## No Poverty in Bali

In Bali the people produce enough food in four months to last a whole year, leaving eight months to be devoted to leisure and the pursuit of happiness. The only vices known to the inhabitants of this earthly paradise are gaming and cockfighting. There is no poverty. People have so little use for money that they bury it—until necessity calls.—Chicago Tribune.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

**Living Our Careers**

Speaking of careers, life is a career. Study every step.

ONLY **LUDEN'S** MENTHOL COUGH DROPS will do these 3 things... and all for . . . 5¢

1. Clear your head
2. Soothe your throat
3. Help build up your

**ALKALINE RESERVE**
WHEN A COLD STRIKES!

**Failure, Then Success**

Failures may be the forerunner of greater success.

**Don't put up with useless PAIN**
**Get rid of it**

When functional pains of menstruation are severe, take CARDUI. If it doesn't benefit you, consult a physician. Don't neglect such pains. They depress the tone of the nerves, cause sleeplessness, loss of appetite, wear out your resistance.

Get a bottle of Cardui and see whether it will help you, as thousands of women have said it helped them.

Besides easing certain pains, Cardui aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from the food they eat.

**He Who Hesitates**

The man who hesitates is very often bossed.

REAL LIFE STORY

TIRED ALL THE TIME | SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

FEELS LIKE NEW! THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking NRs at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

WNU—4 1—37

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes; feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

# OBERAMMERGAU

"Caiaphas" of Oberammergau Is a Blacksmith.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

IT IS always with joy that the traveler, wandering south through Germany, views the white flag atop the gothic city hall of Bavaria's capital, Munich (Munchen), for the signal tells him the day is exceptionally clear and the peaks of the Alps are beckoning, in plain view some sixty miles away.

"St. Peter, the weathermaker, must be in a good mood to send so fine a day," say thousands in the city of Munich itself, and they head straight for the mountains.

A swift electric train, or a bus whirring over smooth roads, takes the traveler past the inviting Lake of Starnberg (Wurm - See), the banks of which are studded with villas and manors. White sailboats greet him from the green waters, and their background is the hazy blue mountains that loom in the distance, some 45 miles farther south.

The first approach to these gigantic monuments of Nature has the emotional impact of the immigrant's first glimpse of New York's colossal skyline. Shortly the upward journey begins, through rolling, verdant hills which make the transition gradual. Half a mile above sea level, the wanderer finds himself surrounded by the gray peaks, partly wooded mountains, and high green hills which cradle Oberammergau.

As he nears the village, the towering crag of the Kofel bids him welcome, with its huge wooden cross on top. This rocky cone must have been a weird sight one night in 1809 after lightning had struck it, setting its trees ablaze and turning it into an immense torch.

**Panorama of the Ammer Valley.**

If the wayfarer's ambition holds out, his feet will soon follow his eyes to the lofty height, and before him will unfold a panorama of the Ammer river valley. In its midst, peacefully resting, is the village which takes its name from the meandering, ice-cold stream.

"District on the upper part of the Ammer river" is the meaning of Oberammergau, a word apparently formed with no consideration for alien tongues.

Three miles down the river lies Unterammergau, and on the opposite side a place called Oberau, giving rise to a local tongue-twisting pun, akin to "picking a peck of pickled peppers":

"Ob er uber Oberau, oder ob er uber Unterammergau, nach Oberammergau kommt, weiss ich nicht," it goes, which means, somewhat ineffectively, in English, "Whether he is going to come to Oberammergau by way of Unterammergau, or whether he is going to come to Oberammergau by way of Oberau, I don't know."

Standing in the brisk breeze blowing over the Kofel, one scans the irregularly scattered town with its red roofs amid green crowns of trees. Four bridges cut the silver band of the Ammer, in whose mirror are reflected the town's tallest buildings—the church and the Passion Play theater.

Little more than two years have passed since the curtain once more went down on that stage, not to rise again until 1940. The hush that settled over the hall also pervaded the streets of the village which only a short while before had been resounding with the voices of thousands of people gathered there from near and far.

In this sequestered Bavarian town some 400,000 people, representing practically all the nations and creeds of the earth, rubbed elbows in the special jubilee year of 1934, when 73 performances of the play were given.

The memorable series marked the three hundredth anniversary of a tradition unbelievably dear to the village whose people for generations have been living in intimate daily contact with it.

**Origin of the Passion Play.**

The history of the Passion Play may be comparatively young, considering that, even before the Roman legions, Celts populated the valley. The Bavarian tribe preceded the age of knighthood, whose members, as early as the Twelfth century, saw a church being built in Oberammergau.

Traveling merchants kept that little hamlet in intimate touch with the outside world, making it a thriving community. But then the Thirty Years' war came, and the specter of a disastrous pestilence began to lay its grip on the settlements surrounding the village at the foot of the Kofel.

Wherever fires were seen blazing at the entrance of towns, the wanderer fled in horror, lest he also be seized by the Black Death and thrown into the raging pyre.

The guards on the outskirts of Oberammergau must have missed that lone man who, after years of absence from home, yearned to be with his family again. Nothing could keep him away any longer. Sick, he staggered over the mountains at night through dark forests, and, unseen by others, joined his dear ones.

Next morning the excited beating of drums broke the news to the inhabitants that it had come, the dread disease, and Kaspar Schissler, bringer of death, lay dead.

The all-powerful Reaper began his work, and 84 persons within a short time fell a prey to him. But their doom incited in the village a spiritual awakening.

From death and despair rose the Passion Play, a memorial to those who assembled in the little parish church in 1633, making a solemn vow to produce the drama of the suffering and death of Jesus every ten years if the plague should disappear.

The old village chronicle tells us that it did, and that the year after, under the guidance of the monks of the Benedictine monastery of nearby Ettal, the villagers for the first time fulfilled their promise.

**In Time of War and Inflation.**

From 1670 on, every decade beheld the same religious spectacle, the same fervor and devotion. Only the faces changed. Ever the Passion Play kept growing, through times of interdictions, wars, and hardships of all kinds.

Was the mighty weight of a World war that took 70 men permanently from the ranks of this population of 2,600 souls to do away with the sublime legacy handed down by their ancestors for almost three centuries? True it is, 1920 remained silent and bleak. There were not enough players, no provisions.

But 1922 looked down on a busy summer, saw the play start in May and end in September. Once again Oberammergau was proving faithful to its vow.

No German will forget those heartbreaking days of inflation and currency collapse, 13 years ago, when one had to carry one's money in a satchel for the simplest shopping.

The principal character then received for more than threescore trying performances the sum of 20,000 marks—an amount which enabled him to buy only a pair of shoes and a few cakes of soap!

The 15,000 marks given a member of the orchestra would, he thought, carry him a long way, particularly if he tucked the money away in the savings bank. In a few days it had depreciated to zero—and that was that.

**Refused a Cinema Offer.**

But the players carried on, and even the unheard-of sum of one million dollars was staunchly refused by the villagers when they rejected a proposal to have their play reproduced in the movies, and elected to have it continue to be what it had been from the very outset, a local drama with a great tradition, executed by amateurs. Only thus was it possible for the village in the shadow of the sheltering Kofel to preserve its quaint character.

The visitor to Oberammergau immediately notes a cleanliness and refreshing atmosphere. Each home attracts him with its tidy appearance and the hospitable spirit of the people.

In spite of the macadamized "Hauptstrasse," Main street, the rural character has not suffered. Traffic jams are caused by cows or goats rambling through the street, rather than by automobiles.

## Barisal Guns Puzzling; Firing Seems Continuous

Sometimes one hears queer noises, like cannon being fired, when in the country or by the sea. These are atmospheric discharges, and are known as Barisal Guns, the name being taken from Barisal, a little town in Bengal, India, where the firing of cannon in the distance seems continuous, says a writer in the London Tit-Bits Magazine. A queer thing about these noises is that although a group of people may hear them at the same time, each may be certain that the reports came from a different direction.

Similar sounds may sometimes be heard on Dartmoor and on the shores of Lough Neagh, while on the Belgian coast noises like sharp pistol shots are located. At Hillsprings, Carnarvon, Australia, visitors occasionally hear three sudden high explosions, like escaping steam, for which there seems to be no satisfactory cause. Scientists offer many explanations for these phenomena; bamboos bursting in jungle fires, thunderclaps, the collapsing of banks, globular lightning, landslips, submarine eruptions, and air pockets being suddenly filled. This last seems to be the most likely theory of all.

## Gild Their Teeth

The ladies in old Japan and also of today, to some extent, gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of the Muscovite may be, she would think herself ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese used to have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown. —Chicago Tribune.

MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain

If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlins Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warms—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL
For MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS
Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA
LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

**Covetousness**

The Covetous Person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.—South.

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.)

**What Is Common Sense?**

Human nature is human nature; but is common sense human nature or a touch from the divine?

When You Need a Laxative

Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on

BLACK-DRAUGHT
A GOOD LAXATIVE

A FARMER BOY

ONE of the best known medical men in the U. S. was the late Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., who was born on a farm in Pa. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has for nearly 70 years been helping women who have headache and backache associated with functional disturbances, and older women who experience heat flashes. By increasing the appetite this tonic helps to upbuild the body. Buy of your druggist. New size, tabs., 50c, liquid $1.

MORNING DISTRESS

is due to acid, upset stomach. Milnesia wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c.

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