

"---and we are a healthy, happy family now"

— Louis Gingras



TINGLING with abundant energy, appetites hearty, nerves strong and steady and their faces radiant with the glow of perfect health, the entire family of Louis Gingras, 9 Harrison Ave., Providence, R. I., are an eloquent tribute to the powers of Tanlac, the greatest family medicine the world has ever known.

"I've put Tanlac to the test four times right in my own family and it hasn't failed me once," declared Mr. Gingras. "My wife, my son and my daughter, as well as myself, have all been built up from a half-sick, run-down, worn-out set of people into a healthy, happy family brimful of new life and energy."

And the experience of this family is only typical of thousands of others whose statements are on file in the Tanlac offices. Hardly a day passes that does not bring scores of such messages of praise from every part of the United States and Canada from families where mother, father, son and daughter have all found health, contentment and the joys of living through simply taking a course of Tanlac.

Take, for instance, the case of John Widner, 1571 Roosevelt Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., who says: "My wife, myself and little boy are now as healthy, happy family as you will ever see—and it's all due to Tanlac."

Or that of Mrs. John Marquis and her family of sixteen living in Manchester, N. H., at 292 Belmont St. She says: "Tanlac has been the only medicine used in our house for two years and it has kept every one of the sixteen here in the best of health."

In Chicago, Frank R. Richards, of 441 South Wood St., writes: "We will never be without Tanlac in our house after the remarkable way it has built up my wife, my son and myself to where we are the very picture of health."

Sensible Question.

She had the money and he a small job. He wished to get married very badly, but she was rather undecided. One night as they sat talking about the future, he having coaxed her into a half-way engagement, he said: "And we'll be very careful and not run into debt and have trouble as the Sissons did. We'll always pay cash, won't we, dear?"

A suspicious look came to her face. Quickly she put forth the question: "Whose cash?"

True, but Astonishing.

Anatole France, who is seventy-eight, went to Stockholm to receive his Nobel prize just after recovering from a severe illness. He was fearful of catching cold, and wore several well-padded waistcoats under his coat. The Swedish custom officers were suspicious. "What have you got in here?" one of them asked, with his hands on the great novelist's coat. "France," was the reply.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin
When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Produces Like Effect.

The force of example is shown by the fact that when a razor loses its temper it is apt to make the user lose his also.

Doubtful.

North—Mrs. Jones said that I reminded her of her husband.
West—Is that a compliment?

REMINISCENCES

By GLADIS F. PRAY

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It is a common thing for middle-aged people to forget their youth and to condemn all the thoughts and acts of youth as folly. Sometimes, as these people pass middle age and reach the point where they see that even the history of families truly repeats itself, their judgment mellow and their sympathy with youth returns. This would have been brought home very forcibly to any person listening to the discussion that took place in the Armstrong farmhouse kitchen on a sunny morning last fall. I had it on the best authority, that of Granddad Armstrong himself.

Of course, there was a long introduction to his story. Then he rambled on to how he had the time and opportunity to observe how things were going between Anne and his grandson and namesake, William Armstrong.

Finally he reached the point where my story begins, the morning after the dance over at Rosedale, when William came down, sleepy-eyed and yawning, to find his father engaged with his favorite topic, the worthlessness of the present generation, especially on the farm, and his determination that his son must give up "lally-gaggin' round with that 'ere Anne Marshbanks and get down to brass tacks." As is usual with mothers, Mary Armstrong was trying to smooth things over, but was not succeeding very well.

As William reached the kitchen door his father was just delivering his ultimatum.

"I tell you, Mary, there's no use arguin'; I told the boy only last week he'd have to give it up, else he could get out and shift for himself and just find out how easy he'd find it to support himself, let alone two."

Here William spoke for himself.

"And I told you, pa, what I tell you now. I'd get out and glad to, except for mother. You've no call to make such a fuss over me takin' Anne to a dance now and again. I work hard for you all day, harder than any hired hand you ever had, and—"

"Hush, Willie!" from the mother. "Your father has worked hard for years that you might have this place clear of debt when you grow up."

"Yes, and small thanks I get for it, too."

"Now, don't you get to thinkin' I'm sidin' with you, pa, for I'm not," interposed Mrs. Armstrong.

"Anyway, as pa says, there's no use arguin' about it, and as long as he feels the way he does the sooner I clear out and get a start for myself the better," said Willie. "I'll take just what I need in the suitcase and catch the 8:29 from the Center. I'm glad I saved the money grand-dad gave me for my birthday. That will start me, anyway."

"Yes, and once that's gone, you'll find that trees in city parks don't bear greenbacks, no lad—"

A low chuckle broke in from the corner, where granddad, who had puffed placidly on his ancient pipe during the debate, now raised his venerable head and regarded his son with a quizzical air.

"No, indeed, money don't grow on the bushes in city parks, William, and no one knows that better than your father. Now, I wonder, did he ever tell you how he learned that? Maybe it 'ud be a bit hard for him to tell you, but there's your mother knows all about it, and could say a deal if she dast. No? I can see by their faces they never did tell. Well, old people are forgetful, so p'raps I'd best remind 'em."

"No-o, John, don't interrupt your father, nor you, Mary. You know, William, once on a time I thought your pa had summat better to do than to be squirin' a certain good-lookin' girl to dances, but he didn't think so. Lawdy, no! We had some words about it, and he packed his duds and started off for Boston on some money his grandma give him. He was goin' to show his dad what he could do. Yes, he showed me all right," with an appreciative grin. "He resky'd a fair lady in trouble on the Boston train, and she resky'd his wallet, so the money trees on Boston Common didn't bloom for him that year."

As granddad subsided John rather sheepishly glanced at his wife, who suddenly needed something in the pantry. Then he cleared his throat, made a couple of false starts, and finally jerked out:

"Well, granddad, you would have your say, but I hope you'll forget that old yarn, if we agree to say no more about the party. If Billy promises not to be out ruinin' his health more than two nights a week, I guess the old farm won't go to rack an' ruin yec awhile—that is, if he makes the best of his chances, as I did, and persuades the girl to come and live where he won't have to be chasin' out nights. What do you say to that, Mary?"

Mary only smiled, but her husband did not notice the lack of an articulate response.

Considerate.
"Would you mind driving a little slower, old man?"
"Not getting scared, are you?"
"Oh, no, nothing like that, but I'd hate to take an unfair advantage of my life insurance company."

Not a Hopeless Task.
He—You are Miss Coy's best friend. Tell me, do you think I will be successful in winning her love?
She—Yes; why shouldn't you, when so many others have been successful?

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Laggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"I like 'em"



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NATURE OF THAT ARGUMENT

In Colored Man's Opinion It Distinctly Belonged to the Wet-and-Dry Class.

While questioning prisoners with a view to selecting honor men, the other day, Warden Thomas of the Ohio penitentiary drew from a southern negro his idea of what constitutes wet and dry argument.

"What brought you here, Sam?" the warden asked.
"A lil' cuttin' scrape, boss," Sam replied.
"Had you been drinkin'?"
"A lil'."

"What started the fight?"
"An argument."
"Was it a wet and dry argument?"
"Yes, sah, boss, it was a wet an' dry argument. Myself and the nigger Ah was drinkin' with run out of beer. Ah ast him to get some more beer and when he refused Ah busted him one. He busted right back and then Ah done a lil' cuttin'."—Columbus Dispatch.

Evident.
Ted—Is Tom henpecked?
Ned—Judge for yourself. His wife went to the barber's and left instructions as to how his hair was to be cut.—New York Sun.

Behind in Those.
"Don't you think Maud is an up-to-date girl?"
"Yes, except with her birthdays."—Boston Transcript.

Half of genius is the desire to excel.
Men who drink hard find it easy.

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Wherever You Are We Can Serve You
You will find that Tolmanized collars will slowly and are comfortable to wear. Let Uncle Sam be your laundryman. Wrap your collars securely and mail them to:
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Unusual Opportunity to Invest from \$1.00 to \$100.00 in an enterprise that will yield abundant profits. Box 527, Wilmington, Del.

Modern Miles Ständish.
The Woman was spending a weekend in the suburbs and Dorothy, the six-year-old daughter of her hostess, proved a never-ending source of delight. She was seated on the porch with another small playmate, gravely discussing a boy named Jimmy, who lived next door. "Do you like him better than the new boy down the street?" queried the playmate. Just at that moment Jimmy hove within hearing distance. Suspiciously Dorothy asked: "Did he tell you to ask me?" There was an emphatic nod from the little friend. With a toss of her head Dorothy replied: "Oh, I like Tom better than Jimmy, but there's a boy in New Hampshire I like better than both of them."—Chicago Journal.

So He Was Fired.
"What happened to your new clerk?"
"Too business-like. He wrote an important letter the other day that spoiled a big order for me."
"How was that?"
"He closed the letter by saying: 'Hoping for your immediate execution, we remain.'"—American Legion Weekly.

It's a Proud Man who feels that he will be among the family's favorably remembered ancestors.
Compliment yourself and few others will.

EUROPE

Rev. Dr. L. D. Haas, Kilmarnock, Va., and Miss Eleanor Haas, music teacher, Greenville, N. C., are to take a party through Europe, starting in June, visiting ten countries, the battlefields, the Passion Play. Those who cover the opportunity offered for travel, at moderate expense, in a congenial group of cultured people, are cordially invited to join this party, conducted by an experienced guide.

"Thobe Ann" Chocolates. Best candy on earth. Pure, delicious. 1 1/2 lbs. \$1. Balsam Health Pillows, 11x12 in. \$1. Others 75c. 60c. 50c. Souvenir 15c. Agents send for circular A. Household Pat. Co., Reading, Mass.

AGENTS, STEADY INCOME. Selling Gerv many's best Barber Razors. Wholesale dozen, price 11c. Single sample \$1.75. Money order. Gordon Swinford, 122 W. 72nd St., New York.

DETECTIVE AGENCY—Licensed and bonded, under supervision former Department of Justice expert. Confidential Service. Wm. J. Large, 14 Court St., Brooklyn, New York City.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 15-1922

UNDERTAKER HAD LAST SAY

Revised Version of Old Story Leaves Welshman the Winner Over Admittedly Canny Scotsman.

Admittedly, this may be an old story, but it has the distinction of possessing a new twist at the end: A person died. He willed all his earthly possessions to be divided among an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman. But the will was conditional; each of the legatees was to place five pounds in the testator's coffin. On the day appointed (by Fate) the Englishman placed a five-pound note as willed; the Irishman collected a number of coins somehow—shillings, sixpences and coppers—and made up his contribution of five pounds, which he placed on the Englishman's five.

The Scotsman then made out check for 15 pounds and, pocketing the 10 pounds already deposited, threw in his check, with the remark, "That's easier."

A month later, when the Scotsman perused his pass book he was surprised to find that his check had been cashed. The undertaker was a Welshman.—Philadelphia Record.

It's a proud man who feels that he will be among the family's favorably remembered ancestors.

Compliment yourself and few others will.

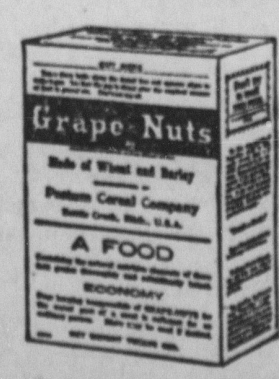
When Will There Be A Disarmament of Dining Tables?

Suppose everybody would recognize the fact that there's no gain but much loss in keeping up hostilities with the stomach!

Suppose the ancient aggravation of improper food on indignant digestive organs should be settled with guarantees of sensible diet and tranquil digestion!

The saving would be beyond all possibility of counting.

Yet millions go on declaring war on the stomach and accepting war in return—loading up on starch, heavy, unbalanced and highly-seasoned food at breakfast or lunch—and wondering why comfort, happiness and efficiency are out of reach.



Grape-Nuts makes a friend of the taste and an ally of the stomach.

There's a charm and satisfaction to this delicious food which prompts appetite to say, "There's a meal!" and digestion to answer, "Thank goodness, here's peace at last!"

Grape-Nuts is the perfected nutriment of wheat and malted barley—sweet, crisp, and wonderfully nourishing. It digests quickly, and provides the necessary elements, including the vital mineral salts, for body, nerve and brain.

Order Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, and let a delighted taste pass a treaty of peace along to an enthusiastic digestion and assimilation.

Order Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, and let a delighted taste pass a treaty of peace along to an enthusiastic digestion and assimilation.

Grape-Nuts—the Body Builder
"There's a Reason"

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