

WHEN NERVES ARE UNSTRUNG

Gude's Pepto-Mangan Builds Up Vigor and Strength.

There are times when men and women cannot help losing strength. They try to do too much or they lose sleep or do not eat enough food that nourishes. Blood becomes sluggish because poisons clog it. Faces grow pale and pasty looking. It is not long before nerves get unstrung.

The best way to start a change for the better is to take a course of Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It builds the blood. The weakness from a lack of red cells in the blood is overcome. Gude's Pepto-Mangan sends a fresh supply of red cells streaming through the blood. Good blood, pure and free from poisons, starts building vigor and strength. Sleep is better, appetite keener, so that the body becomes properly nourished. Druggists have Gude's Pepto-Mangan in both liquid and tablet form. The name "Gude's Pepto-Mangan" is on the package. Advertisement.

An Eye to Business.

"Beg pardon," said the stout, hale gentleman who had blundered into a beauty parlor. "I'm in the wrong place."

"Not necessarily," replied Mme. Kalso. "We have had great success in reducing plump persons and our hair restorer is the best on the market."

"But I'm looking for a Mr. Partem, a divorce lawyer."

"Three doors down the hallway, sir, to your left. But please take this card with you. If you get your divorce you may want to look in on us again."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MOTHER! OPEN

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Your little one will love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even if constipated, bilious, irritable, feverish, or full of cold. A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Value of New York Parks.

Public park lands owned by New York city are appraised at \$489,980,000 as follows: Central, \$230,500,000; City Hall park, \$31,198,000; Battery park, \$16,527,500; Bryant, \$22,553,000; Riverside park, \$15,152,000; Van Cortlandt square, \$11,275,000; Van Cortlandt park, \$13,250,000; Bronx park, \$8,611,900; Pelham Bay park, \$5,775,000; Prospect park, Brooklyn, \$33,600,000.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

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.—Advertisement.

Precaution.

"Look, here, Sancho Panza," exclaimed Don Quixote, "you have a most irritating way of giving my finest idealisms to a flat, unpoetical interpretation."

"I have tried to serve you faithfully."

"That's all right. But there's one thing you must promise me. Don't you ever attempt to write my biography."

ASPIRIN INTRODUCED BY "BAYER" IN 1900

Look for Name "Bayer" on the Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over twenty years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The name "Bayer" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.—Advertisement.

Privately Conducted.

Professor—"What is a good conductor of electricity?" Student—"Telephone poles."—Science and Invention.

The crooked path leads down hill.

The ORIOLE

By Booth Tarkington

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FLORENCE'S WEAPON.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss," is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in saying so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publishers in the "art preservative." Her not altogether unreasonable demand for republication of the masterpiece, with its beauty unmarred, is scorned, and the break between Miss Atwater and the publishers of the Oriole widens. The Sunday following, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Florence's openly expressed disapproval, by Herbert and Henry. Florence will not play Patty and the visitors indulge in a series of innocent Sunday games. Among them is one called "Truth," the feature of which is a contract to write a question and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is duly carried out. Florence is told as a family secret that her beautiful aunt, Julia Atwater, has apparently become engaged to a man named Crum, altogether unknown to the Atwaters. Florence finds the notes in the "Truth" game, in which both Herbert and Henry admit that they have pretty eyes, and threatens to tell the much-feared Wallie Torbin of the episode.

PART II—Continued.

"Oh, nothing," she replied, airily. Herbert began to be mistrustful of the solid earth. Somewhere there was a fearful threat to his equipage. "What you talkin' about?" he said, with an effort to speak scornfully; but his sensitive voice almost failed him.

"Oh, nothing," said Florence. "Just about what pretty eyes you know you have, and Patty's being anyway as pretty as yours—and so you're glad maybe she thinks yours are pretty, the way you do—and everything!"

Herbert visibly gulped. So Patty had betrayed him; had betrayed the sworn confidence of "Truth!"

"That's all I was talkin' about," Florence added. "Just about how you knew you had such pretty eyes. Say not so, Herbert! Say not so!"

"Look here!" he said. "When'd you see Patty again between this afternoon and when you came over here?"

"What makes you think I saw her?"

"Did you telephone her?"

"What makes you think so?"

Once more Herbert gulped. "Well, I guess you're ready to believe anything anybody tells you," he said, with a pained bravado. "You don't believe everything Patty Fairchild says, do you?"

"Why, Herbert! Doesn't she always tell the Truth?"

"Her? Why, half the time," poor Herbert babbled, "you can't tell whether she just makin' up what she says or not. If you've gone and believed everything that ole girl told you, you haven't got even what little sense I used to think you had!" So base was her under strain, sometimes—so base when our good name is threatened with the truth of us! "I wouldn't believe anything she said," he finished, in a sickish voice. "If she told me fifty times and crossed her heart!"

"Wouldn't you if she said you wrote down how pretty you knew your eyes were, Herbert?"

"What's this about Herbert having 'pretty eyes'?" Mr. Joseph Atwater inquired; and Herbert shuddered. Uncle Joseph had an unpleasant reputation as a joker.

The nephew desperately fell back upon the hopeless device of attempting to drown out his opponent's voice as she began to reply. He became vociferous with scornful laughter badly cracked in the scorn. "Florence got mad!" he shouted, mingling the purported information with loud cacklings. "She got mad because I and Henry played games with Patty! She's tryin' to make up somep'n to get even. She made it up! It's all made up! She—"

"No, no," Mr. Atwater interrupted. "Let Florence tell us, Florence, what was it about Herbert knowing he had pretty eyes?"

Herbert attempted to continue the drowning out. He bawled, "She made it up! It's somep'n she made up herself! She—"

"Herbert," said Uncle Joseph—"if you don't keep quiet, I'll take back the printing press."

Herbert substituted another gulp for a continuation of his noise.

"Now, Florence," said Uncle Joseph, "tell us what you were saying about how Herbert knows he had such pretty eyes?"

Then it seemed a miracle befell. Florence looked up, smiling modestly. "Oh, it wasn't anything, Uncle Joseph," she said, "I was just trying

to tease Herbert any way I could think up."

"Oh, was that all?" A hopeful light faded out of Uncle Joseph's large and inexpressive face. "I thought perhaps you'd detected him in some indiscretion."

Florence laughed. "I, was just teasin' him. It wasn't anything, Uncle Joseph."

Hereupon, Herbert resumed a confused breathing. Dazed, he remained uneasy, profoundly so; and gratitude was no part of his emotion. He well understood that Florence was never susceptible to impulses of compassion in conflicts such as these; in fact, if there was warfare between them, experience had taught him to be wariest when she seemed kindest. He moved away from her, and went into another room where his condition was one of increasing mental discomfort, though he looked for a while at the pictures in his great-uncle's copy of "Paradise Lost." These illustrations, by M. Gustave Dore, failed to aid in reassuring his troubled mind.

When Florence left, he impulsively accompanied her, maintaining a nervous silence as they compassed the short distance between Uncle Joseph's front gate and her own. There, however, he spoke.

"Look here! You don't haf to go and believe everything that ole girl told you, do you?"

"No," said Florence heartily. "I don't haf to."

"Well, look here," he urged, helpless but to repeat. "You don't haf to believe whatever it was she went and told you, do you?"

"What was it you think she told me, Herbert?"

"All that guff—you know. Well, whatever it was you said she told you."

"I didn't," said Florence. "I didn't say she told me anything at all."

"Well, she did, didn't she?"

"Why, no," Florence replied, lightly. "She didn't say anything to me. Only I'm glad to have your opinion."

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"Well, she did, didn't she?"

"Why, no," Florence replied, lightly. "She didn't say anything to me. Only I'm glad to have your opinion."



"Oh, About That!" Florence Said, and Swung the Gate Shut Between Them.

of her, how she's such a story-teller and all—if I ever want to tell her, and everything!"

But Herbert had greater alarms than this, and the greater obscured the lesser. "Look here," he said, "if she didn't tell you, how'd you know it, then?"

"How'd I know what?"

"That—that big story about my ever sayin' I knew I had"—he gulped again—"pretty eyes."

"Oh, about that!" Florence said, and swung the gate shut between them. "Well, I guess it's too late to tell you tonight, Herbert; but maybe if you and that nasty little Henry Rooter do every single thing I tell you to, and do it just exactly like I tell you from this time on, why maybe—I only say 'maybe'—well, maybe I'll tell you some day when I feel like it."

She ran up the path, up the steps, and crossed the veranda, but paused before opening the door. Then she called back to the waiting Herbert.

"The only person I'd even think of telling about it before I tell you would be a boy I know." She coughed, and added as by an after-thought, "He'd just love to know all about it; I know he would. So, when I tell anybody about it I'll only tell just you and this other boy."

"What other boy?" Herbert demanded.

And her reply, thrilling through the darkness, left him paralytic with horror. "Wallie Torbin!"

The next afternoon, about four o'clock, Herbert stood gloomily at the main entrance of Atwater & Rooter's newspaper building, awaiting his partner. The other entrances were not only nailed fast, but massively bar-

ricaded; and this one (consisting of the ancient carriage-house doors, opening upon a driveway through the yard) had recently been made effective as an instrument of exclusion. A long and heavy plank leaned against the wall, near by, ready to be set in hook-shaped iron supports fastened to the inner sides of the doors; and when the doors were closed, with this great plank in place, a person inside the building might seem entitled to count upon the enjoyment of privacy, except in case of earthquake, tornado, or fire. In fact, the size of the plank and the substantial quality of the iron fastenings, could be looked upon, from a certain viewpoint, as a heart-felt compliment to the energy and persistence of Florence Atwater.

Herbert had been in no complimentary frame of mind, however, when he devised the obstructions, nor was he now in such a frame of mind. He was deeply pessimistic in regard to his future, and also embarrassed in anticipation of some explanations it would be necessary to make to his partner. He strongly hoped that Henry's regular-after-school appearance at the newspaper building would precede Florence's, because these explanations required both deliberation and tact, and he was convinced that it would be almost impossible to make them at all if Florence got there first.

He understood that he was unfortunately within her power; and he saw that it would be dangerous to place in operation for her exclusion contrived with such hopeful care, and at a cost of two dollars and twenty-five cents, or nine annual subscriptions to the Oriole out of a present total of thirty-two. What he wished Henry to believe was that for some good reason, which Herbert had not yet been able to invent, it would be better to show Florence a little politeness. He had a desperate hope that he might find some diplomatic way to prevail on Henry to be as subservient to Florence as she had seemed to demand, and he was determined to touch any extremity of ungenerality rather than permit the details of his answer in "Truth" to come to his partner's knowledge. Henry Rooter was not Wallie Torbin; but in possession of material such as this he could easily make himself intolerable. Here was a strange human thing, strange yet common to most minds brooding in fear of publicity. We seldom realize that the people whose derision we fear may have been as imprudent as we have been.

Therefore, it was in a hurried state of mind that Herbert waited; and when his friend appeared, over the fence, his perturbation was not decreased. He even failed to notice the unusual gravity of Henry's manner.

"Hello, Henry; I thought I wouldn't start in work till you got here. I didn't want to haf to come all the way downstairs again to open the door and h'ist our good ole plank up again."

"I see," said Henry, glancing nervously at their good ole plank. "Well, I guess Florence'll never get in this good ole door—that is, if we don't let her, or something."

This final clause would have surprised Herbert if he had been less preoccupied with his troubles. "You bet she won't!" he said mechanically. "She couldn't ever get in here again—if the family didn't go into afeared around and give me the dickens and everything, because they think—they say they do, anyhow—they say they think—they think—"

He paused, disguising a little choke as a cough of scorn for the family's thinking.

"What did you say your family think?" Henry asked absently.

"Well, they say we ought to let her have a share in our newspaper."

Again he paused, afraid to continue lest his hypocrisy appear so barefaced as to lead toward suspicion and discovery. "Well, maybe we ought," he said, his eyes gulfily upon his toe, which slowly scuffed the ground. "I don't say we ought, and I don't say we oughtn't."

He expected at least a burst of outraged protest from his partner, who, on the contrary, pleasantly astonished him. "Well, that's the way I look at it," Henry said. "I don't say we ought, and I don't say we oughtn't."

And he, likewise, stared at the toe of his own right shoe, which was also scuffing the ground. Herbert felt a little better; this subdivision of his difficulties seemed to be working out with surprising ease.

The partners feel the heavy hand of the master.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Franklin on Thrift.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone all his life and die not worth a groat at last.—Benjamin Franklin.

Why is the woman seldom sincere who tells another woman she's pretty?

The Kitchen Cabinet

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union

"Life is not a cup to be drained, but an offering to be poured out."

"Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returneth, Was not spoken of the soul."

TEMPTING SWEETMEATS

This is the season of the year when all who enjoy candies will turn to their own cherished recipes and prepare some at home. No candy bought in the shops tastes like that which has been made in the home by your own help. The following will be useful to add to the collection already at hand:

Molasses Taffy.—Boil together one quart of New Orleans molasses and two spoonfuls of sugar for five minutes. Add two spoonfuls of vinegar and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil until it cracks when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire, stir in one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda and pour out to cool. When cool enough to handle flavor and pull.

Coffee Fudge.—Take one cupful of strong coffee, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of hickory nut meats and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Stir the coffee, sugar and butter together and boil until it reaches the soft ball stage when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire, add the almond extract, let cool and beat until it begins to get stiff, stir in the nuts—pecans may be used. Spread in a well buttered pan. Mark off in squares before the candy is too hard.

Pecan Fudge.—Take one cupful of water, two cupfuls of sugar, a pinch of cream of tartar, one cupful of pecan meats, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of butter and three tablespoonfuls of fondant. Dissolve the sugar in the water, add the cream of tartar and boil until it reaches the soft ball stage. Add the butter, fondant, chopped nuts and extract. Beat until it begins to stiffen then pour quickly into buttered tins. When cold wrap in waxed paper.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety. Other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry Where most she satisfies. —Shakespeare.

CAKES

The days are so full that it is wise to do as much in the preparation of cakes and cookies as early as possible.

Chocolate Potato Cake.—Blend two-thirds of a cupful of butter and two cupfuls of sugar; add

two-thirds of a cupful of grated chocolate and one cupful of hot mashed potato, one cupful each of seeded raisins and chopped nuts, one-half cupful of milk and two and one-half cupfuls of flour, in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted, four eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately; one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. If baked in a loaf about one hour and wrapped in paraffin paper it will keep a month.

Orange Cake.—Beat thoroughly together two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of water, the beaten yolks of five eggs and the whites of three, the latter folded in at the last; two and one-half scant cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the juice and rind of an orange. Bake in layers and ice with the following: Beat the two remaining whites of the eggs until stiff; add powdered sugar gradually with the juice and grated rind of an orange until the icing is thick enough to spread.

White House Pound Cake.—Grate the peeling of one lemon and work it into one pound of butter; when very creamy, add one pound of sugar and continue beating for ten minutes. Add the yolks of nine eggs and the juice of five lemons; beat for another ten minutes. Add to this mixture a quarter of a pound each of stoned raisins and currants, chopped candied cherries and seedless raisins, with orange and lemon peel, mixed and cut into shreds. Then fold in gradually a pound of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of rice flour and one ounce of baking powder. Bake in a well greased, paper-lined tin for nearly three hours. If carefully packed in a tin box this cake will keep for months.

Cornmeal Muffins With Dates.—Cook together in a double boiler for five minutes one cupful of cornmeal, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of shortening and one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk. Cool the mixture until lukewarm, add one egg, well beaten, and one cupful of flour mixed with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat until smooth, stir in one cupful of dates cut in small pieces and pour into well greased muffin pans. Bake as usual.

Why is the woman seldom sincere who tells another woman she's pretty?

Nellie Maxwell

CANADA DID WELL

Honors Worthily Won at International Live Stock Show.

Friendly Rivalry at Chicago Splendidly Revealed the Possibilities of Our Northern Neighbor.

Further evidence, if any were needed, of the friendly relations between Canada and the United States might have been found by a visit to the International Live Stock Show recently held at the Chicago Stock Yards. There the Canadian and American were to be found side by side in the friendliest competition, the loser willingly admitting defeat when the other fellow carried off the blue ribbon. Some of the choicest and best of Canadian stock was there, and much of it returned loaded down with ribbons denoting firsts, championships that indicate pedigree, breeding and worth, and cups and trophies that were won in hard and severe contests.

The hay and grain classes were points of great interest, and here Canada did well, securing many prizes.

Twenty-five first prizes were listed in the oats class; Canada carried away 22 of them. A sample of oats from the Province of Alberta, weighing 48 pounds to the bushel, was the heaviest sample in the show. It was Alberta oats that took the sweepstakes, the exhibitor in this case, J. W. Lucas, of Cayley, repeating what he did last year.

In wheat there were 25 first prizes to be awarded; Canada got 23 of them.

The greatest interest was shown when the horse classes were called. Here also Canada stood well to the front. The Percheron entries showed that Canada breeders were popular and successful exhibitors. Championships were awarded to a number, and first prizes were common. The same may be said of Clydesdales. This breed stood out prominently, there were many entries, and this old-time popular breed had an unusual number of admirers. This was especially so in "Wee Donald's" case. Here was a Saskatchewan horse, his owner taking back to Canada the grand championship. Not only has he done it this year, but last year as well—two years in succession—something never before done at the Live Stock show. In Clydesdales Canada won places in every class in which entries were made.

The same story could be repeated in sheep and hogs, honors being heaped upon honors on Canadian entries. Particularly important is the fact that first prize for alfalfa seed was awarded for seed grown at Brooks, Alberta in competition with 43 entries. Alfalfa growing in Western Canada has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and this victory will give it—and the dairy industry, which is always linked with it—a further impetus.

A visit to the Canadian government exhibit of grains, grasses, vegetables, fruits, minerals and other products of the Dominion to the north, revealed in tabloid form what the great country to the north could do. A great interest was aroused in this exhibit, and it was greatly admired by visitors to the Live Stock show. Representatives of the government were on hand for the purpose of giving information to those desiring it.—Advertisement.

A Bad Case.

She—How much do you love me, dear?
He—As much as you love yourself.

Tit for Tat.

Jack—So you broke the engagement?
Tom—Yes, but not until after the engagement broke me.

He Didn't Like It.

A little three-year-old, who had been sunning on a farm, fell into an old well where the water was only six inches deep and remained there for some time before he was discovered. When he was rescued his pent-up indignation knew no bounds: "You fink I kin tay in a well wizout nuffin to eat, like a frog?" he scolded. "Fy was no better fadder'n mudder'n you. I des I'd go without children."

Osage Orange and Locust.

Osage orange and black locust are much alike in structure, strength, durability and color, although the former usually has more of a golden brown tinge. These two woods can readily be distinguished by the fact that osage orange gives off a yellowish color if wrapped in a wet rag or placed on a soaked blotter, while black locust gives off practically no color under the same conditions.

"Light of the World."

The "Light of the World" was a title conferred upon Sigmund (1411-1437), emperor of Germany, because of his enlightenment and intelligence.

A Puzzle.

"Why don't you ladies chum more with Mrs. Wombat? She seems a nice dame?"
"To tell you the truth, none of us know what to make of her. I told her a secret once."
"Well?"
"She kept it."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Jud Tankins says an envious man suffers so much that while you can't admire him you've got to sympathize with him.