

SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found
Relief and Health in Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound

Orange, Cal.—"I always feel very grateful to you, as some twenty years ago three doctors said I had to have a serious operation. I had a tumor, and ulcers which would gather and break out, and I was so badly that I could hardly sit down at times, and it seemed as if I suffered everything that a woman could suffer. I was cured and saved from the operation. I have told women of your wonderful medicine without number, and I am willing that you should use these facts and my name if you like. I also used your Compound during the change, and I can do all my own work, and the heavy part, and can walk miles every day as I help my husband in the office."

Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South Orange St., Orange, California.

It is quite true that such troubles as Mrs. Meyer had may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource. On the other hand, a great many women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

PALMER'S LOTION SOAP
CONTAINS THE
WONDERFUL
PALMER'S LOTION
AND I USE IT.
ALL DRUGGISTS.
SOLON PALMER
NEW YORK

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REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES
AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION
EYES HURT?
This is the only eye medicine that cures itching, burning, watering, and all other eye troubles. It is the only eye medicine that cures itching, burning, watering, and all other eye troubles. It is the only eye medicine that cures itching, burning, watering, and all other eye troubles.

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FOR COUGHS & COLDS
This is the only cough medicine that cures coughs and colds. It is the only cough medicine that cures coughs and colds. It is the only cough medicine that cures coughs and colds.

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Wayne, Mich.—"Before my marriage I suffered with functional disturbances. I became nervous and run down. I was advised to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it was this medicine that regulated me and put an end to my suffering. My nerves and general health were greatly improved from that time on. I certainly do praise Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for it is a splendid medicine for young girls and women who are ailing."

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Sole 25c, Cuticura 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 51-1921

The ORIOLE

By
Booth
Tarkington

THE POEM.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press, and equipped, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Hingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rootter, about the same age, begins the publication of a cultivated newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's main cousin, Florence, a student at a boarding school, of any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and ardent feelings desire to "base," 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 strictly commercial basis, and in advance. Thereupon she appoints a publicity committee of one.

PART I—Continued.

Noble looked puzzled. "Surprising to see me?" he said vaguely. "I haven't been away anywhere in particular, Florence." Then, at a thought, he brightened hopefully. "I'm glad to see you, Florence. Do you know if any of your family or relatives have heard when your Aunt Julia is coming home?"

"Aunt Julia? Why, she's out of town," said Florence. "She's visiting different people she used to know when she was away at school."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Dill returned. "She's been gone six weeks."

"Oh, I don't believe it's that long," Florence said casually, then, with more earnestness: "Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you something; it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, but—"

"Yes, she has," Noble interrupted, though not sensible that his remark was an interruption, for he had been unaware of Florence's voice in action after the word "long." "Oh, yes, she has," he said. "It was six weeks, day-before-yesterday afternoon, I saw your father deliver the same lecture and he said he didn't know that any of the family had heard just when she was coming home. I thought maybe some of your relatives had a letter from her by this afternoon's mail."

"I guess not," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, there was a question I thought I'd ask you—it's kind of a funny question for me to—"

"Are you sure nobody's heard from your Aunt Julia today?" Noble insisted.

"I guess they haven't," Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you—"

"It's strange," he murmured. "I don't see how people can be so stupid that long. I should think they'd get anxious about what might happen at home."

"Oh, grandpa's all right; he says he kind of likes to have the house nice and quiet to himself," said Florence. "Aunt Julia enjoys visiting. Florence assured him: 'Aunt Fanny saw a newspaper from one of the places where Aunt Julia's visiting her school room-mate, that had her picture in it and called her "the famous Northern Beauty." It was down South somewhere. Well, Mr. Dill, I was just saying I believed I'd ask you—"

But a sectional rancor seemed to affect the young man all at once. "Oh, yes," he heard about "that," he said. "Your Aunt Fanny lent my mother the newspaper. Those people in that part of the country—well—He paused, remembering that it was only Florence he addressed, and he withheld further utterance his opinion that the Civil war ought to be fought all over again. "Your father said your grandfather hadn't heard from her for several days, and even then she hadn't said when she was coming home."

"No, I expect she didn't," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you something—it's kind of a queer kind of question for me to ask, I guess—"

she paused. However, he did not interrupt her, seeming preoccupied with gloom; whereupon Florence permitted herself a deprecatory laugh and continued: "It might be you'd answer yes, or it might be you'd answer no; but anyway I was going to ask you a kind of a funny question for me to ask. I expect—but do you like poetry?"

"What?"

"Well, as things have turned out lately I guess it's kind of a funny question, Mr. Dill; but do you like poetry?"

Noble's expression took on a coldness, for the word brought to his mind a thought of Newland Saunders. This was a poet of Noble's age, who wrote verses of Julia; that too-lovely, absent aunt of Florence's. "Do I like poetry?" said Noble. "No, I don't."

Florence was momentarily discouraged but at her own thought she possessed an invaluable faculty which they lose later in life; and it is a pity they do lose it. At thirteen—especially the earlier months of thirteen—they are still able to set aside all dislikes from their minds about any facts, no matter how audibly those facts have asked for recognition. Children superbly allow themselves to become deaf, so to speak, to undesirable circumstances; most frequently, of course, to undesirable circumstances in the way of parental direction; so

that fathers, mothers, nurses, or governesses, not comprehending that this mental-deafness is for the time being entirely, genuine, are liable to become bossed both of throat and temper. Thirteen is an age when the fading of this gift of childhood—begins to impair its helpfulness, under the mistaken stress of discipline; but Florence retained something of it. In a moment or two Noble Dill's disaffection toward poetry was altogether as if it did not exist.

She coughed, inclined her head a little to one side, in her mother's manner of politeness to callers, and, repeating her deprecatory laugh, remarked, "Well, of course it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, of course."

"What is, Florence?" Noble inquired absently.

"Well—what I was saying was that 'course it's sort of queer me askin' if you liked poetry, of course, on account of my writing poetry the way I do now."

She looked up at him with a bright readiness to respond modestly to whatever exclamation his wonder should dictate; but Noble's attention had straggled again. He failed to comprehend what she had set before him.

"Has she written your mother lately?" he asked.

Florence's expression denoted a slight confusion slightly disturbed. "No," she said. "It's gone to be printed in the North End Daily Oriole."

"What?"

"My poem. It's about a vast area—anyway that's pretty the best thing I can do. I guess—and they're going to have it tomorrow, or else they'll have to settle with me; that's one thing certain! I'll bring one over to your house and leave it at the door for you, Mr. Dill."

"Noble had but a confused notion of what she thus generally promised. However, he said, "Thank you," and nodded vaguely.

"Of course, I don't know as it's so awful good," Florence admitted insincerely. "The family all seem to think



Noble Looked Puzzled. "Surprising to see me?" he said vaguely.

"It's something pretty much; but I don't know if it is or not. Really, I don't!"

"No," said Noble, still confused. "I suppose not."

"I'm half way through another one; I think myself it's a good deal better. I don't go as fast with it as I did with the other one, and I expect it'll be quite a ways ahead of this one." She again employed the deprecatory little laugh. "I don't know how I do it, myself. The family all think it's sort of funny; I don't know how I do it myself; but that's the way it is. They all say if they could do it they're sure they'd know how they'd do it; but I guess they're wrong. I presume if you can do it, why it just comes to you? Don't you presume that's the way it is, Mr. Dill?"

"I—guess so." They had reached his gate, and he stopped. "You're sure none of your family have heard anything today?" he asked anxiously.

"From Aunt Julia? I don't think they have."

He sighed, and opened the gate. "Well, good evening, Florence."

"Good evening," Her eyes fell, and he watched as she passed within the enclosure; then she turned and walked quickly toward her own home; but at the corner of the next fence she called over her shoulder, "I'll have it to your mother for you, if you're not home when I bring it."

"What?" he shouted, from the vicinity of his front door.

"I'll leave it with your mother. I'll leave it with your mother. I'll leave it with your mother."

His mother handed him a copy of the first issue of the North End Daily Oriole, the next day when he came home to lunch. He read it without edification; there was nothing about Julia in it.

THE North End daily Oriole
Atwater & Rootter, Owners & Proprietors

SUBSCRIBE NOW! 6 Cents Per Year.
Subscriptions should be brought to the East entrance of Atwater & Rootter Newspaper Building every afternoon 4:30 to 6:30 cents.

NEWS OF THE CITY

"The Candidate" for mayor at the election are Mr. N. Gordon and John T. Milo. The contest is very great between these candidates.

"Holcomb's children get in Mr. Joseph Atwater's yard a god deal lately. He says chickens are out of place in a city of this size."

"Minnie the cook of Mr. F. L. Smith's residence goes downtown every Thursday about three her regular day for it."

"A new ditch is being dug across the Mr. Henry D. Vance backyard. It's about dug half nobody is working there now. Patty Fairchild received the highest mark in declamation of the 7A at Summer School last Friday."

"Balf's grocery wagon ran over a cat of the Mr. Rayford family. Geo. the driver of the wagon stated he had not but was willing to take it away and bury it somewhere. Geo. stated regret and claimed nothing but an accident which could not be helped and not his team that did the damage."

"Miss Colfield teacher of the 7 A at Summer School was reported on the sick list. We hope she will soon be well."

"There were several deaths in the city this week."

"MR. Fairchild father of Patty Fairchild was on the sick list several days and did not go to his office but is out now."

"Ben Kruso the chauffeur of the Mr. R. G. Atwater family washes their car on Monday. In using the hose he turned water over the fence accidentally and hit Leonie the was Woman in back of Miss Bruffs who called him some low names. Ben told her if she had been a man he would strike her out soon the disturbance was at an end. There is a good deal more of other news which will be printed in our next No."

Advertisements & Poems
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THE ORGANSTEP
By Florence Atwater.

The Organstep was eaten at his organ in a in some beautiful words of vague and bristled but he was a great organist and always

When the wind is weary
And the mind is dreary
I would like to be an organist seated all day at

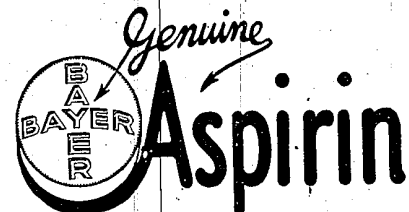
Whether my G-string might be Fairchild or Mor
I would play music like a vast amen
The way it sounds in a church of new
Subscribe NOW 5 Cents Adv. & Poetry 20 cents up. Atwater & Rootter Newspaper Building 30 cents per year.

Such, as is sometimes said, was the first issue, complete, of the North End Daily Oriole. Florence was not immediately critical of some distortions of meaning in the body of her poem, due partly to Atwater & Rootter's natural lack of experience in a new and exacting trade; partly to their enviable unconsciousness of any necessity for proofreading; and, somewhat to their haste in getting it rough the final, and most interesting stage of their undertaking, Florence's poem being, in fact, so far as the printers were concerned, mere back work and anti-climax.

And as they later declared, under fire, nobody that could make out more than three words in five of her old handwriting was welcome to do it. Besides, what did it matter if a little bit was left out at the end of one or two of the lines? They couldn't be expected to run the lines out over their margin, could they? And they never knew anything crazier than minkin', all this fuss because: What if some of it wasn't printed just exactly right, who in the world was going to notice it, and what was the difference of just a few words different. In her old poem, anyhow?

"We knew you wouldn't be satisfied anyway, Florence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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CALL FOR MORE CHICKENS NOT MOVED BY LOVE ALONE
Poultry Supply Seemingly Has Not Kept Pace With Human Population in This Country.

Great. Botanist Had Another and Deeper Reason for His Seeming Act of Unselfishness.

City folks who move to the country—and most of them want to, but won't admit it—always want to keep chickens. It seems easy, it promises to be profitable, and anyhow there is something fascinating in the idea of owning as to men.

Under the circumstances, then, the United States chicken census of last year, report of which is just available, possesses sentiment as well as business interest.

There were 350,537,533 chickens on farms in the United States on January 1, 1920, as against 280,340,457 chickens three months old or more April 15, 1910. Inasmuch as many chickens are slaughtered and marketed each year between January 1 and April 15, comparison is difficult. The actual increase, if there was any, probably corresponds with that in egg production—5.2 per cent. In actuality the growth of fowl population does not keep pace with that of human beings. No wonder eggs and fried chicken cost so high.

Town leads with 27,740,510, with Illinois, Missouri, Ohio and Texas not far behind.—Bennett Journal.

A wise person likes factory when he realizes that it does entirely from good will.

No man should try to run an automobile unless he has horse sense.

The wife of the great botanist heaped at him across the supper table. "But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, Aristotle, are they?"

"Yes, Mabel," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you with my own hands."

She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear, unselfish husband he was! In five minutes she had demolished the lot.

At breakfast the next morning he greeted her anxiously. "Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly," she smiled. "Not sick at all—no pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not, Aristotle," she replied.

"Hurrah!" he then exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not Vain.
"How long have you been indisposed, my poor fellow?" asked a kind-hearted visitor at a local hospital of a big negro who was strapped up in bed with an injured back.

"Dis'n't no pose 'tall, miss," answered the patient in tones of disgust. "Dis an merely de careless manner in which dem forgetful doctors went away and left me yessidday."

Suppose you could make a wish at the breakfast table and finally have the wish come true. Would you say,

"I want this to be a good day," or—"I am willing for this day to drag along?"

If you keep on wishing your days with the food you eat, finally the wish is likely to come true.

Grape-Nuts helps your wish for a good day. Nothing miraculous; just the natural result from right food with the right taste.

There is a charm of flavor and crispness in Grape-Nuts that is like the smile of a good friend at the breakfast table—

And Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk (fresh or tinned), is fully nourishing—feeding the tissues and glands, the bone and blood, with just those elements which Nature requires—building strength without any "heaviness."

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