The GIRL and the BILL

By BANNISTER MERWIN

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

"Does Our Chauffeur Remind You of Any One?"

KEEP RESINOL OINTMENT IN THE HOUSE

And Keep It Where You Can Put Your Hand on It at a Moment's Notice.

The prompt application of Resinol ointment to burns or scalds will not only soothe and heal but prevent the formation of disfiguring scars. Resinol ointment is the greatest of all emergency remedies for home use. It is the best dressing for cuts, wounds and abrasions of the skin of any kind. It is a specific for various forms of eruptive skin diseases, eczema, tetter, herpes, erythema, ringworm, barber's itch, erysipelas, poison ivy, stings of insects, etc. Resinol stops itching instantly, and is the indicated remedy for itching piles. Resinol ointment contains no harmful, poisonous or irritating ingredient. Resinol soap is a healing as well as a cleansing compound, and should be used when necessary in conjunction with Resinol ointment. Resinol comes in opal jars at fifty cents and one dollar. At all druggists. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.

Women in Scotch Prisons

PROOF in the Morning!

A Young Mans Record

By JEANNE OLIVE LOIZEAUX

When a young man has been in love for a year, when he has been blushingly told to "ask papa," when he has asked for an interview that he may do that same, when he has no reason to believe that "papa" favors him, when the moment for that interview is at hand—well! That young man would rather charge up San Juan hill five times than knock at the library door and face the within. But for the girl bracing him he might leave the house bareheaded.

Harrison Forrest, twenty-three years old, late of Harvard, athletic, baseball, swimming, some thoughts of law, good family, good fellow and intending to settle down and leave wild oats behind him—that is the young man!

Miss Prue Wilson, twenty, daughter of Banker Wilson, very much in love, afraid of her dignified father, not a bit afraid of her mother, hoping dad will consent, but afraid he won't, in which case it is suicide, cheeks scarlet, heart going pit-a-pat—that is the young woman!

It is the crisis of two lives and no earthquake can postpone it.

Mr. Forrest knocks at the library door. Mr. Wilson bids him enter and he is lost to the view of the girl in the hall. According to precedent she should rush back to the parlor and sit down and shiver and tremble and recall her "Now I lay me down to sleep," but—she does nothing of the sort.

Like a nice, sweet girl she advances to the library door and kneels down and applies her eyes to the keyhole to see and hear what is going on in that fateful room.

"Mr. Wilson," begins the young man as soon as his head stops swimming. "I have asked for this interview to tell you that—"

"You needn't tell me," interrupts the banker, as he holds up a finger. "I have it all here!"

And Mr. Wilson takes a manuscript from a drawer and says:

"I have known for a long time what brought you to this house and have made something of an investigation, so as to be ready for you. It is by no means complete, but I will read what

"Applies Her Eyes to the Keyhole."

"I was not troubled that way, Mr. Forrest!"

"But—but—"

"When do you enter the roped arena to meet all comers?"

"But I'm no slugger. All these things just happened so. I have put them all behind me."

"Until you meet the next policeman! Mr. Forrest, you came to ask my consent to wed my daughter. I cannot give it."

"But if I change—if I have changed—if I do not slug any more—if I am no longer troubled with exuberance of spirits—?"

"Please consider this interview at an end, Mr. Forrest. I hope for your mother's sake you will change."

"And he gave his consent!" whispered Miss Prue, who was waiting in the hall for her lover to reappear.

"No, and he never will! He thinks I'm a slugger and a loafer."

"How dare he! How dare he!"

"Oh, he dared, all right. He didn't seem a bit embarrassed over it. He same as called me a prize fighter."

"And you so gentle that you wouldn't hurt a fly! Well, we won't elope, and we won't commit suicide. You just wait. That father of mine is going to get a talking to."

The father got it, but it did not change the situation, except he hoped that Mr. Forrest, for the sake of his parents, would give up slugging and take to the law and become a credit to the bench and bar. If he did this, and after five or ten or fifteen years, proved that he had recovered from his exuberance of spirits, why he might come around and talk.

Miss Prue was not found dead at the end of a rope in the garret next morning. They don't do that way nowadays. They write a little note and smuggle it out of the house and then have a feeling that their angel grandmother is looking down from heaven and will somehow bring things around all right. In this instance, Miss Prue's angel grandmother was on the spot and saw her way clear.

Mr. Forrest did not call again. He did not propose an elopement nor plan the death of the banker. If he was a slugger he was an honorable one. Besides, he also had a grandmother up there. She was a hustler and schemer when alive, and he believed he could depend upon her now.

Mr. Wilson was interested in a marble quarry, and occasionally drove out there to see how things were going. There had been a cut-down in the wages of the men. Too much money was being sent back to Italy. Two weeks after breaking Mr. Forrest in two he started to visit the quarry and settle the trouble if he could, and Miss Prue accompanied him. At about the same time the despairing lover started out from somewhere in his auto for a spin. His route passed the quarry.

The banker arrived to find seven or eight hands hanging around and grumbling, while a dozen more had packed up and departed. A strike had been declared. He stood up in his auto and orated. He showed that a cut in wages always made the wage-earner more economical, and was therefore a good thing, and he was going on to prove several other things when the men made a dash for him and hauled him out of the machine. They had just begun to pound him up right

...

Mr. Wilson read that far and then laid the report aside, and looked at the young man for a long minute before saying:

"And now you may go on with what you came in here to say."

"That—that report is true, sir," was the reply in a trembling voice, "but please don't believe me vicious. It was what they call exuberance of spirits. When you were a young man—"

...

And Miss Prue reached out and patted her father on the shoulder. "You are the best ever," she said.

Accepted.

"The position requires a high degree of courage. We must know that you possess it."

"Well, sir, I ran a moving picture show for six months in a college town."

MAKES ANALYSIS OF BREATH

Professor Courtade of Paris Declares That Exhaled Air Contains Mass of Solid Particles.

The ultra-microscope has enabled Professor Courtade of Paris to analyze the human breath far more minutely than it has ever been done before. In a report to the Medical society of Paris he says that exhaled air contains not only gases, such as nitrogen, carbonic acid, water, vapor, etc., but also a mass of tiny solid particles, some motionless and others mobile.

The latter, he surmises, may include bacteria, both rod-shaped and globular. The presence of minute bits of cell tissue (epithelium) in the human breath he regards as positively proved.

The process followed by the investigator in his experiments was very simple. It was only necessary, he says, to examine a glass plate on which exhaled breath had been allowed to evaporate. Under the ultramicroscope he observed collection of dust composed of as rich a variety of substances as that left by evaporated drinking water.

Doctor Courtade hopes ultimately to be able to lay down a new standard of health by a series of comparisons of what he calls the "breath dust" of healthy and unhealthy persons.—New York Sun.

Wanted Plenty of Time.

Countryman (to boardinghouse keeper)—And what time do you have dinner here?

Boardinghouse Keeper—From 12 to 3.

Countryman—Oh, that'll suit me very well. I never liked hurrying over my meals.

Seldom Called For.

"What is your idea of useless knowledge?"

"Knowing the length of a full-grown walrus' tusk and the exact population of Tibet."

POULTRY

DUAL-PURPOSE FOWL HOUSE

Dual-Purpose House.

Roosting Platform.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN

PROOF POSITIVE.

FRENCH BEAN COFFEE, A HEALTHFUL DRINK

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Wretchedness of Constipation

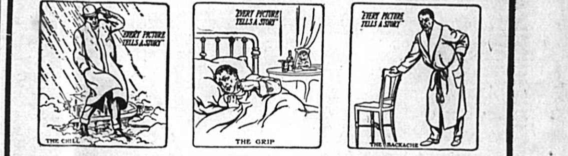
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

TIFFANY DIAMONDS

PETTIT'S EYE SALVE

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 12–1911.

FREE SAMPLE OF LAXATIVE CURED THEIR CONSTIPATION



Colds and Chills Bring Kidney Ills

February, March and April are the backache months, because they are months of colds, chills, grip and pneumonia, with their congesting, weakening influence on the kidneys. Colds, chills, or grip strain the kidneys and start backache, urinary disorders and uric acid troubles. You feel lame, weak and tired and have headache, dizzy feelings, achy muscles and joints; too frequent, painful urinary passages, sediment, etc. Chills hurt the kidneys. Likewise well kidneys often prevent taking cold, by helping to pass off the waste matters of cold congestion. Doan's Kidney Pills are very useful in the raw winter and spring months. They stop backache and urinary disorders, keep the kidneys well and prevent colds from settling on the kidneys. Strong testimony proves it. What better evidence could you ask?

CONVINCING PROOF FROM GRATEFUL USERS

TERRIBLE CASE OF DROPSY.

Lebanon, Ind., Man Gives Vivid Description of His Suffering.

John T. Anderson, 612 W. Main St., Lebanon, Ind., says: "I was taken suddenly with agonizing pains through my kidneys, followed by a stoppage of the urine. I called in a physician, but he gave me only temporary relief, by drawing the urine with a catheter. I was soon in such agony I could not lie in bed, and for four weeks sat in a chair, propped up by pillows. After about a month, it seemed as if something burst and I passed a regular flood of water, mixed with blood and mucus. After that I had not a particle of control over the secretions. The doctor said he could do no more for me, and every one thought I would die. My friends marvel at my recovery. Nine boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life and made a permanent cure. I gained 28 pounds and have had no trouble since."

TEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Restored at Last to Perfect Health by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Narcissa Waggoner, Carterville, Ill., R. F. D. No. 2, says: "For over ten years I suffered terribly with backaches, headaches, nervous and dizzy spells. I was restless at night and in the morning arose so tired as to be almost unable to do my housework. The kidney secretions were unnatural and gave me a great deal of trouble. One day I suddenly fell to the floor where I lay for a long time unconscious. Three doctors who treated me diagnosed my case as paralysis and said they could do nothing for me. As a last resort I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I am stronger than before in many years and my kidneys are in perfect condition."

A TRIAL FREE Test Doan's Kidney Pills Yourself. Cut out this coupon, mail it to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. A free trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills will be mailed you promptly. No. 183

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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