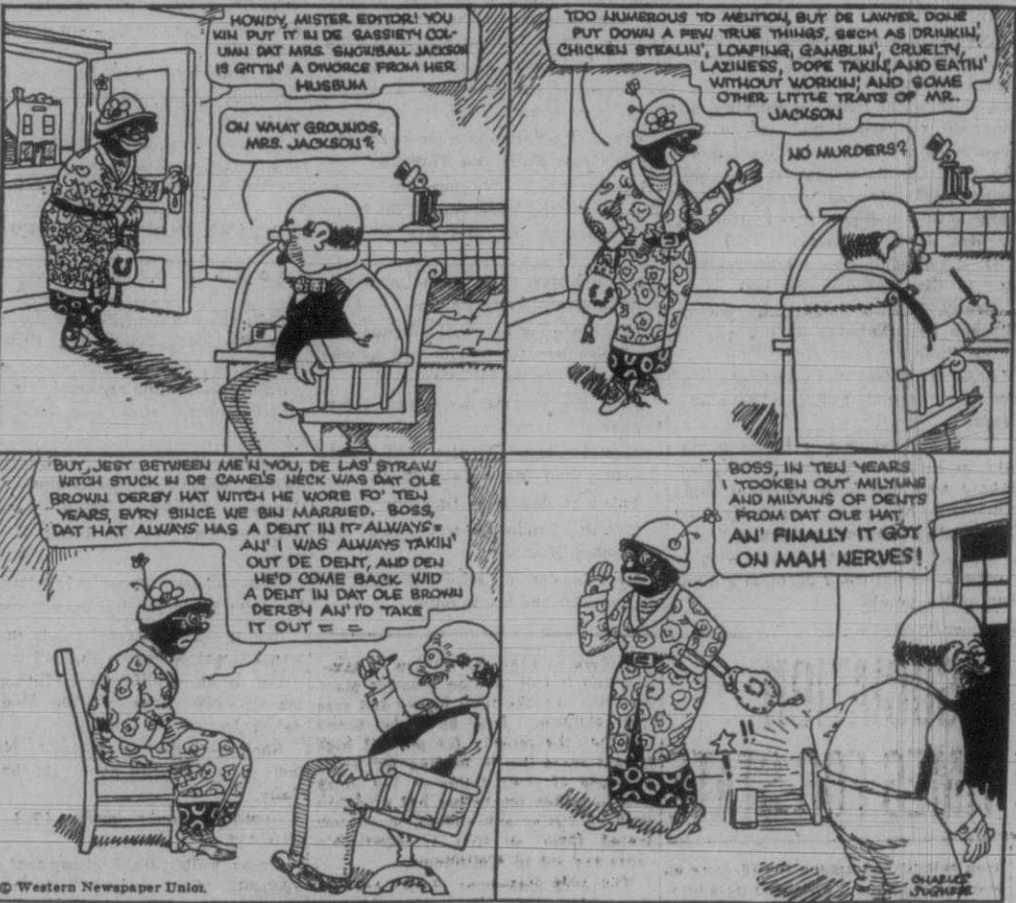
- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaschweitzerdorf of Salzig, Germany.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL The Dent in the Brown Derby



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THE FEATHERHEADS

And He Wears Husky Boots



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"Isn't He Rather Ornamental, Dear?"

few whose names frequently figure in connection with momentous national speculations as to the medium of circulation.

"Did you hear what has happened to Gustave?" asked Elinor, turning companionably to Orson as Elizabeth mounted beside her.

Orson's face had already taken on something resembling a smile. Gustave had been Elizabeth's chauffeur. "Oh, yes," replied Orson. "Gustave told me about it before it happened."

"And why didn't you warn me?" asked Elizabeth, smiling at Orson candidly and almost sweetly, although she had told Elinor over the phone that she should hereafter hate chauffeurs.

"I—you see, madam—ah! It was in confidence," stammered Orson, who was plainly embarrassed. Elinor never before had dreamed that Orson could look that way.

And they went to the dog show. On the way Elinor and Elizabeth chatted and laughed as the dearest friends will chat and laugh, and Orson was ignored. That was part of Orson's business. Yet he seemed deep in thought most of the way.

Orson was missing from the garage the next morning when Elinor called for her favorite machine. He had gone the night before, one of the helpers said, and Elinor, with whom he had indulged some conversation, said she had no idea as to his whereabouts.

"Elizabeth, dear," cried Elinor over the phone a few minutes later, "what do you think? I'm almost as unlucky as you are. Orson's gone!"

"But I'm not particularly unlucky, dearest," replied Elizabeth. "I engaged Orson yesterday at the dog show."

(Copyright.)

Popular Idea About Hoopsnake Is Wrong

The hoopsnake is a small and harmless snake of the south Atlantic states, so-called because of the notion, ascribed to the backland negroes, that it curves itself into a hoop, takes its tail into its mouth and rolls along at a merry clip. Some of the naturalists who contribute papers to the columns of the Philosopher of Folly devoted much attention a while back to the reputed habits of this creature; but despite these learned gentlemen, the hoopsnake does much of his traveling underground, burrowing deeply into the soil. He is a rather good-looking snake, with a blue-black back, marked with three red lines, and an under side of the shade called nude, dappled in black.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.