

WORTH OVER \$125 A BOTTLE HE SAYS

Georgia Farmer Says Tanlac Relieved His Rheumatism Entirely.

SUFFERED 45 YEARS

"I Am a Well Man in Every Way and Feel as Strong and Healthy as I Ever Did," He Says.

"I wouldn't take five hundred dollars in cash for the good four bottles of Tanlac did me," said J. M. Mallory, a well-known farmer of Stoneville, Georgia, a short time ago.

"For forty-five years I suffered almost every day," he continued, "and was so crippled up with rheumatism that I had to hobble around on crutches. My knees were so stiff I could hardly bend them and often I have been so weak that I have had to take to my bed for weeks at a time. More than half the time I couldn't do any work. I had indigestion and stomach trouble, too, and my back hurt so bad that I couldn't lay on my left side at all. I tried every medicine I saw advertised and many prescriptions besides, but kept getting worse.

"My brother living in Atlanta told me what Tanlac was for him and begged me to try it. Well, sir, I have taken four bottles in all and have thrown my crutches away for the rheumatism is entirely gone and I can jump two feet off the ground without hurting me a bit. I am a well man in every way and feel as strong and healthy as I ever did in my life."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

ADAM SPRUNG FIRST JOKE

Asked Eve if She Expected an Ichthyosaurus, When She Objected to Spider on Rose.

We believe that in the Garden of Eden, Adam gave Eve a rose in exchange for a kiss. And she shuddered and said, "Eigh! There's a spider on the rose!" and he answered, "Well, what do you expect for one stingy little kiss—an ichthyosaurus?"

We believe that to be the oldest joke in the world—older than the mother-in-law, or any that are supposed to be included in the Original Seven. In paring forms one finds it in the Talmud, in Plautus, in Aesop, in Babelius, in Joe Miller, in all the almanacs and comic papers.

When we were a boy, it was told in a minstrel show, thus: A man buys a suit of clothes at a second-hand store. He comes back and complains that the suit is inhabited by unpleasant insects. And the dealer says, "Well, what do you expect for \$3—humming birds?"

Taudvill knows it in this form: Tenant—"Look here, you'll have to make some repairs in this house. The cellar is full of water." Landlord—"Well, what do you expect for \$15 a month—champer?"

And just last week we ran across our old friend again in a weekly comic paper. This time a passenger on a street car calls down the conductor for not calling the names of the streets distinctly. And the conductor replies, "Well, what do you expect for \$14 a week—a tenor solo?"

Lastly, a few days ago, we ran a version of the old thing in this column. We cut its hair, trimmed its whiskers, and fitted it with a new suit, but we could not disguise it completely. When you run across it in any of its costumes, send us a clipping, will you? We are making a collection of that joke.

Quite Sufficient.

The Amateur Gardener—"What do you consider is best for cabbage worms?"

"The Market Gardener—I never studied their diet closely, but mine seem to thrive on cabbage."

The worst of a grass widow is that she is apt to make hay of her reputation.

People eat Grape-Nuts because they like it and they know it's good for them



THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

A Mystery Story

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"He's single and very attractive. The entire village is trying to marry him. There is talk of the doctor's daughter, a common little thing."

When she had gone, Elinor, a little sad and dizzy, went out to the terrace. She realized that the barrier between Ward and herself was not only at his faith against her unbelief. There was the insurmountable gulf between his world and her world. She did not fit into his life. Into his arm, perhaps; into his life—never.

Walter would try to get the money. She must get word to him somehow, for if the Bryant pearl was recovered and Boroday given his freedom, money would not be an immediate necessity.

She paced the terrace and tried to think it out. For Talbot to go back to the city, an hour for the delivery of the special delivery, another hour. Then the police would have to come out by train or motor. With the best of luck it would take an hour before the pearl could be recovered.

There were a dozen possibilities; the chief might be out of town; the pearl might be recovered from the box without his assistance. In that case he would not hold to his agreement with Boroday.

She tried to head Walter off, but she could not locate him. At none of his various haunts could she find him; therefore he was not at the Dagby; at the taxicab office he was said to be laid off for the day. As the white clouds of the afternoon turned to flame in the sunset, Elinor's face grew set and hard.

"I'm not blind. I'll get him for this!"

That was what he had said. He would go after the man that night, and there was murder in his heart.

Old Henriette, watching Elinor's set face, grew fretful. She squeaked if a door slammed; brought food that Elinor could not eat; and finally, when a crisis, tried stealthily by telephone to locate Talbot or Lethbridge and failed.

"You'd better eat a bite or two," she entreated.

Elinor's nerves, too, were on edge. "I don't want it," she said.

"Just a little soup!"

"If you bring that tray here again I shall throw it out of the window!"

Henriette was cheered. Elinor, whitepelted and speechless, was alarming. Elinor in one of her rare moods was serious.

By seven o'clock Elinor knew what she must do; go to Ward, tell him what she feared, and how she knew. She was not craven, but her very soul was sick. She sought about for some way to escape the door of the night, and finally she struck on one. On plain note paper she scrawled a little note in a feigned hand:

"An attempt will be made tonight to secure the pearl by the use of this service. Be advised and give it to someone else to keep overnight."

But she realized before she had finished it the uselessness of such an attempt. Ward would not transfer a danger.

The night had fallen. A line of cars from the country club was carrying town people and villagers home to the safe domains of the best houses. Groups of girls and men in summer garb, chatting gaily, passed under the wall at her garden. Down in the valley straggling lines of evening churchgoers moved decorously toward the churches. A ragged child stood in the road below her garden and wept. Elinor ran down to him, and took him up in her arms. When she had soothed him she felt quieter. She went into the house and put on her hat. There was no message from Talbot, no word of Huff.

Evening service was over when she reached Saint Jude's. The last night had gone, and Ward was not in sight. She avoided the street lights. She felt quite sure that Walter was in the vicinity, his keen eyes missing nothing.

He had put his hand on her before she knew he was near.

"Worshipping again?" he jeered.

"I have not been in the church."

"Just let me see what you are up to. I have been alone this evening. When you did not come, I was wondering."

He swung her around.

"You're looking for me?"

"I thought you might be here. You said last night—"

The memory of the night before struck him. He released her wrist.

"Walter, I am afraid I tried to make you understand last night, but you wouldn't listen. If we're roused, he might be dangerous. Don't take chances; don't think, because he is a churchman."

She was talking against time. She had her plan now.

"I can take care of myself," said Huff suddenly. But he kept his place near her as she started back. His solitude was for him then. She stared, after all. But it wouldn't do to ascend too much. Elinor had treated

him with a high hand. His very pulse ached with her nearness, but he did not touch her.

He left her without even a hand-clasp.

"You might wish me luck."

"I wish you safety," she replied. He stood down in the road, and watched her shadowy figure threading its way along the garden paths. He had a wild impulse to run after her, to kneel in the earth at her feet and cry out for her old tenderness, for her wistful caresses. Then, into his suspicious young heart crept the vision of Elinor's face when he had planned his new coup.

"I shall warn him," she had said.

Huff's mouth was hard as he turned and walked down the hill.

CHAPTER X

Late and through her garden Elinor walked quietly until she was safe from surveillance. Then she ran swiftly, ruthlessly across the flower beds, through the roses. The terrace was lighted. She avoided it, making a detour that led by a side entrance into old Hilary's library. For obvious reasons, old Hilary's private telephone was in a soundproof closet.

Before Walter had taken a hundred watery paces down the road she had Ward at the other end of the line.

What with runnings and terror, she could hardly speak. Once, long ago, she had heard a discussion between Boroday and her father about the use of the telephone. Its substance was that when the transmitter is held to the chest a clear message may be sent, but with the effect of distance. She held the transmitter to her breast then, and it seemed to her that Ward must hear the throbbing of her heart.

"Hello, hello!" came his quick response.

No need to ask who it was. She knew every inflection of his voice.

"This is a fright," Elinor panted. "I want to tell you something."

"Yes? Very incisive now."

"Tonight—very soon—an attempt—"

She stopped. What was she doing? She, her father's daughter, the head of the band! By warning Ward she

might be sending Walter to his death. A vision of old Hilary, gray-headed, head-eyes at her city telephone flashed into her mind; old Hilary, whose religion had been of keeping the faith, not with his God, but with his men.

"Who are you?" The impatient voice was saying in her ears. "Are you sure you want me? This is Ward, of Saint Jude's."

Elinor quietly hung up the telephone transmitter, and stood in the darkness, her hands to her throat.

Old Henriette, ever watchful, came into the library beyond. Elinor could hear her wandering about, knew the moment when she discovered her wrap on a chair, heard her plaintive voice speaking through a window to the empty terrace.

"Miss Elinor," she called. "Miss Elinor!"

Elinor let her go. When her snuff-footsteps had died away, Elinor took the receiver down again, and called the assistant in the house. But this time she spoke directly into the transmitter.

"This is Elinor Kingston, Mr. Ward. I wonder if you are very tired tonight?"

"I'm tired? I'm never tired."

"Because I am thinking of asking you to come up. I—there are some things I want to talk about, questions that are troubling me. I know it is late, but—"

"I saw you at the early service. Of course I'll come up."

He had seen her then.

"I'll do my best," he was saying. "Of course, you know I may disappoint you. These questions, that come from within, must be answered in the same way. But I'm coming at once!"

Elinor's battle was only half fought, but she had a great sense of relief. Let him meet Walter on the way. So much the better. Let Huff know that

Ward was out, and the offering presumably unguarded. He might hate the man, but no hope of a running fight with him would deter him from his main object, the money.

To save Ward, she was willing, even anxious, to let Walter succeed.

Women sometimes meet large crises with small vanity. But Elinor had no vanity. Without so much as a glance at the mirror she went out into the garden to listen for Ward's step on the road. She knew his walk already; the forceful, certain step of an eager and purposeful man.

The illuminated dial on the steeple of the Baptist church showed something after ten when Ward finally came up the hill. The relief of seeing him unharmed sent Elinor down the terrace steps with both hands out. Before he could take them, Ward was obliged to stoop and deposit on the ground at her feet a small box that he carried.

"The morning collection," he said smiling, and took her hands in his.

Her quick alarm showed in her face. But you are reckless! To go about with so much money—

Ward was following her up the steps.

"I dare say it is safer with me than any place else in the world. Did any one ever hear of an assistant rector going about with a fortune in his hand?"

He followed her into the library and placed the box on the great table where old Hilary had been wont to divide the annual earnings of the band. Ward pointed to it with his humorous smile.

"Would anyone suspect," he said, "that in that box there is a stone parish house, a new church organ, and a children's playground?"

Then, glancing at her with keen eyes, he was struck by her pallor.

"You go ask me if I am tired!" he cried. "Why, you poor child, it is you who are worn out. Wouldn't it be better to have me come tomorrow and go over the things you—speak about?"

"I think we had better talk about them now," said Elinor, desperately calm.

At a quarter before eleven that Sunday night, old Henriette, bent on her evening task of sending Elinor to bed, wandered into the library. She found Ward, his earnest face glowing, expounding the tenets of his faith from the edge of his chair; and Elinor lying back with her arms crossed, watching the clock on the mantle.

Old Henriette, astounded, withdrew, not to sleep, but with the watchful alertness of old age, to wander up and down the garden path until such time as Elinor's visitor might leave.

Ward suddenly realized that he was making small headway. When at last he caught Elinor's eyes on the clock he rushed at her.

"I've done it all very badly," he said. "I seem to wander all about and not get anywhere. You see it's all so real to me—"

Elinor had leaned back with closed eyes.

"It is all very terrible to me," she replied. "This God of vengeance—"

"This God of tenderness and mercy," Ward interposed. "Don't you see what it all means? How terrible this life would be if this were all! Our little lives, full of jealousies and hatreds and crimes; I bringing that box over there on the table up here with me tonight, because I dare not trust it to my fellow men; I who could not sleep last night for thinking of you, who are all that is good and sweet and true, up here alone in this great house, with God knows what danger lurking about."

Elinor had reached her limit. The bond of her self-control snapped. She could not hold him much longer, and before he went he must know.

"When I sent for you," she said, "I had two reasons. I wanted to see you. Please!" As he took a step toward her, "And I wanted to tell you from something that I know of."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

College Girls Do Their "Bits"

The American flag waving over Radcliffe college proclaims the willingness of Radcliffe girls to help their country in time of need, says the Boston Advertiser. Cards indicating the capacity in which every girl is willing to serve have been filed. Many intend to work in the field, raising fruit and vegetables; some are ready for domestic service—cooking, sewing, cutting out garments and knitting; others have signified their intention of doing clerical and mechanical work. Still others have signified their readiness for service in nursing and first aid. Every girl is willing to do her part.

At the College Exercises.

"Who is that quiet-looking fellow who these nobody seems to be so doing?"

"I forget his name; he's won several scholarships, I believe."

"And who is the one they seem to be going crazy about?"

"That's Jabbs; why, everybody knows him—he's the football champion."

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