SYNOPSIS.

Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Failing sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. A friendly squirrel practically decides the matter for him. His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides to end his days in the forests of Oregon. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

—2—

The squirrel was very close to him, and Dan seemed to know by instinct that the movement of a single muscle would give him away. So he sat as if he were posing before a photographer's camera. The fact that he was able to do it is in itself important. It is considerably easier to exercise with dumb-bells for five minutes than to sit absolutely without motion for the same length of time. Hunters and naturalists acquire the art with training. It was therefore rather curious that Dan succeeded so well the first time he tried it. He had sense enough to relax first, before he froze. Thus he didn't put such a severe strain on his muscles.

The squirrel, after ten seconds had elapsed, stood on his haunches to see better. First he looked a long time with his left eye. Then he turned his head and looked very carefully with his right. Then he backed off a short distance and tried to get a focus with both. Then he came some half-dozen steps nearer.

A moment before he had been certain that a living creature—in fact one of the most terrible and powerful living creatures in the world—had been sitting on the park bench. Now his poor little brain was completely addled. He was entirely ready to believe that his eyes had deceived him.

Bushy-tail drew off a little further, fully convinced at last that his hopes of a nut from a child's hand were blasted. But he turned to look once more. The figure still sat utterly inert. And all at once he forgot his devouring hunger in the face of an overwhelming curiosity.

He came somewhat nearer and looked a long time. Then he made a half-circle about the bench, turning his head as he moved. He was more puzzled than ever, but he was no longer afraid. His curiosity had become so intense that no room for fear was left. And then he sprang upon the park bench.

Dan moved then. The movement consisted of a sudden heightening of the light in his eyes. But the squirrel didn't see it. It takes a muscular response to be visible to the eyes of the wild things.

The squirrel crept slowly along the bench, stopping to sniff, stopping to stare with one eye and another, just devoured from head to tail with curiosity. And then he leaped on Dan's knee.

He was quite convinced, by now, that this warm perch on which he stood was the most singular and interesting object of his young life. It was true that he was faintly worried by the smell that reached his nostrils. But all it really did was further to incite his curiosity. He followed the leg up to the hip and then perched on the elbow. And an instant more he was poking a cold nose into Dan's neck.

But if the squirrel was excited by all these developments, its amazement was nothing compared to Dan's. It had been the most astounding incident in the man's life. He sat still, tingling with delight. And in a single flash of inspiration he knew he had come among his own people at last. He knew where he would spend his last six months of life.

His own grandfather had been a hunter and trapper and frontiersman in a certain vast but little known Oregon forest. His son had moved to the eastern cities, but in Dan's garret there used to be old mementoes and curios from these savage days—a few claws and teeth, and a fragment of an old diary. The call had come to him at last. Tenderfoot though he was, Dan would go back to those forests, to spend his last six months of life among the wild creatures that made them their home.

CHAPTER II.

The dinner hour found Dan Failing in the public library of Gitchespolis, asking the girl who sat behind the desk if he might look at maps of Oregon. He remembered that his grandfather had lived in southern Oregon. He looked along the bottom of his map and discovered a whole empire, ranging from gigantic sage plains to the east to dense forests along the Pacific ocean. He began to search for Linkville.

Time was when Linkville was one of the principal towns of Oregon. Dan remembered the place because some of the time-yellowed letters his grandfather had sent him had been mailed at a town that bore this name. But he couldn't find Linkville on the map. Later he was to know the reason—that the town, half-way between the sage plains and the mountains, had prospered and changed its name. He remembered that it was located on one of those great fresh-water lakes of southern Oregon; so, giving up that search, he began to look for lakes. He found them in plenty—vast, unmeasured lakes that seemed to be distributed without reason or sense over the whole southern end of the state. Near the Klamath lakes, seemingly the most imposing of all the fresh-water lakes that the map revealed, he found a city named Klamath Falls. He put the name down in his notebook.

The map showed a particularly high, far-spreading range of mountains due west of the city. Of course they were the Cascades; the map said so very plainly. Then Dan knew he was getting home. His grandfather had lived and trapped and died in these same wooded hills. Finally he located and recorded the name of the largest city on the main railroad line that was adjacent to the Cascades.

The preparation for his departure took many days. He read many books on flora and fauna. He bought sporting equipment. Knowing the usual ratio between the respective pleasures of anticipation and realization, he did not hurry himself at all. And one midnight he boarded a west-bound train.

He sat for a long time in the vestibule of the sleeping car, thinking in anticipation of this final adventure of his life. He was rather tremulous and exultant as he sank down into his berth.

He saw to it that at least a measure of preparation was made for his coming. That night a long wire went out to the Chamber of Commerce of one of the larger southern Oregon cities. In it he told the date of his arrival and asked certain directions. He wanted to know the name of some mountain rancher where possibly he might find board and room for the remainder of the summer and the fall. The further back from the paths of men, he wrote, the greater would be his pleasure. And he signed the wire with his full name: Dan Failing, with a Henry in the middle, and a "III" at the end.

He usually didn't sign his name in quite this manner. The people of Gitchespolis did not have particularly vivid memories of Dan's grandfather. But it might be that a legend

He Couldn't Find Linkville on the Map.

of the gray, straight frontiersman who was his ancestor had still survived in these remote Oregon wilds. The use of the full name would do no harm.

Instead of hurting, it was a positive inspiration. The Chamber of Commerce of the busy little Oregon city was not usually exceptionally interested in stray hunters that wanted a boarding place for the summer. Its business was finding country homes for orchardists in the pleasant river valleys. But it happened that the recipient of the wire was one of the oldest residents, a frontiersman himself, and it was one of the traditions of the Old West that friendships were not soon forgotten. Dan Failing I had been a legend in the old trapping and shooting days when this man was young. So it came about that when Dan's train stopped at Cheyenne, he found a telegram waiting him:

"Any relation to Dan Failing of the Umpqua divide?"

Dan had never heard of the Umpqua divide, but he couldn't doubt but that the sender of the wire referred to his grandfather. He wired in the affirmative. The head of the Chamber of Commerce received the wire, read it, thrust it into his desk, and in the face of a really important piece of business proceeded to forget all about it. Thus it came about that, except for one thing, Dan Failing would have probably stepped off the train at his destination wholly unheralded and unmet. The one thing that changed his destiny was that at a meeting of a certain widely known fraternal order the next night, the Chamber of Commerce crossed trails with the Frontier in the person of another old resident who had his home in the farthest reaches of the Umpqua divide. The latter asked the former to come up for a few days' shooting—the deer being fatter and more numerous than any previous season since the days of the grizzlies.

"Too busy, I'm afraid," the Chamber of Commerce had replied. "But Lennox—that reminds me. Do you remember old Dan Failing?"

Lennox probed back into the years for a single instant, straightened out all the kinks of his memory in less time than the wind straightens out the folds of a flag, and turned a most interested face. "Remember him!" he exclaimed. "I should say I do." The middle-aged man half-closed his piercing, gray eyes.

"Listen, Steele," he said, "I saw Dan Failing make a bet once. I was just a kid, but I wake up in my sleep to marvel at it. We had a full long glimpse of a black-tail bounding up a long slope. It was just a spike-buck, and Dan Failing said he could take the left-hand spike off with one shot from his old Sharpe's. Three of us bet him—the whole thing in less than two seconds. With the next shot, he'd get the deer. He won the bet, and now if I ever forget Dan Failing, I want to die."

"You're just the man I'm looking for, then. You're not going out till the day after tomorrow?"

"No."

"On the limited, hitting here tomorrow morning, there's a grandson of Dan Failing. His name is Dan Failing, too, and he wants to go up to your place to hunt. Stay all summer and pay board."

Lennox's eyes said that he couldn't believe it was true. After a while his tongue spoke, too. "Good Lord," he said. "I used to foller Dan around—like old Shag, before he died, followed Snowbird. Of course he can come. But he can't pay board."

It was rather characteristic of the mountain men—that the grandson of Dan Failing couldn't possibly pay board. But Steele knew the ways of cities and of men, and he only smiled. "He won't come, then," he explained. "Anyway, have that out with him at the end of his stay. He wants fishing, and you've got that in the North fork. Moreover, you're a thousand miles back—"

"Only one hundred, if you must know. But Steele—do you suppose he's the man his grandfather was before him—that all the Failings have been since the first days of the Oregon trail? If he is—well, my hat's off to him before he steps off the train."

The mountaineer's bronzed face was earnest and intent in the bright lights of the club. Steele thought he had known his breed. Now he began to have doubts of his own knowledge. "He won't be; don't count on it," he said humbly. "The Failings have done much for this region, and I'm glad enough to do a little to pay it back, but don't count much on this eastern boy. He's lived in cities; besides, he's a sick man. He said so in his wire. You ought to know it before you take him in."

The bronzed face changed; possibly a shadow of disappointment came into his eyes. "A lunger, eh?" Lennox repeated. "Yes—it's true that if he'd been like the other Failings, he'd never have been that. Why, Steele, you couldn't have given that old man a cold if you'd tied him in the Rogue river overnight. Of course you couldn't count on the line keeping up forever. But I'll take him, for the memory of his grandfather."

"You're not afraid to?"

"Afraid, h—l! He can't infect those two strapping children of mine. Snowbird weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and is hard as steel. Never knew a sick day in her life. And you know Bill, of course."

Disappointment turned into rapture at sight of the wild country and through warm welcome accorded by Silas Lennox, Dan Failing's host, characterize the next installment of this story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW DOLLAR WORKS FOR YOU

Benjamin Franklin's Fund of $5,000 Grew to $431,383 in One Hundred Years.

How the dollar invested works for the individual himself has been best illustrated by that first great American teacher of thrift, Benjamin Franklin. In 1791, he bequeathed £1,000 ($5,000) to the commonwealth of Massachusetts and to the city of Boston as a mark of his appreciation for having appointed him as agent in England at the "handsome" salary of £2,000 ($10,000) and to make his bequest really valuable with his great foresight, Franklin provided in his will that this £1,000 should be put out at 5 per cent interest for one hundred years; that at the end of that time 31-131 of the fund accumulated should again be put out at interest for another hundred years and then the fund be divided one-fourth to Boston and three-fourths to the state.

Let us show how well that £1,000 of Franklin's has worked. At the end of the first hundred years it had grown to $431,383.62. It was then divided in accordance with the will; $329,300.48 was set aside for "public work" and $102,083.14 was started on its course of earning interest for another hundred years. That was in 1891. January 1, 1918, this sum had grown to $367,805.15 and at this rate of increase the fund should amount to at least six million dollars when the second period is completed, and may be considerable more.—World's Work.

Porpoise a Fast Swimmer.

There is another mammal that is so fast no one has ever been able to find out how fast he is. This is the porpoise. The porpoise can do stunts in front of the fastest boat that travels the bounding wave and when he is through after several hours of clowning he flirts his tail and nonchalantly speeds beyond the horizon. The porpoise will do his tricks under the bow of a nine-knot cargo tramp or a 22-knot ocean greyhound. He is like the antelope in that he sets his pace according to the speed of the pursuer.

An idle rumor only awaits the chance to get busy.

SAYS DANCING IS USEFUL

Boston Professor Declares It a Natural Instinct, Like Eating, Fighting and Mating.

Boston.—Dancing is an instinct which is very much better expressed than suppressed, said Prof. Emil Carl Wilm, head of the department of psychology at Boston university, in a serious defense of natural pleasures today.

"Dancing serves a useful social end," he added. "It gives married people the opportunity to associate with persons of the opposite sex under conventional circumstances, and it helps uphold conventional society.

"Modern dancing is partly sensual, partly an expression of a love for rhythm and partly much-needed exercise. All of these functions are natural and therefore the appeal of dancing cannot help but be widespread. Our highly conventional society suppresses a great many natural pleasures, but dancing has not been abolished by the blue law reformers yet, and it is one of the very few natural pleasures left.

"The overemphasis that is sometimes placed on dancing is the result of what psychologists know as inhibitions. Unless normal instincts get an expression or have some compensation they are apt to burst out in unusual forms.

"For instance, all women have the maternal instinct and the modern bachelor woman, her instinct unsatisfied and repressed, compensates by taking a passionate interest in animals, or else she becomes a champion of feminism."

NEW SUITS CLEARLY INTERPRET SPRINGTIME

NEVER was a season more clearly interpreted in suits than the oncoming spring is. A survey of any representative collection of them leaves one impressed with this fact, and it is evident that designers have had it in mind in the choice of styles and colors, and that their interest is centering on new decorative features.

The straight and flaring box-coat modes with loose sleeves widening toward the hand, suggest balmy weather. They are made collarless or with small turnover collars, and they reveal a variety of styles in their embellishments. Many of them are embroidered, others adopt the new cire ribbons or silk braid decorations, and an occasional model, running true to form in considering the Chinese inspiration of the style, show coats with bright applique borders made of pieces of colored silks in various shapes applied with needlework in characteristic Chinese designs. But embroideries in self color and braid or ribbon decorations are universally admired.

Not all embroidered suits limit themselves to one color in their embroidery, for many of them introduce either other colors or metallic threads in the design. A suit of this kind appears at the left of the two shown here with an elaborate pattern in self-color embroidery lightened by silver threads. In this model the skirt is a little shorter and a little narrower than the standard for the season, for manufacturers are inclined to favor the ideas of very young wearers—and others who hope to look youthful—by abbreviating skirts considerably. The sash of broad satin reveals the headway this feature of the styles is making and is given prominence by its width and long-fringed ends.

The bloused suit at the right is an elegant new arrival that will please those who like simple styles and smart lines. It dares challenge companions without any embellishment except the decorative rows of buttons on the coat and a fringed satin sash.

In the Galaxy of Blouses

THERE is a considerable diversity of style in blouses this spring, but an actual count in almost any display will reveal the tie-back models and the straight-line models predominating. In materials georgette and crepe-de-chine are in the lead, but there are hosts of lingerie blouses to dispute position with them. The latter have a place in the summer wardrobe not to be disturbed by any newcomers. There are some new and very attractive trimming features to be noted in the spring style points—two or three of them embodied in the two stars in the galaxy of blouses for spring that are pictured here.

A crepe de chine model appears at the right of the two with the favored medium for embellishing this fabric shown in the eyelet embroidery that comes so near to covering it. There is a rising tide of favor for this sort of embroidery on both blouses and dresses. Two other novelties in decoration find themselves well placed in this model—the unusual small rings about the waist line, for supporting the narrow ribbon girdle and the tassels that finish the bottom. Many blouses indulge in a few handsome tassels, but this one makes prodigal use of them; they are placed so close together that they have the effect of lengthening the peplum.

The dainty blouse at the left makes use of two colors in georgette, a dark shade for the body and a light color for a border at neck, sleeves and peplum. Needlework and flower motifs in silk floss repeat the colors in the blouse. The narrow ribbon girdle slips through four tabs, two at the front and two at the back, which are merely extensions of the border decorated with embroidered flowers. The girdle ties in a little bow at the side.

An interesting and pretty decoration in late arrivals among blouses appears in patent leather, which is cut out to represent grapes, acorns, cherries, etc. They are set in foliage embroidered with silk floss matching the blouse in color. Girdles are not always simple—decorations of this kind are often placed on them, or narrow, plaited frills or embroideries.

Julia Bottomley

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Stock With Jabot.

The stock with a flowing jabot is worn this spring.

Brown Swisses for Summer.

The brown Swisses will be very good this summer. On the white grounds there are several new dots, such as a deep emerald green, henna, various golden tints and apricot shades. Medium and pin dots are still the most popular.

Lace Roses.

Every material and method of modeling is used in constructing the fashionable artificial flowers. Some beautiful blossoms are made from cream lace. For instance, a large rose is surrounded by a wreath of leaves made with the needle in the semblance of a net mesh ground. The beautiful blossom itself is composed of a series of petals in flowered lace, slightly curved and placed true to nature, one by one like the best specimens of imitated blossoms. Each part is invisibly wired.

Brocaded Sashes.

Brilliant brocaded sashes are worn with dark costumes.

Black Velvet Coat.

Some of the black velvet coats are made with wide, flaring sleeves, which can be used at will for a muff. These same flaring sleeves are fitted with little shirred inner silk sleeves—wind sleeves, they are called—which keep the wrists and arms warm in spite of the wide lower edge of the sleeve.

Novel Sachet Bag.

A novel sachet is made of three large sachet bags of different colored silk. These are filled with cotton wadding and sachet powder. Baby ribbon is used to tie the three bags together and form a large rosette. A kewpie doll is dressed in [illegible] hat or ribbon trimmed with ribbon [illegible] and its feet are tied down by the [illegible].

Fur Coats for Children.

The child whose parents can afford the luxury will be fur-coated this winter.

Cloth of Silver Hats Popular.

Small Egyptian turbans for evening wear are made of silver cloth.

SAVAGE BORNEO BURIAL RITES

With the Corpse Is Put Away a Sample of Practically Everything Man Had in Life.

When a man of the Penyabong tribe of central Borneo is near death his family and others gather around him to see him die, but without attempt to restore him to health, writes Carl Lumholtz in "Through Central Borneo." When dead his eyes are closed, he is washed and a new chavat of fiber as well as a new shirt of the same material is given him. Tobacco is put in his mouth, four cigarettes on his abdomen, and on his chest and stomach are placed sago and cooked wild pig or some other meat for him to eat. Four bamboos filled with water are set upright near by. His sumpitan with its darts, poison for the darts, the parang, shield and his musical instruments, if he has any—in short, one sample of everything he had is laid down by his side. What little else may be left goes to the widow. When a woman dies she is treated in the same way, but the nose flute is the only instrument that accompanies her.

A tree is cut down and from the log a dugout is made, in which the corpse is placed, a board being loosely fastened as a cover. This coffin is placed on a simple platform in the utan. There is no feast attending this rite. I visited the burial place (tasran) of Tamaloe on the other side of the river about a kilometer away. It was difficult to find, for the small space which is cleared of jungle whenever there is a funeral very soon grows up again. Only two boxes, each containing the corpse of a child, were in good condition, the rest having fallen down and disappeared through the action of rains and wild pigs.

After the husband's death the widow eats only every second day for a month; after that she is free to eat, but for a year she weeps twice a day, morning and evening—though sometimes she forgets. The father, mother and sister of the deceased also take part in the one-year period of wailing twice a day. After that period has elapsed the widow may remarry. For the widower there are practically the same regulations, though he does not weep loudly, and after eight months he can look for another wife; but first he must have taken a head.

Our Old Plate.

Sheffield plate was known as "copper-rolled plate" when it was first made. The discovery was accidental. In 1742 a Sheffield mechanic named Bolsover, while repairing some cutlery, inadvertently fused silver and copper. This set him experimenting, and the result was the evolution of articles having the appearance of being made of solid silver. Later on John Hancock and other silversmiths opened factories for the manufacture of the plate. For nearly 60 years the copper was plated on one side only.

"Yankee Doodle."

The authorship of "Yankee Doodle" is generally ascribed to Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a British surgeon and wit. Dr. Edward Everett Hale has attributed the present version of "Yankee Doodle" to Edward Harvard Bangs who graduated from Harvard in 1777. The tune has been attributed to various countries and even carried back to the church of the middle ages, but most likely it had its origin in England. It is found in an opera by Samuel Arnold, "Two to One," produced in London in 1784.

Avoiding "Coin" and "Coop."

"Quincidence" is the way a recent writer spells it. Excellent! Now if authors and printers will quaquerate we'll get rid of some more of those awkward looking words beginning with "co."—Boston Transcript.

Romance of Paper.

When our forefathers were cavemen the Chinese were reading books printed on paper fashioned from the bark of the mulberry tree or of bamboo sprouts. The Moors introduced paper in the twelfth century into Spain.

Betwixt and Between.

Little Mary is 7 and feels herself too old to indulge in the games played by her 5-year-old sister and is not tolerated in the play of her sister of 14. Sadly commenting upon her fate, she said the other day, "There does not seem to be anything for middle-aged girls like me to do."

What a Man Believes.

What a man believes may be ascertained, not from his creed, but from the assumption on which he habitually acts.—Bernard Shaw.

An Occupation.

Mistress (to butler)—Why is it, John, every time I come home I find you sleeping?

Butler—Well, ma'am, it's this way: I don't like to be a-doing nothing.—Paris LeJournal Amusant.

Continuous.

He—There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman.

She—Indeed! And when are they?

He—Before he is married and afterwards.—London Tit-Bits.

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

Hay and Grain.

Corn—No. 3 white 69@70c, No. 3 yellow 69@70c, No. 4 mixed 65@66c, No. 2 yellow 70@71c.

Sound Hay—Timothy per ton $16@22, clover mixed $15@20.50, clover $16.50@21.

Oats—No. 2 white 49@50c, No. 3 white 47@48c, No. 3 mixed 44@45c.

Wheat—No. 2 red $1.82@1.83, No. 3 red $1.80@1.81, No. 4 red $1.73@1.77.

Butter, Eggs and Poultry.

Butter—Whole milk creamery extras 54c, centralized extras 52c, firsts 50c.

Eggs—Extra firsts 32@33½c, firsts 31@31½c, ordinary firsts 30½@31c.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 2 lbs and under 50@55c, young chickens over 2 lbs 28c; fowls, 5 lbs and over 30c, under 4 lbs 30c, roosters 18c.

Live Stock.

Cattle—Steers, good to choice $8@9.75, fair to good $7@8, common to fair $4.50@7; heifers, good to choice $7.50@9, fair to good $6.50@7.75, common to fair $4@6, canners $2@3, stock heifers $4.50@5.50.

Calves—Good to choice $12@12.50, fair to good $9@12, common and large $5@8.

Sheep—Good to choice $5@5.50, fair to good $3@5, common $1.50@2.50, lambs, good to choice $10@10.25, fair to good $8.50@10.

Hogs—Heavy $11@11.75, choice packers and butchers $11.75, medium $12, common to choice heavy fat sows $6@9, light shippers $12, pigs (110 lbs and less) $9@10.50.

DARLING BABY BRIGHTENS HOME

Children's Laughter a Pleasing Sound

Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. We had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nineteen days is all they have lived. Before my next one was born I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound, and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth, for this baby is now four months old, and a healthier baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says 'That is a very healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show these few lines to anybody."—Mrs. C. W. BENZ, 131 3rd Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

Mrs. Janssen's experience of interest to childless wives.

Milston, Wis.—"I want to give you a word of praise for your wonderful medicine. We are fond of children, and for a considerable time after we were married I feared I would not have any. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it strengthened me so I now have a nice, strong, healthy baby girl. I suffered very little at childbirth, and I give all the credit to your medicine, and shall always recommend it highly."—Mrs. H. H. JANSSEN, Milston, Wis.

Mrs. Held of Marinette, Wis., adds her testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She says:

Marinette, Wis.—"I was in a nervous condition and very irregular. My doctor advised an operation. My husband brought me one of your booklets and asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It overcame my weakness so that I now have a healthy baby girl after having been married nine years. I am glad to recommend your medicine, and you may use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. H. B. HELD, 330 Jefferson St., Marinette, Wis.

There are many, many such homes that were once childless, and are now blessed with healthy, happy children because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored the mother to a strong and healthy condition, as it acts as a natural restorative for ailments as indicated by backache, irregularities, displacements, weakness and nervousness.

Women everywhere should remember that most of the commoner ailments of women are not the surgical ones—they are not caused by serious displacements or growths, although the symptoms may be the same, and that is why so many apparently serious ailments readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it acts as a natural restorative. It can be taken with perfect safety and often prevents serious troubles.

Therefore if you know of any woman who is suffering and has been unable to secure relief and is regretfully looking forward to a childless old age, ask her to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it has brought health and happiness into so many homes once darkened by illness and despair.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

A "One Hundred Thousand Dollar" Invitation

The Montgomery County Farm Bureau, which has for sale but one commodity, OPPORTUNITY—has been provided with a fund of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, to be used in extending an invitation to the farmer of other sections, inviting him to make Montgomery County, Alabama, his home.

Situated in the great LIME LAND BELT of the South, with a splendid system of improved Highways radiating into every section of the county; blessed with an abundance of pure water, fertile soils, many natural clovers and grasses, our lands are still cheap.

Montgomery County enjoys the best Consolidated Rural Schools to be found; we have excellent railroad facilities and our great Stock Yards afford the farmer a market at his very door.

We are sure the Simple Truth is enough to convince you that Montgomery County offers unusual advantages and we invite you to come here where living is pleasant and profitable.

For full information and descriptive literature write:

Montgomery County Farm Bureau
Division (H) 215-16 Bell Building, Montgomery, Alabama

When a Feller Needs a Friend.

Aristocratic Aunt (to small nephew from the country playing in the snow)—Please remember, Theodore, while you are visiting us, that it will be unnecessary for you to make your own snowmen. What are the servants for?—Passing Show, London.

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, Sticky Eyes, all healed promptly with nightly applications of Roman Eye Balsam.—Adv.

WHEN JEFFERSON TOOK OATH

Early Presidential Inauguration at Which There Was an Abundance of Ill Feeling.

The first Jefferson inauguration had more drama about it than its three predecessors. The President-elect was received upon the portico of the newly completed north wing of the capitol by Aaron Burr, whom Jefferson cordially distrusted. And the oath of office was administered by one of his bitterest enemies, Chief Justice Marshall, who had been appointed to office by Adams in the closing days of the administration, an act which Jefferson regarded as not only an impropriety but a personal affront. Jefferson's feelings towards Burr and Marshall were well known.

Then the new president was escorted to the senate chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address, one of the most notable of all such speeches. He was afterward escorted to his boarding house, where he received the congratulations of the foreign diplomats and the leaders of the popular party, who rejoiced over the defeat of the Federalists.

King George Now "Black Pig."

King George has received a new title and is now a member of the Black Pig Order of Great Britain. It is a social organization of men who are interested in raising the famous Berkshire Pigs, and particularly interested in making them reach unusual size. King Alfonso also is one of the Black Pigs.

He'd Found Some Use for It.

Indignant Wife (to husband from whom she rescues her lapdog)—Darling doggie is too well bred for you to moisten postage stamps on his nose.—London Opinion.

No harmful drugs in Garfield Tea. It is composed wholly of simple, health-giving herbs.—Adv.

NOT REALLY SCARCE ARTICLE

Material Called Lamb's Fleece in Syria Merely Went by Another Name in England.

A certain young globe-trotter, possessed of more money than brains, was prevailed upon by one of the sons of the prophet to purchase at a very large price a quantity of what was described as Syrian lamb's fleece.

This, when he returned to London, he sent to his tailor with orders to line an overcoat with it. A few days after he called to try on the coat.

"You didn't send us quite enough material, sir," remarked the tailor, "and I had to get some more to line the sleeves."

"But," remarked the traveler in surprise, "it's impossible to obtain that fleece in England. It's only to be obtained in Syria."

"Not at all, sir," was the reply. "In England we call it rabbit skin."—Montreal Herald.

Loves of Pictures Universal.

Mankind has always loved pictures. Races, without a written language, have left behind them rude carvings and murals to attest the fact. When an industry arose that appealed to this ancient appetite with pictures that moved, it did not have to wait long to see whether it would die or flourish. A dozen years ago the motion picture business, as we now know it, did not exist. Today the American public supports 16,500 moving picture theaters, makes 5,000,000,000 visits to them a year and spends $750,000,000 annually for this amusement.—The Nations' Business.

Youngsters grow husky on
Grape-Nuts
The great body-building values which Nature stores in wheat and barley, are retained in this easily digestible food.
The unique, sweet flavor of Grape-Nuts makes it a big favorite with both children and adults.
"There's a Reason"
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

HELP THAT ACHING BACK!

Is your back giving out? Are you tortured with backache and stabbing pains? Does any exertion leave you "all played out?" Feel you just can't keep going? Likely your kidneys are to blame. Overwork, colds, hurry and worry tend to weaken the kidneys. Backache is often the first warning. Headache and dizziness may come, too, and annoying kidney irregularities. Help he kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy recommended by thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Kentucky Case

Mrs. J. W. Lamb, 202 W. Franklin St., Princeton, Ky., says: "I was troubled with severe backache, which I think was brought on by constant standing. I suffered from nervousness and dizzy spells when black spots appeared before my eyes. When I stooped over, my back pained me severely. I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills from Doan's Directory and began their use. Two or three boxes of this medicine relieved me greatly."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Do you know why it's toasted
To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.
LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

"Pain's enemy" —I'll say it is!

When you need quick comforting relief from any "external" pain, use Sloan's Liniment. It does the job without rubbing, bandaging. Use freely for rheumatism, neuralgia, aches and pains, sprains and strains, backache, sore muscles.

Keep it handy
SLOAN'S LINIMENT
35¢ 70¢ $1.40
At all druggists

Lowered Vitality Liver Trouble

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"Some time ago I suffered with lowered vitality and liver trouble. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon had excellent health. I can never forget what this valuable remedy has done for me, and can recommend it for run-down conditions caused from overwork, or for sluggish liver."—PAUL S. MEGRUE, 4561 Madison Road.

This "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's is made from Blood root, Oregon Grape root, Stone root, contains no alcohol. All druggists.

Willing to Hold.

"I've been reared in the lap of luxury," said a millionaire's daughter.

"Try mine for a change," suggested the impecunious young man.—Baltimore American.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

Music.

Ignatius—A pretty girl is like a melody.

Ignatz—Yeh, I saw one the other night that looked pretty sharp, and she knocked me flat, so I went for a note.

Ignatius—What did she say?

Ignatz—Oh, she told me not to play around.—California Pelican.

Before retiring a cup of Garfield Tea. For good digestion and continued good health.—Adv.

Just as Bad.

Art Critic—"Have you ever been done in oil?" Vanderlop—"No; but I have in steel common."

Freshen a Heavy Skin

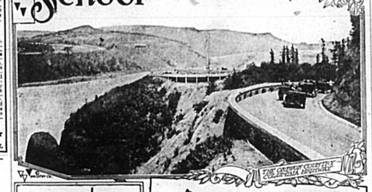
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

Behind the Times.

"Flubdub says he'd like to take the road to yesterday." "Well, he's all fixed for it, with his ancient flivver."

Use MURINE Night and Morning
Keep Your Eyes Clean - Clear and Healthy
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co. Chicago U.S.A.

Boardman Community School



THE OREGON COUNTRY COLUMBIA HIGHWAY

AS IT WAS

AS IT IS

AS IT WILL BE

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

LEWIS AND CLARK, 110 years ago, passed along the Columbia river on their famous expedition of exploration between the Mississippi and the Pacific. It was then a primeval wilderness, known only to the Indian. Today the Columbia highway runs over their trail. Today the government Umatilla irrigation project assures prosperity to the settler. Today is the settlement of Boardman, North Morrow county, Oregon. Today stands the Boardman community school.

This Boardman community school is but one of thousands of public schools all over the United States. Why then pick it out among so many? Because it is an object lesson of what the American public school should be, can be—and will be before many years.

The 1920 census shows that the urban population of the United States, or people living in places of 2,500 or more is 54,318,032, or 51.4 per cent of the country's total population, and the number of people living in rural territory is 51,390,739. In 1910 urban population represented 45.8 per cent.

Thus, for the first time in our history, the urban population outnumbers the rural population. It is a bad sign of the times. We have been brought up to believe that the farm and the farm home and the farmer are the foundations of our democracy. Are the foundations beginning to crumble? Apparently the country boys and girls are migrating to the city as soon as they can get away from the farm.

Why do they go to the cities? Because, as things now are, city conditions best satisfy one of the deepest of human instincts—the desire for happiness. A man or woman in the city can earn more money, work shorter hours, live more comfortably, see more of life and drink more deeply of the cup of happiness.

The country is off balance, with more people in the cities than in the country. The balance must be restored. How is it to be done? One thing that will help is to make the country more attractive. In this there are many factors. And not the least is the community center. And happy is the community where the community center is the schoolhouse.

The development of the Boardman community school in the short term of three years, from a little one-room shack with six pupils, to the modern building herewith represented, writes Principal M. B. Signs in the Reclamation Record, naturally makes the hundred pupils now attending enjoy their work, and the people of the community proud of their accomplishment. Boardman is situated on the Columbia river and highway, in the heart of the west extension of the Umatilla irrigation project, North Morrow county, Oregon. Surrounding this region is the great John Day irrigation district offering 300,000 acres yet to be developed. Naturally the people thought of the future with optimism, and planned for it in their schools. An architect, E. F. Williams of Portland, was employed and the unit plan of construction begun. The center unit was first finished and used a year when the two wings were added.

On the main floor are the class rooms, office, and library of 3,000 volumes. The auditorium is in the central portion on the second story. The basement is divided into two distinct departments, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. Provision is made for sewing, cooking, dining, science and manual training.

The grounds comprise ten acres and afford opportunity for spacious lawns, a school garden, and play grounds; and, when fully developed, a complete athletic field.

The primary function of the public schools is to make good citizens. From the standpoint of citizenship every schoolhouse ought to be a polling place. This would not only be economical but would emphasize the ideal for which the ballot box stands. We have tried this plan in Boardman and the school is the voting place. Last primary election was the last day of school. We held our election, observed the closing exercises of the school year, had a speaker on political economy from the state university, and a community dinner—a real time of good fellowship for the people of the community, young and old.

In addition to the use of the school as a polling place, all the various organizations of the community use the building and its equipment for their activities: the Ladies' Aid society, the grange, the farm bureau, Parent-Teachers' association, Commercial club, Community library, Hay Growers' association, the North Morrow County Fair association, and extension schools. About the only organization in the community that does not use the school is the church, and there is some discussion of bringing that in line where the school auditorium and class rooms and equipment might be used for religious instruction, while the small cottage church could be remodeled for a manse.

The next important step in the development of the community-center idea would be the federation of the above-mentioned organizations under a community-paid secretary with a board of directors composed of the heads of each department. Community work could then be carried on with a definite plan for all and move steadily forward in accomplishment of civic needs and betterments.

Representative M. Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania, made a speech recently in the house on the subject of federal government aid for furthering the use of the public schoolhouse as the center of community association and activity. He said, among other things:

The unit of neighborhood in America is the public school district. The entire nation is divided into these natural communities, and in the center of each is a public building owned by all the people, regardless of all lines of class and creed and partnership and income.

The schoolhouse is the one true answer to the demand for a meeting place where by association on a common level the sense of equality may be realized and where in the power and happiness of touching elbows Americans may banish the thousand and one divisive lines of danger.

The schoolhouse is a community building because of the community of its ownership. Every resident of the community, either directly or indirectly, pays taxes for its erection and its maintenance. Such common ownership is essential for any real community purpose. Many cities and towns have recently erected separate community buildings through private contributions or have inaugurated drives to secure funds for such buildings. These are not community buildings; they are simply clubhouses for groups of the people. They are necessarily governed under rules laid down by groups, where generally the largest contributors have the greatest influence, while those who gave nothing have nothing to say.

Under the community organization any groups or clans may use the building by community permission, but no partisan or private group of any kind ought to be allowed to use the public schoolhouse except by invitation of the neighbors whose community home it is. That is the home development so needed in America; the group control is the method, in Rooseveltian phrase, of the "polyglot boarding house."

The public school plant represents the largest single investment of the American people's money. America has invested in school buildings and grounds the immense sum of $1,983,508,818, and expends every year for school purposes $736,678,080. That great plant is today being operated an average of but seven hours a day for 151 days a year. Is that not extravagance and waste and is it not economy to promote the wider use of the schoolhouse for every proper purpose?

The 50,000 communities of America, organized and efficient, spell democracy. It means taking the points of separation out and making U. S. spell "us." It was a vision of such possibilities which caused Charles E. Hughes when governor of New York to say at a community center meeting in Rochester: "I am more interested in what you are doing and what it stands for than anything else in the world. You are buttressing the foundations of democracy."

Co-operation in business has been practiced for years, but the greatest business in the world today is the business of being a true American citizen, and it can best be accomplished in cooperation with fellow Americans in communities which are little democracies with the public schoolhouses as their capitols.

Patagonian Game

Oddly enough, it is on the immense plain at the southeastern foot of the Cordillera de los Andes the wild horses or mustangs are easiest for d and the guanaco abounds. Hither the Tehuelches travel for the hunting. The guanaco is to 'be Indians in every way. The flesh of it is excellent eating, and made into a kind of pemmican that is eaten when the tribe is on the march; the skin is used for clothes for the toldos; the sinews serve as a thread; the skin of the neck furnishes thongs for bolas and bridles; the skin of the hough supplies them with a kind of moccasin shoe, and from the bones they cut spoons, cups, dice and make their favorite instrument.—Boys' Life.

Roses in Many Lands.

Those who associate the rose preeminently with England, are surprised to find mountains covered with roses in China, bushes of them; or to see tall trees uplifting in their arms climbing roses, whose lanky stems, having reached the summit, burst into flower, and roll down the other side in wave upon wave of blossom. In winter, they are beautiful, covered with orange or scarlet flask-shaped "hips." But though wild roses are far more varied and abundant in the mountains of Asia than they are in England, still England has its rosaries and pergolas; and is not the rose garden surely all its very own?

Great Secret.

A business concern in Boston has this pungent maxim prominently displayed in its front window: "A completed transaction is an asset; unfinished business is a liability." A modern efficiency expert could write a 60,000-word book on that text, and then really not say much more. The world is full of "starters" who never get anywhere. The big idea is to choose only worth while objectives and then finish what you start.—Albert Sidney Gregg.

Endowed Flagstaff

For a long time England possessed the only endowed flagstaff in the world, that belonging to the Royal Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Margate. This staff was erected in the first year of the reign of King Edward VII, in commemoration of his accession to the throne. The cost was defrayed by the pupils and friends, and the collection taken was so large that it enabled the institution to purchase 20 flags. Even when the staff and the flags had been paid for, £40 remained in the treasury. This sum was invested for an endowment fund.

Venetian Glass.

Venetian glass is distinguished by its exquisite thinness and fineness of quality—Tiffany glass being its only rival. Compared with Bohemian glass, which is also prized for bric-a-brac, its quality is much superior, although Bohemian glass sometimes rivals it in coloring and decorations.

TOO CARELESS WITH KISSES

Chicago Man Haled Into Court When Wife Sees Blonde Across the Street.

Chicago.—In the interests of brevity, the moral of this tale is pushed up in front, thus:

If a married man must have an affinity who craves sent kisses, wholesale, he should not pick out one who lives right across the street from his wife.

Long distance kisses and a beautiful blonde proved the undoing of Samuel Domko, according to his wife's testimony before Judge Trude in the court of domestic relations.

"I might never have caught him at all if he hadn't picked out an affinity right across the street," said Susanna, the wife.

"I began to notice a blonde woman across the street, sitting in the window every evening waiting for some one. Finally I caught her waving at him and then he would go up to her flat. She would also throw kisses to him as he came and went."

"I'll back up her story," said Mrs. Elsie Megas, a neighbor. "We women have to stick by each other. I saw him throwing kisses to her in the mornings when he went to work."

"Kisses—long distance and otherwise—belong to your wife," ruled the judge. "Also, $8 a week toward her support."

Cactus will impoverish land of which it has possession.

Amateur Matchmakers

By GRACE SEWELL

(©, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The fire in the grate burned happily, purring away just as if coal didn't cost somewhere around $19 a ton in Kenboro, and Lucile watched the thin blue flames that quivered over the top of the fire like dancing furies.

Roger Frear watched her adoringly. They had only been engaged a short time and each day he discovered new and entrancing beauties about his betrothed. He offered her a bright penny on the end of his finger and she flipped it away and turned bright, serious eyes upon him.

"I'm thinking about Aunt Barbara," she said. "She's not so old and she is still sweet and pretty in her own way—and she ought to get married."

"Of course she could if she wanted to," agreed Roger, who was in the state of mind where all of Lucile's relatives shone in the girl's reflected glory. "I heard my Uncle Don used to be sweet on Miss Barbara."

"Really?" gasped Lucile. "I believed I was the only one who guessed there was an old attachment between them. I wonder what parted them?"

"Perhaps he was scared stiff at the idea of proposing to a girl, and it died a natural death," said Roger, wise in his own recent experience.

"Were you afraid to ask me, Roger?" asked the girl shyly.

He shook his handsome head. "You helped me out a bit, you know," he confessed.

Lucile stiffened into hauteur and moved to the other end of the old sofa. "I was unaware that I helped one teeny bit," she protested. "Are you sorry that I didn't discourage you—or refuse you? It is not too late now!"

Roger slid along the sofa until his arms went around her proud young form. "Darling, you were perfect," he said, and she knew he meant it, "but don't let us quarrel over some foolish word, and perhaps be like Miss Barbara and Uncle Don, lonely and unhappy."

The girl's face changed to one of eagerness. "You are right, dear, our love is great and we must not fail to measure up to it. How can we help those two old young people to be happy? You really, really believe Mr. Trevor cares yet?"

"Seems to, somehow. Barks out something now and then about her being a fine woman, and even said you did not measure up to Miss Barbara's beauty when she was your age—rot like that!"

"It's not rot and you know it, Roger Frear! I am proud to look like Aunt Bab and I should love to grow into a sweet middle age like hers. Suppose—you send her a valentine and I'll send him one—they might think—you know."

"Fine—let us go down to Mr. Potts' shop now." Bundled in furs the lovers walked briskly down the village street to a tiny stationer's shop in the center. Mr. Potts' shop had stood there for forty years, and the little old man had dispensed valentines and writing paper and other stationery to several generations of his fellow townspeople. Lucile and Roger found the old stationer all alone amid his depleted stock of valentines.

"The choicest have been selected, Mr. Frear," he explained.

"Haven't you got any old ones in stock? Not last year's or the year before that, but twenty or thirty years back—those dear old lace paper things?" asked Lucile with a winning smile.

Mr. Potts became thoughtful. "I dessay I have," he admitted. "I don't sell out every year and there's a big box up in the loft here with a hodgepodge of valentines and greeting cards and such; there's cards with silk fringe all around, real beauties!"

"Let us see the box," said Roger. "I'll fetch it down, Mr. Potts."

"You'll get considerable dusty," said the old man, "but you're welcome to pull it down. Go up that ladder in the back room."

Presently Lucile and Roger were poring over cardboard boxes filled with old valentines which had not found a customer. The different layers marked the changes in the taste of the people, but at last they came to the ones they wanted. Delicate and fairylike in structure, with rather stilted verses, the old love missives had a tender appeal. They picked out a dozen, and paid lavishly for them. Mr. Potts was so pleased that he put the remainder on his counter to help out his thinning stock.

"Let us go home and each select one to send—I hope the dears will be pleased," chattered Lucile—as they paused in front of the shop window to look at the display.

"Look here!" whispered Roger as some one entered the shop. Lucile stared at the trim, dignified form of Mr. Donald Trevor approach the counter and poke a gloved finger among the valentines.

"He is! He is buying one—that great lace butterfly one—you know Aunt Bab is fond of butterflies!" whispered Lucile. "Oh, Roger—see—it is Aunt Barbara and she is going in—"

Barbara Near met Mr. Trevor in the middle of the shop and there was a moment's hesitation, and then a little formal greeting, which seemed to melt at once, for Mr. Trevor displayed the valentine he had bought. Barbara blushed as he showed her the address on the envelope and she suddenly snatched the envelope and hugged it close to her heart. Donald stared incredulously, and then with a defiant glance at Mr. Potts, he tucked Barbara's hand under his arm and marched out of the store. The matchmakers fled down the street and landed breathlessly at either end of the sofa in the library.

"They won't want our valentines now," sighed Lucile happily.

"Let us send 'em to each other," declared Roger. "You can see it's never too late to send a valentine!"

NOT REALLY "DUMB" ANIMAL

What Is Called Instinct in Horse Closely Akin to Intelligence in the Human Race.

As proof of the rare intelligence of a horse, I wish to relate an incident which occurred during the last winter and which, I am sure, made a lasting impression upon the minds of every passerby who witnessed it.

The day was an extremely cold one, and the streets of the city were covered with thick layers of ice. One street in particular presented a very dangerous appearance. The children were continually drawing their sleds back and forth upon its icy surface, and it was as smooth and polished as a mirror.

It was late in the afternoon when a horse, drawing a coal cart, which was piled high with coal, started to make his way down the slippery surface of the street. He was making such slow progress that the colored driver climbed down from his seat and tried to aid him. In order to do this the driver had to grasp the rein and walk almost in front of him, coaxing and encouraging him to go a little further. They had almost reached the foot of the slippery incline when the driver's foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, rolling almost in front of the horse. The horse raised a front foot, ready to make another start down the street. The pedestrians, myself included, watched with abated breath, too much frightened to shout and all fearing the worst.

The horse's foot was lowered until it touched the limb of the driver. As the hoof touched the bags which were bound around the driver's limb the horse gazed at the man in a curious manner as though he knew that something had gone wrong. He immediately raised his foot from the limb of the fallen man and carefully stepped over to avoid any injury.

By this time several of the pedestrians had regained their breath and some one called to the driver to roll out of the way of the horse, which he did very quickly. When he managed to rise from the ground he made his way to the horse and was patting and petting him when I started on my way homeward.

Now, if this horse had been as dumb as some persons think him, would he have been intelligent enough to save from injury the hard-working colored driver? He sensed the danger as soon as his hard hoof touched the soft burlap bags, and he had horse sense enough to know that he should tread upon the hard surface of the icy street. Could you really call such an animal dumb?—Bertha M. Tribull in Our Dumb Animals.

English as It Is Spoken.

In a town in Pennsylvania, which boasts of its "Pennsylvania Dutch" extraction, there lives a man who has long run a tavern. There was a time when the tavern was a success financially, but national prohibition reduced the profits. Recently an old-time neighbor visited the old home town and, after greeting his friend at the tavern, said, "Well, Sam, how is business?" Sam very mournfully replied, "Well, Bob, she ain't what she was," and, after scratching his head thoughtfully for a moment, continued, "and she won't be what she is."

Candlemas Day.

The Romans had a day of purification, and in the course of time the second day of February was called the feast of the purification or presentation of Christ in the temple. At the Reformation the ceremonies of Candlemas day were not reduced at all at once. Henry VIII proclaimed that "On Candlemas day it shall be declared that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light, whom Simon did prophesy as it is read in the church that day."

Held Hospitality Sacred.

To the Luhrish tribesmen of Persia, hospitality is not merely a pleasant thing—it is almost a religious rite.

When one who is marked for honor approaches a village, the first man he meets is destined to be his host. That is, the honor of entertaining the stranger falls upon the first man the newcomer meets, unless he has come to the village to visit an old friend.

So highly is the duty of entertainment considered that there are certain prescribed bounds of hospitality which are fought for if it seems they are likely to be violated. For instance, should a guest for any reason accept an invitation from another and leave the home of the first host, a blood feud would spring up over the right to have him as a guest.

"Cost Plus" in Peru.

An illuminating story is told of the present leading hotel in Lima, Peru. An American who had secured a room with bath at double the usual rate discovered that the water system would not work. He went down to the desk and complained. "No," the clerk admitted. "After we put the tub in there, we found that the city's water pressure was not sufficient to pump water to the third floor." "That's all right," protested the American. "But you call it a room with bath, and you charge me double for the bath." "Certainly," said the clerk. "Look at our trouble and expense in putting the tub in there."—Leslie's.

Plant Puzzles Scientists.

The investigating scientist in plant life is seeking to learn why the silver sword plant is found in only two places in the world, one on the high slopes of the Himalaya mountains, the other near the extinct volcano on the island of Maui, Hawaii. The plant is similar to the Spanish bayonet and gets its name from the bright color of its leaves.

Still a Child, as It Were.

John hated to go out with his little sister. One day we went to his aunt's house, and she asked him why he didn't bring Clara along. "She's too young to go with fellows," said John.

TIME TO "GET UP."

An author who has helped to make a portion of New England famous presided at a banquet in a suburban town some nights ago. He had fittingly eulogized the principal guest of the evening, and in conclusion told this story: "An old farmer drove into town one day and, going into a feed store, bought half a peck of oats. Stabling his horse by the side of the road, he gave him a royal lunch. When it was ended the farmer hitched up, got into the buggy, took up the lines and addressed the nag, 'Now that you've been fed, git up!' The toastmaster turned and looked at the guest for a moment, and sat down.

Nothing More.

"I wish my wife would do a little sewing for me."

"Give her a gentle hint. Bring home a package of needles."

"Pshaw! She thinks needles are intended to play graphophones with."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WARNING

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years, and proved safe by millions.—Say "Bayer"!

say BAYER Aspirin

SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Indispensable Things.

The wonderful new inventions and conveniences are fine, but the world cannot get along without such indispensable old-fashioned things as kindness, courtesy and hands held out to help.

Not Kidding, Either.

Carl Jobe, who for several years has sold newspapers at Washington and Meridian streets, and who is always available when inquiring strangers ask any directions, was accosted by an out-of-town visitor the other day. The stranger inquired:

"Where does Edison keep his phonograph shop?"

"The man wasn't kidding, either," Jobe said.—Indianapolis News.

Life is a school. When we stop learning it is time to stop living.

RUB OUT SORENESS, SPRAINS, BACKACHE WITH OLD ST. JACOBS OIL

Back hurt you? Can't straighten up without feeling sudden pains, sharp aches and twinges? Now, listen! That's lumbago, sciatica, or maybe from a strain, and you'll get blessed relief the moment you rub your back with soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil!" Nothing else takes out soreness, lameness and stiffness so quickly. You simply rub it on and out comes the pain. It is perfectly harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

Limber up! Don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle from any drug store, and after using it just once you'll forget that you ever had backache, lumbago or sciatica, because your back will never hurt or cause any more misery. It never disappoints and has been recommended for 60 years. Stop drugging kidneys! They don't cause backache, because they have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain.—Adv.

Overheard in the Nursery.

Small Girl—"I wonder how old Joan is?" Small boy—"I bet she will never see four again."—London Punch.

There is no excuse for the dyspeptic with Garfield Tea accessible at every drug store.—Adv.

Tomorrow They'll Do It Again.

Spark Plug—"I got fired today." Battery—"That's nothing. I'm discharged, also."—Science and Invention.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Rather Mixed.

"What is his walk in life?"

"He is demonstrator for a new automobile."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Few Worth Listening To.

"What's a self-made man?"

"Usually a bore when he starts telling about it."—Boston Transcript.

Every man thinks he is more important than his neighbor.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Are You Suffering From
Gall Stones or Gravel
Avoid an Operation
Use
Neddo's Gall Stone Remedy
Send a $2 money order for a three-ounce bottle of this wonderful remedy. If it does not relieve the pains return the bottle and your money will be immediately refunded.
Write for testimonials
Neddo's Gall Stone Remedy Co.
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