

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is restless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailments, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Decrease in Contagious Diseases.

In view of the alarming increase in heart and arterial diseases, nervous troubles and insanity as well as cancer it is at least comforting to find from recent statistics that the mortality from diphtheria and cerebrospinal meningitis has been reduced nearly 60 per cent in New York since antitoxin was first understood.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents.

Cutting Down the Laughing Staff. Yeast—I see a new step-ladder that has six legs and cannot be upset, and clamps to prevent a cow kicking or switching her tail while being milked.

Unfair Advantage. "Why does Professor Huddins lecture so often on the ancient Egyptians?" "I can't imagine, unless it's because he wants to talk about somebody who can't talk back."

Few women are dangerous—because they usually talk before they act.

True Economy Every man who is seeking to save by smoking 5c cigarettes, should see how much more satisfaction in better value he can get by paying 15c for 20 FATIMAS.

Advertisement for Fatima cigarettes, featuring a pack of 20 cigarettes and the text "20 for 15c FATIMA TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTES".

Advertisement for Gas Plants for Country Homes, featuring an illustration of a gas plant and the text "GAS PLANTS FOR COUNTRY HOMES RENTED AT 50c PER MONTH".

Advertisement for Patents, featuring the text "PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C." and "AGENTS Wanted in Every County".

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Holman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Holman-South feud. Jim Holman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas came to Misery wrapped in a drab mantle of desolation. At the cabin of the Widow Miller Sally was sitting alone before the logs. She laid down the slate and spelling book, over which her forehead had been strenuously puckered, and gazed somewhat mournfully into the blaze.

The cramped and distorted chirography on the slate was discouraging. It was all proving very hard work. The girl gazed for a time at something she saw in the embers, and then a faint smile came to her lips. By next Christmas she would surprise Samson with a letter. It should be well written, and every "hair" should be an "isn't."

The normal human mind is a reservoir which fills at a rate of speed regulated by the number and caliber of its feed pipes. Samson's mind had long been almost empty, and now from so many sources the waters of new things were rushing in upon it that under their pressure it must fill fast, or give away.

He was saved from hopeless complications of thought by a sanity which was willing to assimilate without too much effort to analyze. The boy from Misery was presently less bizarre to the eye than many of the unkempt bohemians he met in the life of the studios, men who quarreled garrulously over the end and aim of Art, which they spelled with a capital A—and, for the most part, knew nothing of.

He still wore his hair long, and though his conversation gradually sloughed off much of its idiom and vulgarity, enough of the mountaineer stood out to lend to his personality a savor of the crudely picturesque.

Meanwhile he drew and read and studied and walked, and every day's advancement was a forced march. Lescott, tremendously interested in his experiment, began to fear that the boy's too great somberness of disposition would defeat the very earnestness from which it sprang.

"I want you to meet a friend of mine and take him under your wing in a fashion. He needs you." The stout man's face clouded. A few years ago he had been peddling his manuscripts with the heart-sickness of an unsuccessful middle age.

"I know!" The great man, who was also the simple man, smiled reminiscently. "They tried to teach me to herd sheep when my nose was itching for bird country. Bring on your man; I want to know him."

Samson was told nothing of the benevolent conspiracy, but one evening shortly later he found himself sitting at a table with his sponsor and a stout man, almost as silent as himself. The stout man responded with something like churlish taciturnity to the half-dozen men and women who came over with fatteries. But later, when the trio was left alone, his face brightened, and he turned to the boy from Misery.

"Does Billy Conrad still keep store at Stagonone?" Samson started and his gaze fell in amazement. At the mention of the name he saw a crossroads store with rough mules hitched to fence railings. It was a picture of home, and here was a man who had been there! With glowing eyes the boy dropped unconsciously back into the vernacular of the hills.

"Hev ya been thar, stranger?" The writer nodded, and sipped his whisky. "Not for some years, though," he confessed, as he drifted into reminiscence, which to Samson was like water to a parched throat.

When they left the cafe the boy felt as though he were taking leave of an old and tried friend. By homely methods, this unerring diagnostician of the human soul had been reading him, liking him, and making him feel a heart-warming sympathy.

It was not until much later that Samson realized how these two really great men had adopted him as their "little brother" that he might have their shoulder-touch to march by. And it was without his realization, too, that they laid upon him the imprint of their own characters and philosophies.

Starr. Having come, as they explained, direct from the theater where Miss Starr danced in the first row, they were in evening dress. Samson mentally acknowledged, though with instinctive disfavor for the pair, that both were, in a way, handsome. Collasoo drew him aside to whisper importantly:

"Make yourself agreeable to Farbish. He is received in the most exclusive society and is a connoisseur of art. If he takes a fancy to you, he will put you up in the best clubs. I think I shall sell him a landscape."

"The girl was talking rapidly and loudly. She had at once taken the center of the room, and her laughter rang in free and egotistical peals above the other voices."

"Come, said the host, 'I shall present you.' The boy shook hands, gazing with his usual directness into the show-girl's large and deeply-penciled eyes. Farbish, standing at one side with his hands in his pockets, looked on with an air of slightly bored detachment.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she prattled. "I may look a little up-stage for a girl who hasn't got a line to read into the piece, but these days one must get the spot-light, or be a dead one. It reminds me of a little run-in I had with Graddy—his our stage-director, you know." She paused, awaiting the invitation to proceed, and, having received it, went gaily forward.

"I was ten minutes late, one day, for rehearsal, and Graddy came up with that sarcastic manner of his, and said: 'Miss Starr, I don't doubt you are a perfect nice girl, and all that, but it rather gets my goat to figure out how, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, you come to rehearsals in a million dollars' worth of clothes, riding in a limousine—and ten minutes late!'"

"I guess I'm sort of like Mr. Graddy," said the boy, slowly. "I was just wondering how you do it." He spoke with perfect seriousness, and, after a moment, the girl broke into prolonged peal of laughter.

"Oh, you are delicious!" she exclaimed. "If I could do the ingenue like that, believe me, I'd make some bit." She came over, and, laying a hand on each of the boy's shoulders, kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"That's for a doll boy!" she said. "That's the best line I've heard pulled lately." Farbish was smiling in quiet amusement. He tapped the mountaineer on the shoulder.

"I've heard George Lescott speak of you," he said, genially. "I've rather a fancy for being among the discoverers of men of talent. We must see more of each other."

Samson left the party early, and with a sense of disgust. Several days later, Samson was alone in Lescott's studio. It was nearing twilight, and he had laid aside a volume of De Maupassant, whose simple power had beguiled him. The door opened, and he saw the figure of a woman on the threshold.

"It is said that the new convert is ever the most extreme fanatic. Wilfred Horton had promised to put on his working clothes, and he had done it with reckless disregard for consequences. At first, he was simply obeying Adrienne's orders; but soon he found himself playing the game for the game's sake. Political overlords, assailed as unfaithful servants, showed their teeth. From some hidden, but unfailing, source terribly sure and direct evidence of guilt was being gathered. For Wilfred Horton, who was demanding a day of reckoning and spending great sums of money to get it, there was a prospect of things doing."

Adrienne Lescott was in Europe. Soon she would return and Horton meant to show that he had not buried his talent.

For eight months Samson's life had run in the steady ascent of gradual climbing, but in the four months from the first of August to the first of December, the pace of his existence suddenly quickened. He left off drawing from plaster casts and went into a life class.

In this period Samson had his first acquaintance with women, except those he had known from childhood—and his first acquaintance with the men who were not of his own art world.

Tony Collasoo was an Italian illustrator who lodged and painted in studio-apartments in Washington Square, South. His companions were various, numbering among them a group of those pygmy celebrities of whom one has never heard until by chance he meets them, and of whom their intimates speak as of immortals.

To Collasoo's studio Samson was called one night by telephone. He had sometimes gone there before to sit for an hour, chiefly as a listener, while the man from Sorrento bewailed fate with his coterie, and denounced all forms of government over insipid Chianti.

But tonight he entered the door to find himself in the midst of a gay and boisterous party. The room was already thickly fogged with smoke, and a dozen men and women, singing snatches of current airs, were interesting themselves over a chafing dish. The crowd was typical. A few very minor writers and artists, a model or two, and several women who had thinking parts in current Broadway productions.

At eleven o'clock the guests of honor arrived in a taxicab. They were Mr. William Farbish and Miss Winifred

As he accused himself, Samson was looking at her with unblinking directness; and she met his glance with eyes that twinkled.

"Mr. South," she said, "I know all about manners, and you know all about a hundred real things that I want to know. Suppose we begin teaching each other?"

"Miss Lescott," he said, "let's call that a trade—but you're gettin' the worst of it. To start with, you might give me a lesson right now in how a fellow ought to act, when he's talkin' to a lady—how I ought to act with you!"

Her laugh made the situation as easy as an old shoe. Ten minutes later, Lescott entered. "Well," he said, with a smile, "shall I introduce you people, or have you already done it for yourselves?"

"Oh," Adrienne assured him, "Mr. South and I are old friends." As she left the room, she turned and added: "The second lesson had better be at my house. If I telephone you some day when we can have the school-room to ourselves, will you come up?"

Samson grinned and forgot to be bashful as he replied: "I'll come a-killin'!"

CHAPTER X.

Early that year, the touch of autumn came to the air. Often, returning at sundown from the afternoon life class, Samson felt the lure of its melancholy sweetness, and paused on one of the Washington Square benches, with many vague things stirring in his mind. He felt with a stronger throbbing surety of young, but quickening, abilities within himself. Partly, it was the charm of Indian summer, partly a sense of growing with the days, but also, though he had not as yet realized that, it was the new friendship into which Adrienne had admitted him.

He knew the new experience of frank camaraderie with a woman not as a member of an inferior sex, but as an equal companion of brain and soul. He had seen her often, and usually alone, because he shunned meetings with strangers. Until his education had advanced further, he wished to avoid social embarrassments. He knew that she liked him, and realized that it was because he was a new and virile type, and for that reason a diversion—a sort of human novelty. She liked him, too, because it was rare for a man to offer her friendship without making love, and she was certain he would not make love. He liked her for the same reasons that every one else did—because she was herself. Of late, too, he had met a number of men at Lescott's club. He was modestly surprised to find that, though his attitude on these occasions was always that of one sitting in the background, the men seemed to like him, and when they said, "See you again," at parting, it was with the convincing manner of real friendliness.

One wonderful afternoon in October, when the distances were mist-hung, and the skies very clear, Samson sat across the table from Adrienne Lescott at a road house on the Sound. The sun had set through great cloud battalions massed against the west, and the horizon was fading into darkness through a haze like ash of roses. She had picked him up on the Avenue, and taken him into her car for a short spin, but the afternoon had beguiled them, luring them on a little farther, and still a little farther. When they were a score of miles from Manhattan, the car had suddenly broken down. It would, the chauffeur told them, be the matter of an hour to effect repairs, so the girl, explaining to the boy that this event gave the affair the aspect of adventure, turned and led the way, on foot, to the nearest road house.

"We will telephone that we shall be late, and then have dinner," she laughed. "And for me to have dinner with you alone, unchaperoned at a country inn, is by New York standards delightfully unconventional. It borders on wickedness." Then, since their attitude toward each other was so friendly and innocent, they both laughed. They had dined under the trees of an old manor house, built a century ago, and now converted into an inn, and they had enjoyed themselves because it seemed to them pleasingly paradoxical that they should find in a place seemingly so shabby-genteel a cuisine and service of such excellence. Neither of them had ever been there before, and neither of them knew that the reputation of this establishment was in its own way wide—and unsavory.

The repairs did not go as smoothly as the chauffeur had expected, and, when he had finished, he was hungry. So, eleven o'clock found them still chatting at their table on the lighted lawn. After awhile, they fell silent, and Adrienne noticed that her companion's face had become deeply, almost painfully set, and that his gaze was tensely focused on herself.

"What is it, Mr. South?" she demanded. "The young man began to speak in a steady, self-accusing voice. 'I was sitting here, looking at you,' he said, bluntly. 'I was thinking how fine you are in every way; how there is as much difference in the texture of men and women as there is in the texture of clothes. From that automobile cap you wear to your slippers and stockings, you are clad in silk. From your brain to the tone of your voice, you are woven of human silk. I've learned lately that silk isn't weak, but strong. They make the best balloons of it.' He paused and laughed, but his face again became sober. 'I was thinking, too, of your mother. She must be sixty, but she's a young woman. Her face is smooth and unrinkled, and her heart is still in bloom. At the same age, George won't be much older than he is now.' The compliment was so obviously not intended as compliment at all that the girl flushed with pleasure.

"Then," went on Samson, his face slowly drawing with pain, 'I was thinking of my own people. My mother was about forty when she died. She was an old woman. My father was forty-three. He was an old man. I was thinking how they withered under their drudgery—and of the monstrous injustice of it all.' (TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD CRAFT OF ODD DESIGN Mesopotamia Boat, Known as Kufa, Known to Have Been in Use Before Christian Era. The Kufa, a curious circular boat made of basketwork, and seen nowhere else in the world, is a common sight in Mesopotamia. The ferry-men charge only a cent each passenger. There is one good point about these strange craft—they are not easily upset. Their carrying capacity also is great, and the kufa men pack in their passengers like herrings in a barrel. I had the good luck to take a photograph of the actual building of a kufa on the banks of the Tigris river, says a writer in the Wide World. They are made of date palm branches woven together with rope made out of leaves of the same palm, thickly plastered on the outside with bitumen. They range from four to twelve feet in diameter. Nowhere but on the Tigris and lower Euphrates rivers can one see these curious craft, which serve principally for the transport of passengers, country produce and beasts of burden across the river. About three men are required to make a kufa of respectable size, and it takes them some twenty days to build it. Like the kelek, the kufa is of great antiquity, for both these strange craft were in use long before the time of Christ. The evidence of this is indisputable, for on the Ben-Beliefs taken from the palace of Sennacherib both craft are clearly represented.

Liamao in Harness. An interesting attraction in one of the European zoological gardens is a pair of tame liamas that carry passengers about the grounds. They are declared to be the only creatures of their kind in Europe that have been trained for this purpose. The animals draw a light carriage, and at a recent test it was shown that they could easily pull a load of 450 pounds. They are quite docile and readily answer to the rein.

Depends on the Well. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," quoted the Sage. "Not if it happens to be an oil well," corrected the fool.

Warmed By Snow. The earth, under a thick coating of snow, is ten degrees warmer than the air immediately above the snow.

Tough Spider Webs. Some of the spiders of Java have webs so strong that a knife is required to cut them.

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE Take a Glass of Salts at Once If Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

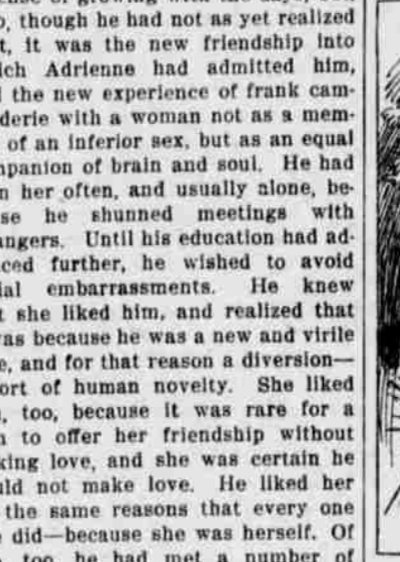
The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

Served His Country Well.

Alfred Sully, soldier, was a distinguished member of a distinguished family, born at Philadelphia, January 2, 1821. His father was Thomas Sully, the famous portrait painter, a pupil of Benjamin West, painter of many of the great men of his day and ranking second only to Gilbert Stuart. The son, however, had ambition for the life military, was graduated from West Point in 1841 and was immediately appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Infantry. He campaigned against the Seminoles in Florida, was in the Mexican war, and for conspicuous services at the siege of Vera Cruz was promoted to first lieutenant and captain. At the outbreak of the Civil war he was appointed colonel of the First Minnesota volunteers, was a little later given command of a brigade, distinguished himself at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, was promoted to brigadier general of volunteers and led his command with conspicuous gallantry at South Chancellorsville. After the war he was engaged in Indian campaigns in which there was savage fighting. He was brevetted brigadier general in the regular army and major general of volunteers.



"I Was Thinking of My People."

Not His First Love. "Am I the first girl you ever loved?" sighed the maid. "You certainly are not!" proclaimed the youth.

This was not what she had been brought up to expect, so she became really interested. "I am not?" she repeated. "You are not. You are merely the best of the bunch. Are you satisfied with that?" Well, was she?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Millionaire Sneer. "Uncle Joe" Cannon was talking the other day about education. "Every millionaire today," he said, "wants to give his son a college education. I remember the time when our millionaires sneered at education. As one of them once said to me, voicing the general opinion: 'These here fellers with a mint of knowledge can never coin it into good hard cash.'"

Disappointing. The young postmistress, says Everybody's Magazine, was reading a postal card from the morning mail. Finally she turned it over to the address. "Huh," she said, in a disappointed tone, "this card is for me!"

Homicidal. "This motor searching is great, isn't it?" "It's just killing!"

Tobacco growing is being tested in southern California.

BAD DREAMS Caused by Coffee. "I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits that had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavor and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wear every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug-drink—coffee.

"People do not really appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of coffee would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned. Yours for health."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—Sold by Grocers.

Much like the present day. In a letter to Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, from Strawberry Hill, of July 8, 1788, Horace Walpole made a number of observations in regard to the European situation of that day which are amazingly, curiously applicable to the existing situation. "The invasion of Portugal by Spain in the last war, and the partition of Poland, have abrogated the law of nations," writes Walpole. "Kings have left no ties between one another. . . . He is a good king that preserves his people; and if temporizing answers that end, is it not justifiable?" "Dr. Joseph (the emperor of Austria) and Dr. Frederick (Frederick the Great of Prussia) with 400,000 commentators are reading new lectures—and I should say, thank God, to one another. If the 400,000 commentators were not in worse danger than they, Louis XIV is grown a cannibal compared with those partitioners.

"Well, let us simple individuals keep our honesty, and bless our stars that we have not armies at our command, lest we should divide kingdoms that are at our benevolence! What a dreadful thing it is for such a wicked little imp as a man to have absolute power!"

Depends on the Well. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well," quoted the Sage. "Not if it happens to be an oil well," corrected the fool.

Warmed By Snow. The earth, under a thick coating of snow, is ten degrees warmer than the air immediately above the snow.

Tough Spider Webs. Some of the spiders of Java have webs so strong that a knife is required to cut them.



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