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SATURDAY OCT. 21, 1933

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Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25¢ at drug stores.

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The Road To Better Health

GOITER

By DR. WILLIAM J. SCHOLES

At the front of the neck are located two small lobes united by an isthmus that spans the trachea, the whole constituting one structure which is called the thyroid body or gland. When this gland is enlarged it is known as a goiter.

Persons born without a thyroid develop cretinism and become the so-called midgets you see on the vaudeville stage and in the circus. They are midgets because they have no thyroid. When the thyroid ceases to function or is entirely removed in an adult he develops the condition called myxoedema.

The Cause of Goiter

Much has been written regarding the cause of goiter. The consensus of opinion is that a lack of iodin in the system is responsible for enlargement of the thyroid. Certainly persons who live near the seashore, the natural habitat of kelp, the seaweed from which iodin is derived, are less given to goiter than inhabitants of the inland. Furthermore, goiter is more prevalent among the residents of mountainous districts where the water contains a large proportion of lime.

The iodin theory has much physiological and clinical evidence to back it up. Baumann, a noted German scientist, has shown that the thyroid has the power of forming a specific organic compound of iodin. He succeeded in isolating this substance, known as iodothyrin, from the gland and demonstrated that nearly 10 per cent. of its dry weight consists of iodin.

In the clinical field the iodin hypothesis also has much support. There is, for example, no question that eating foods containing iodin (shell fish) is a preventive of goiter. Or the same desirable effect may be gotten from taking a drop of the ordinary tincture of iodin in a glass of water, once a week. Some manufacturers of table salt now incorporate a small amount of iodin in their product.

Is Goiter Increasing?

It is impossible to say definitely whether the greater prevalence of goiter is real or apparent. Some observers contend that goiter appears to be more common nowadays simply because the subject is receiving more attention and study than formerly. Others, with whom I am inclined to agree, hold that the disease is really on the increase.

I am convinced that one sees more people with goiter today than he did twenty years ago. And there is a reason at hand to explain an actual increse in cases of goiter, viz., our changed mode of life—the deadly wear and tear of modern living. There is no doubt that we are going about ten times as fast as our grandparents did, and our nervous system bears the brunt of it. True, we live longer in spite of it, but the average of life expectancy has been brought up by the reduction of the mortality rate in other fields, e. g., the infections diseases.

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Lady Assistant

A Short Letter

To My Frinds and Patrons

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PRECAUTION

"Is that the fire station?" asked a voice on the phone.

"It is," replied the man on duty.

"Well," said the voice, "I have just had a new rock garden built and I've put in some new plants—"

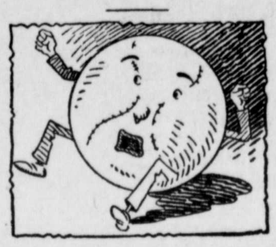
"Where's the fire?"

"Some of these new plants are very expensive and—"

"Look here," interrupted the fireman again, "what you want is the florist's.'

"No, I don't," said the voice, "Let me explain. My neighbor's house is on fire and I don't want you clumsy firemen treading over my garden when you come here, that's all."—Answers Magazine.

IN LIMELIGHT



Baseball—I'm always being knocked around by some man in uniform.

Quick Thinking

Hubby had accompanied his wife on a shopping tour. They went into a place where mannequins were strutting about displaying evening dresses. One particular creation caught the wife's fancy.

"John, dear," she said, trying to suppress her excitement, "that would look lovely at our dance next week, wouldn't it?"

Her husband eyed the gown and mentally visioned his bank balance.

"Yes, it would," he replied, "send the girl an invitation."

A Ray of Hope

They were sitting out during the interval in dancing.

After a while he thought he had better start a conversation.

"By the way, Miss Tots," he said. "are you fond of simple things?"

"Oh, am I to consider this a proposal, Mr. Thomson?" she asked.

Real Treat

Doctor's Wife—Could you call tomorrow?

Patient—Why—isn't the doctor in today?

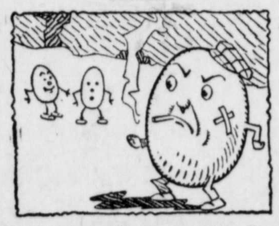
Doctor's Wife—Yes, but it's his birthday tomorrow, and I should so like him to have a surprise.

Side Swipe

Wife—Before marriage you said you would lay down your life for me!

Husband—I know, but if I laid it down now you'd pick it up and put it away somewhere, so that I could never find it again!—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

CRACKING TIME



Tough Egg—Them guys say I'm a bad egg. I'll show 'em wot's wot around here.

Experience Taught Him

Wife—Of course women are as capable as men. Why, I know a girl of twenty-two who gets the salary of a sales manager in a big business house.

Husband—I don't doubt it, my dear. When did she marry him?

Telling on Daddy

Mother—And what was daddy doing while the barber was cutting your hair, darling?

Little Paul—Oh, he was holding hands with a pretty lady at a little table.

Understand

"Sorry I couldn't meet you at the club on Thursday. Did intend to, but —well, circumstances over which I have no control—you know."

'Yes, quite. By the way, how is your wife?"

Giving Dad the Laugh

Father (lecturing son)—I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say that to your son?

Harold—Yes, dad—but not with such a straight face.

For Comfort's Sake

Passerby (to organ grinder who has a bandage under his chin and tied on top of his head)—Poor fellow, have you toothache?

No, but I can't stand music.—Berlin Grune Post.

Wife's a Highflyer

"From what I hear, your wife is a bit of an angel."

"Oh, rather. She's always going up in the air and harping on something or other!"

Would Like To

"What would your father say if he heard you use that dreadful word?"

"He would be delighted—he's stone deaf."—Venice Gazzettino Illustrato.

Spoiled the Wedding

"How did Brown's wedding go off?"

"Fine, until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied, 'Do you think I'm silly?' and the groom, in a sort of daze, replied, "I do."

Professor?

Mrs. Snaggs—What are you doing with that string tied around your finger?

Mr. G.—You had me tie it there to remember to mail a letter for you.

Mrs. G.—And did you mail it?

Mr. G.—You forgot to give it to me.

The Flying Wrecker

By JOHN HARMON

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THE FLYING ACE!
See the Human Comet—Zooming in Thrilling, Death-defying Stunts!
TODAY at the MIDDLETOWN Fair!!

BILL RANDALL brought his low-built, snappy yellow roadster to a stop in front of the Middletown General store to read the flaming red poster in the window.

"I'll take a spin out to the big shindig and see what's up," Bill said to himself.

The big roadster shot down the highway toward the fair grounds, leaving a trail of dust and of gasping natives in its wake. As he neared the air field, Bill could hear the throb of the motor in the air.

Fascinated, he saw it come nearer and nearer to him. It lifted a little—lost altitude again—and then shot right at his car. Instinctively Bill ducked. There seemed to be the roar of a thousand railroad engines in his ear, a rending of the canvas top of his car and the plane shot upward. As the plane speeded upward and onward, Bill drew a long breath as he looked at the torn remnants of canvas hanging on the body of his car. "Human comet—my eye!" he whistled softly. "That guy must be a meteor!" He watched the plane circle over the field and sweep down to land at the far end of the field. The pilot jumped from the cockpit and came dashing across the field toward Bill.

"I'm awfully sorry I scalped your car!" With a single gesture the Flying Ace snatched off helmet and goggles and tossed back an unruly mop of wavy, curly, chestnut colored hair. "I really only meant to give you a scare."

Bill's eyes did not cover up his amazement. This flying ace was a girl! And Aubrey Garrett at that! Wonders will never cease. Finally Bill regained some of his lost poise and grinned at the attractive girl in front of him. "What do you do with the scalps you collect? Hang 'em on the tail of your plane for souvenirs?"

"Well, that's not a bad idea. Seeing that your's is the first I've taken, I think you ought to be honored."

"Honored, but slightly shaky in the pins, but—" That was as far as Bill got. Mr. Wilson, the chairman of the fair, came running toward them. "I'm sorry, Miss Garrett, but I'll have to cancel that agreement I made with you. These people have all seen loops before. They want to see something novel."

Bill hated Mr. Wilson for causing that hurt look in Aubrey's eyes.

But it didn't last. A smile covered her face as she turned to Bill and said "Want to go up? We can show 'em some tricks."

The game little kid! She would never admit being beaten. Well, he'd take a chance with her. "Okay, let's go!"

A few minutes later they were starting. Aubrey was flying a bit wild.

They were directly over the field when something happened. Aubrey was flying high. Perhaps they hit an unexpected air pocket. Bill didn't have time to think what had happened as they were headed for old terra firma with a sickening speed. There was Aubrey standing in her cockpit frantically waving to Bill to jump. There was Bill waving back to her and shaking his head. Then suddenly there was a jerk, a shudder of the whole plane, a rocking in the air, and the machine straightened out and slid along level with the ground, just above the hill!

As they taxied across the field, Bill could hear the thunderous applause of the spectators above the roar of the motor. And as they made a safe landing, people swarmed around the plane. Mr. Wilson came pushing his way through the crowd to Aubrey.

"That was marvelous!" he said. Heavens, thought Bill, does the man think she did that swoop on purpose? "That was wonderful, Miss Garrett. A remarkable exhibition of control. I'll take back what I said about the contract and I'll give you another hundred to do it again!"

Bill got out of the plane and joined Aubrey. "She won't do it again today, Mr. Wilson," he said. "That was the grand climax. The show is over."

To Aubrey he whispered "Come on over to the car. We'll take a little spin and I'll do the piloting."

Aubrey looked very small and white to Bill as he stopped the car "Now, if you don't mind telling me, I'd like to know just what happened to us up in the heavens a little while ago." Bill's voice was gentle.

"It slipped," said Aubrey, "And I thought I had lost control. I thought that if you jumped it would be all right—at least you'd be safe. But, good heavens, when you wouldn't jump, there was nothing left for me to do but to grab that stick and hold it. I didn't want to wreck you and your car both on the same day."

"So that was it, young lady. But you're wrong. You've wrecked my life as well as the top of my car because I've taken an awful flop. Aubrey, I love you! And it's high time I realized it. But now that I have let's make up for lost time by getting married. Are you with me?"

Aubrey's smile conveyed her answer. They kissed to seal the pact and then Bill started his car once more, speeding for the nearest marriage license bureau.

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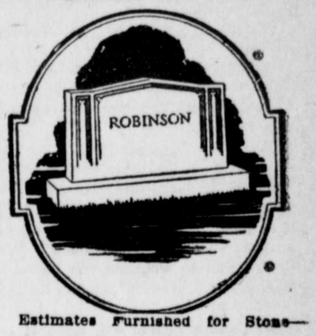

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