

BY THEIR EARS YE SHALL KNOW THEIR NATURES

Carrington Says Normal Ears Indicate Normal Mentality of Individuals

LARGE EARS OFTEN PROVE COMMERCIAL CAPACITY AND MUSICAL TALENT.

By Hereward Carrington. [Special To London Advertiser.] THE science that tells of reading character by the general contour and expression of the face is called physiognomy.

And physiognomy can tell us a great deal—much more than you suppose. The ears, for instance. Though they're not as important as other organs of the face in this respect, their size, contour and color are indications of the character of the head they adorn.

The normal ear is the sign of normal mentality.

But you must beware of the pointed ear. That's a bad sign. It's thought to be his Satanic Majesty's own mark!

There are many grades of the size of the ear from the small, well-formed, finely-cut feature to the huge, coarse, shapeless ear of the lower races.

Semi-civilized races, as a rule have large ears. The small ear is a sign of refinement. But the ears naturally get larger with age.

Large ears are thought to indicate commercial capacity and musical talent. Large ears are also con-



Lobe not detached from cheek; lack of judgment and quick perception.

Straight line A-B indicating fraud, and cunning.

Considered as a sign of determination and obstinacy.

A small ear, it is thought, denotes refinement and sensitiveness. An angular, pointed ear indicates a weakness of the moral nature.

A well-rounded ear shows a complete and harmonious temperament.

What Lobe Shows.

The fleshy part at the bottom of the ear is known as the lobe.

If the lobe lies flat against the cheek, it denotes lack of vitality and energy.

The deep, broad lobe is a sign of commercialism.

A large, long lobe indicates perseverance and self-reliance.

If the lobe forms a continuous line, it indicates poor judgment.

The angle at the opening of the ear is said to be important. If it is nearly straight, it is thought to indicate deceit and fraud.

Position of Ears.

An ear set low on the head indicates indifference to the feelings of others.

An ear placed high on the head shows its possessor is cautious and secretive.

Ears placed far back on the head indicate lack of self-reliance.

A large ear, standing well out from the head, denotes an easy-going, jolly and happy disposition.

An ear sloping backward denotes ingenuity.

If the ear is thin and bloodless, it shows lack of vitality. But if it is of fine texture and pink color it denotes much vitality and energy.

Liberia was recognized as a republic in 1847.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH FOR EIGHT YEARS

The cause of this trouble is the fermentation of food in the stomach which generates a gas that is very frequently belched up. There is also a rumbling of the bowels and a discharge of gas therefrom, there is constant retching, and the meals are frequently vomited.

There is a burning pain in the stomach, the appetite is fickle, the tongue coated, the breath bad, constipation is generally present and the sufferer becomes weak, nervous, depressed and exceedingly miserable.

The blame lies with a sluggish liver, as it holds back the bile which is so necessary to promote the movement of the bowels, and when the bile gets into the blood a badly disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels will surely follow.

Keep your liver active and you will always enjoy good health.

GUNSIGHT PASS by WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE



CHAPTER I. It was a land of splintered peaks, of deep, dry gorges, of barren mesas burnt by the sun of a million torrid summers.

The normal condition of it was warfare. Life here had to protect itself with a tough, callous rind. Only the fit survived.

Around the camp-fire the drivers of the trail herd squatted on their heels or lay sprawled at indolent ease. The glow of the leaping flames from the twisted mesquite lit their lean faces, tanned to bronzed health by the beat of an untempered sun and the sweep of parched winds.

Out of the soft shadows of the summer night a boy moved from the remuda toward the camp fire. He was a lean, sandy-haired young fellow, his figure still lank and unwell.

As he sat down on the wagon tongue the stringiness of his appearance became noticeable.

A young man waved a hand toward him by way of introduction. "Gents of D Bar," Lazy R outfit, Mr. David Sanders, formerly of Arizona, will make oration on the why, wherefore, and how-come-it of Chiquito's superiority to all other equines whatever."

"I'd like right well to make love to that pinto my own self, Bob," commented a weather-beaten puncher. "Any old time Dave wants to saw him off onto me at sixty dollars I'm here to do business."

"You're sure an easy mark, Buck," grunted a large fat man. His white face and soft hands differentiated him from the tough range-riders. He did not belong with the outfit, but had joined it the day before with George Doble, a half-brother of the trail foreman, to travel with it as far as Malapl. He was known as Ad Miller.

Doble backed up his partner. "Sure are, Buck. I can get cowponies for ten and fifteen dollars—all I want of 'em," he said, and contrived by the lift of his lip to make the remark offensive.

"Not ponies like Chiquito," ventured Sanders amiably.

"He's some bronc," explained Bob Hart. "Got a bagful of tricks, a nice disposition, and sure can burn the wind."

"You don't say." The voice of the fat man was heavy with sarcasm. "And on top of all that education he can run, too?"

The temper of Sanders began to take an edge. "I don't claim my pinto's a racer, but he can travel."

"Hmp," grunted Miller skeptically. "Don't look to me like no racer," Doble dissented. "Why, I'd be 'most, why Chiquito, can beat him."

Bob Hart helped things along. "I've got ten bucks says the pinto can beat yore Whiskey Bill."

"Go you once," answered Doble after a moment's apparent consideration. "I got fifty dollars more to back the pack-horse. How about it, Sanders? You got the sand to cover that?"

"Fetch a month's pay—thirty-five dollars," retorted Dave.

"Might as well lose a few bucks myself, seeing as Whiskey Bill belongs to me," said Miller with his wheezy laugh. "Who wants to take a whiff, boys?"

Inside of three minutes he had placed a hundred dollars. The terms of the race were arranged and the money put in the hands of the foreman.

An hour later Buck Byington drew Sanders aside.

"Dave, you're a chuckle-headed rabbit. If ever I seen tinhorn sports them two is such. They're collectin' a livin' off'n suckers. Didn't you sabb that come-on stuff? Their pack-horse is a ringer. Both of 'em are crooked as a dog's hind laig."

"Maybe," admitted the young man. "But Chiquito never went back on me yet. These fellows may be overplayin' their hand, don't you reckon?"

"Not a chanet. That tumblebug Miller is one fishy proposition, and his sidekick Doble—say, he's the kind of bird that shoots you in the stomach while he's shakin' hands with you. Me, I aim to button up my pocket when them guys are around."

CHAPTER II. A COURSE was chosen for the race. From a selected point the horses were to run to a clump of mesquite, round it, and return to the starting-place. Doug Doble was chosen both starter and judge.

Dave watched Whiskey Bill with the trained eyes of a horseman. The animal was an ugly brute as to the head. But in legs and body it had the fine lines of a racer. The horse was built for speed. The cowpuncher's heart sank. His bronc was fast, but the little range pony had not been designed to show its heels to a near-thoroughbred.

"Are you ready?" Doble asked of the two men in the saddles.

His brother said: "Let 'er go!" Sanders nodded. The revolver barked.

Chiquito was off like a flash of light, found its stride instantly. Before it had covered seventy-five yards the pinto was three lengths to the good. Foot by foot the distance between the horses lessened to two lengths, to one, to half a length. The ugly head of the racer came abreast of the cowpuncher. With sickening certainty the range-rider knew that his Chiquito was doing the best that was in it. Whiskey Bill was a faster horse.

The halfway mark was just ahead. The cowpuncher knew exactly how to make the turn with the least possible loss of speed and ground. Scarcely slackening speed, he swept the pinto round the clump of mesquite and was off for home.

Dave was halfway back before he was sure that the thud of Whiskey Bill's hoofs was almost at his heels.

He called on the cowpony for a last spurt. The plucky little horse answered the call, gathered itself for the home stretch, for a moment held its advantage.

Then he knew that the bay was running side by side with Chiquito. The two horses raced down the stretch together, Whiskey Bill half a length in the lead and gaining at every stride. Daylight showed between them when they crossed the line. Chiquito had been outrun by a speedier horse.

CHAPTER III. HART came up to his friend grinning. "Well, you old horn-toad, we got no kick comin'. Chiquito run a mighty pretty race. 'Only trouble was his laigs wasn't long enough."

The owner of the pony nodded, a lump in his throat. He was not thinking about his thirty-five dollars, but about the futile race into which he had allowed his little beauty to be trapped. Dave would not be twenty-one till coming grass, and it still hurt his boyish pride to think that his favorite had been beaten.

The voice of George Doble cut in, openly and offensively jubilant. "I'll tell you now that broomtail never had a chance to beat Whiskey Bill. 'Yore hoss can run, seh," admitted Dave.

Mary Earns a Million a Year. But Doug Foots Bills World's Highest Salaried Woman Says Orderliness Is the Keystone of a Successful Domestic Structure.



[Special To London Advertiser.] LOS ANGELES, Jan. 29.—"Have a few things in the home. 'Use and enjoy them all daily. 'And, above all, keep them in order!'"

These are the principles, expressed by Mary Pickford, upon which she and Douglas Fairbanks operate one of the most magnificently simple and well-managed homes in all the world.

"Orderliness is the keystone of a successful domestic structure, whether it be shack or castle," continued Mary Pickford, screen celebrity and highest salaried woman in the world.

"She has an annual income of over a million and a \$350,000 establishment in the fashionable Beverly Hills district.

The Fairbanks home isn't run on a rigid budget system, although economy is the watchword. Doug pays all running expenses, because, as Mary says, "he's old-fashioned enough to want to do this without aid from his wife."

Mary Pickford conducted her about the 11-acre grounds and the 14-room house, the remodeling and decoration of which she had personally supervised. There was nothing superfluous, no clutter of mere things, no evidences of ostentation. Every room and nook corroborated her passion for the orderliness she was stressing.

"No matter how tired I am after a day at the studio," she said, "I never leave my shoes in disorder when retiring nor the kerchiefs in disarray on the dresser.

"I consider that everything I do, or for which I am responsible, at all times bears my O. K. of approval for the inspection of my friends and the world. And that applies to the condition of my household from bonnet to kitchen sink.

"What one has, or rather the condition of what one has, characterizes what one is." (Copyright, 1922.)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS. "WHAT THE FAIRIES MAKE"

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



The fairies pack boxes with them and put them in the hat stores.

AGAIN the twins followed the crane. Buskins coming after. Along the passage of the queer fairy to another room bigger than the rest, where the most tremendous buzzing and humming and fussing was going on.

"What do you make here?" asked Nancy.

"Birds," said Mr. Crane.

"Birds," cried everybody together, and Nick added, "I thought they came out of eggs."

"Oh, yes, real ones do," said the crane. "But come in and I'll tell you all about it. You see, we dye feathers of all shades and kinds here and then make them into birds that look so real that you can't tell them, except that they don't move or sing. Anything from pol-parrots to jack-daws. They're for hats."

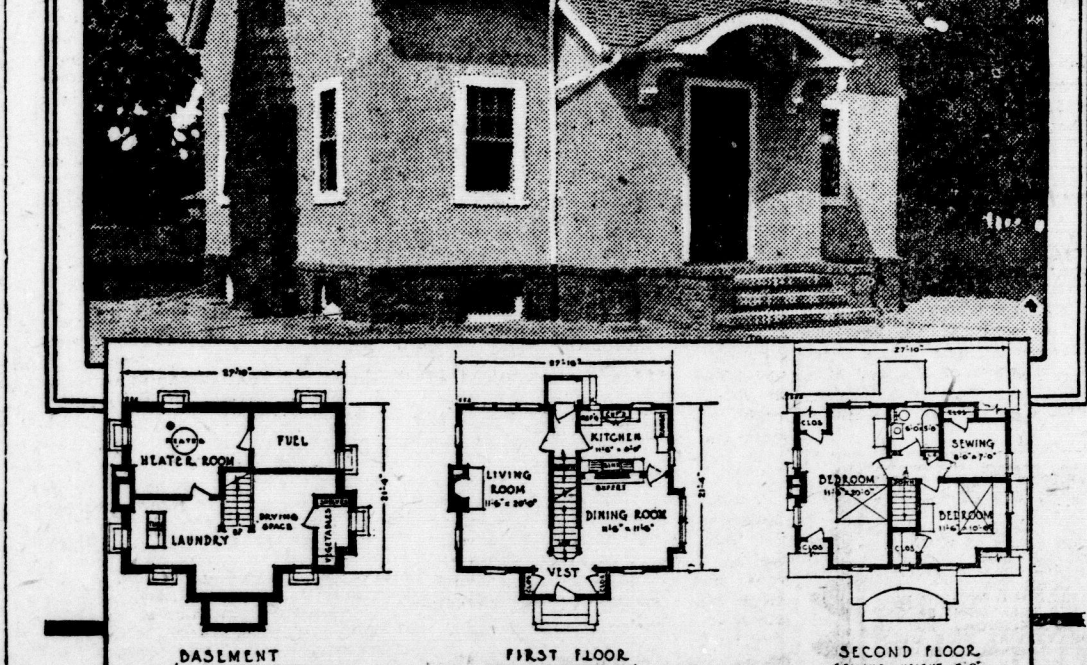
"Hats!" said astonished Nancy. "Yes, to put on hats. The fairies pack boxes with them and put them in the hat stores. And when Mrs. Trim or Miss Brim go to order more humming-birds or owls or whatever the fashion is that season on hats, why they find whole new boxes of 'em right on their shelves and they think someone has sent 'em. And so they have, but it's my little fairy good-workers that do it.

"And when there aren't any orders, Mr. Hunter man has to leave his gun at home and the birds go free. That bluebird there is one Mrs. Richman ordered for her spring bonnet and the lark is for her daughter. They'll wear 'em both, never dreaming that Belinda Bluebird and Lemmy Lark are singing away as happily as ever."

"That's very good work," nodded kind Nancy. "And now, when feathered some floating up to the sky, we'll know where they are going, won't we, Nick; and we'll ask mother to rip up her old pillows and let the feathers fly out. We'll tell her all about the Land of Runaway Feathers."

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

Building a Home? Here Is a Suggestion For You



HOW do you like this house? It's yours for \$6,000. And that includes a heating and lighting system. You'll see by the plans that the house consists of a basement and two floors. There are six rooms and bath. The basement contains heater room, laundry, space for fuel storage and shelves for fruit and vegetables. On the first floor are living room, kitchen and dining-room. On the second floor are two large bedrooms and a sewing room.

Tomorrow The London Advertiser will show you another model small home.

POLLY AND PAUL—AND PARIS

CHAPTER VIII.—LIFE'S HARDEST JOB

By Zoe Beckley

AFTER lunch, Polly and Paul, like the other passengers, rooted out their ship clothes and went on deck to locate their chairs and settle into them under the plaid rugs the steward wrapped so deftly about them.

Upon the other side of Paul was a chair with a handsome rug folded on it, a large box of chocolates and several new novels. Before she looked at the name upon it, Polly felt it would be "Miss Rand," and soon the lady herself appeared and was snugly ensconced at Paul's elbow, chatting animatedly. Polly listened between paragraphs of her book.

"Oh, yes, I'm working. Magazine assignments. I'm going on with my music, too. Didn't know I sang, did you, Mr. Dawson? Well, I do. And mother has sold the old summer cottage we had at Port Stanley, so we've a little money. I have a darling flat, rented from a friend, who had to come home, or I'd never got it. You and your wife must come and see me. It'll be so cosy. I'm crazy about it. Paris is the only place, isn't it?"

As Violet rattled on, Polly felt more and more nettled. She rubbed her the wrong way, and she made her feel insignificant. Yet somehow she fascinated—even Polly. She personified the great world of self-reliance, knowledge, success. She knew how to meet all sorts of people. She understood men. How at ease she was!

Polly felt an increasing curiosity about the ring on Miss Rand's third finger, and determined to learn its significance. So when some men came to drag Paul off the shuffleboard, she urged and insisted that he go.

"I'm so interested in your work, Miss Rand," began Polly, when they were alone, "and your cunning apartment. It is possible, then, for a girl to live independently in Paris, and—"

"—be talked about," finished Violet, briskly. "Of course it is, just as it is anywhere else. It all depends on the girl. I'm used to being independent and doing what I like. Besides, I have my maid—and my music, which is in itself a sort of chaperone."

"It's better, I suppose, to study in Paris?"

Miss Rand pursed her lips. "Mm—yes. Especially in my case. If I stayed in New York," she flashed a curious smile at Polly, then looked down at her beautiful ring and began turning it round and round. "I should have to get married. Ned's a darling, of course—but, oh, well, I don't want to marry him till I have to."

"I—I don't believe I quite understand," Polly covered her growing dislike with a smile.

"No, my dear, you wouldn't." Violet spoke not unkindly. "You're the kind, bless your heart, who thinks a minister's words and a wedding ring perform magic. You feel that you and your man will automatically live happily ever after, like the princess in the fairy tale—just because you are married, and have 'promised.'"

"As a matter of fact—" Miss Rand looked straight into Polly's indignant eyes—"marriage is the hardest job on earth. I'm cowardly enough to put it off till I'm through with the other things I want to do. Then I'll feel better equipped to court my husband."

"Court?" Polly had only breath enough left to whisper.

"Certainly—court him. Court him and hold him. It's a constant struggle; that is, unless you are content to be just a drab little wife. That's where the French women are so fascinating, not only sweet and good. They know they must constantly court their husbands—or some other woman will!"

Polly could not forget the conversation. It hammered at her heart all the rest of the day, and far, far into the night.

(To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1922.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN. COOKING PARSNIPS

PARSNIPS are one of the cheapest and best of the winter vegetables. In themselves parsnips are a starchy food, but combined with egg and fried in deep fat, their food value is increased.

As parsnips are a light-colored vegetable, they should be served with a dark meat. If plain boiled parsnips are taboo in your family, dry dressing them up in one of the following ways:

Parsnip Balls. Six parsnips, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/4 cup flour, 1 egg.

Wash and scrape parsnips. Boil in salted water till tender. Drain and mash. Season with butter, salt and pepper. Add flour and egg well beaten. Form into small balls.

Roll in cracker crumbs, dip in egg slightly beaten with one tablespoon water, roll again in crumbs, and fry in deep, hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve.

Parsnip Cake. Boil and mash parsnips as in preceding recipe. Add flour and finely rolled cracker crumbs. Form in little flat cakes and fry in a frying pan till a delicate brown. If dried bread crumbs are used and one teaspoon sugar to parsnips when seasoning.

Creamed Parsnips. Wash and scrape parsnips. Cut into dice. Boil in salted water for half an hour. Drain. Melt two tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Add parsnips and sift over two tablespoons flour. Stir until flour, butter and parsnips are well mixed.

Then pour on slowly 1 1/2 cups milk, stirring constantly and being careful not to crush the parsnips. Season with salt and pepper, and cook five minutes after the sauce thickens. This amount of sauce will cover six medium-sized parsnips.

Glaced Parsnips. Four parsnips, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoonful sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons hot water.

Wash and scrape parsnips. Cut in slices three-fourths of an inch thick. Put each piece flat in a big pan or spider, with a close-fitting cover. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar.

Dot with bits of butter and pour in the hot water at one side of the pan. Cover tightly and cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour or until tender. Remove cover and brown in a very hot oven.

Mashed Parsnips. Six parsnips, 3 tablespoons butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper.

Wash and scrape parsnips and boil in salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly in a colander. Rub

Beauty Hint for Women

For clear skin and bright eyes. When food is only imperfectly digested, it gives rise to fermentation, clogs the bowels, and renders the blood impure. This results in dull eyes, muddy skin, blotches, pimples and other disfiguring marks. Beecham's Pills act immediately on the stomach, liver and bowels; regulate them and keep them in a vigorous condition. They are mild, harmless and dependable. They are compounded of remedies of vegetable origin having great medicinal value.



Sold everywhere in boxes.