

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

It is a scientific compound of vegetable herbs. It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses. It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmier's Swamp-Root.

Called to Order. Father (sternly, at breakfast the next morning): "You are not under the impression that you are living in Norway, are you?"

No interference. "Didn't you see Jimmy?" demanded Mrs. Jones. "I did," said Mr. Jones. "He was playing ball, and when I saw him he was on second base."

Blessings of Obscurity. "Doesn't it make you discontented to read about movie stars getting \$2,000 a week?" "Sometimes it does," said the citizen whose income is \$3,000 a year, "but, on the other hand, it is a lot of satisfaction for me to know that I don't get any."

Bring up the Firing Squad. "I see here that this country has shipped fifty thousand tons of barbed wire to Russia," said the boob, as he looked up from his newspaper. "Wonder what that's for?"

Foul Play. The Scottish bowling team is accompanied by a band of pipers which plays prior to every important match. The general opinion is that this gives the team a very unfair advantage to the Northerners, who are used to it—The Passing Show (London).

The Beginning of a New Life

Bulgaria and Oriental Europe Produce Hardy Race of People.

Do you want to know from 10 to 30 years younger?

Bulgarian Blood Tea, used for centuries by the natives of Oriental Europe, is the most remarkable medicine for the human family known in the world today. Composed of rare herbs, roots, barks, flowers, leaves and fruits, just brewed by itself and taken once or twice a week restores nature to vitality, purity and enrich the blood.

It will be the beginning of a new life for you. Headache, biliousness, constipation, poor stomach, gas around the middle, begin to disappear. Stomach troubles, blotches and muddy complexion will clear up when your blood is purified. Bulgarian Blood Tea is guaranteed to contain just pure herbs of marvelous nature and curative power gathered from the rich soils of Europe, Asia and America. All drug stores now keep Bulgarian Blood Tea in stock. Never in the history of medicine has there been discovered a remedy that has given such beneficial results in such a large number of ailments. Distributors of Bulgarian Blood Tea are authorized to return the full purchase price if it does not materially improve your health after using three bottles. This evidence of faith in the power of Bulgarian Blood Tea is the guarantee of the Marjorie Products Co. who authorize this public announcement. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to the factory via postcard with a stamped and insured for \$1.25. Address MARVEL PRODUCTS CO., 464 Marvel Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap—Cuticura

EYES HURT?

Do you know the danger signs?

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

HINDERCOINS

The CRIOLE

PRETTY PATTY.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Hingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Root, began the same day, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss," if not finally 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 satires somewhat from the experience of the youthful publishers in the "art conservative."

PART I—Continued.

For, by the time these explanations (so to call them) took place, Florence was indeed making a fuss. Her emotions, at first, had been happily stimulated at sight of "The Oriole." At a singular tenderness had arisen in her—a tremulous sense as of something almost sacred coming at last into its own; and she had hurried to distribute, gratis, among relatives and friends, several copies of the paper, and paying for them, too (though not without injurious argument) at the rate of two cents a copy. But upon returning to her own home, she became calm enough (for a moment) to look over the paper with attention to details. She returned hastily to the newspaper building, but would have been wiser to remain away, since all subscribers had received their copies by the time she got there, and under the circumstances little reparation was practicable.

She ended her oration—or professed to end it—by declaring that she would never have another poem in their little newspaper as long as she lived. Henry Root agreed heartily. "We wouldn't let another one in it. Not for fifty dollars! Just look at all the trouble we took mulling and tolling to get your poem printed as it was, and we could, so it wouldn't ruin our newspaper, and then you come over here and go on this way, and all this and that, why, I wouldn't go through it again for a hundred dollars. We're making good money anyhow, with our newspaper, Florence Atwater. You needn't think we depend on you for our living!"

"That's so," his partner declared. "We knew you wouldn't be satisfied anyway, Florence. Now, didn't we, Henry?" "I should say we did!" "Yes, sir," said Herbert. "Right when we were having the worst time trying to print it and make out some of the words, I said right then, we were just throwing away our time and money. What's the use of that? That old girl's bound to raise Cain anyhow, so what's the use wasting a whole lot of our good time and brains like this, just to suit her? Whatever we do, she's certain to come over here and insult us. Isn't that what I said, Henry?"

"Yes, it is; and I said then you were right, and you are right!" "Certainly I am," said Herbert. "Didn't I tell you she was just the way some of the family have been? A good many of 'em say she'd find fault with the undertaker at her own funeral. That's just exactly what I said!"

"Oh, you did!" Florence bellowed a polite protest. "How very crude of you!" Then, perhaps it'll try to be a gentleman enough, for one simple moment to allow me to tell you my last remarks on this subject, I've said enough!" "Oh, have you?" Herbert interrupted with violent sarcasm. "Oh, no! Say not so! Florence, say not so!" "Say not so!" Florence said. "I'll tell you one thing!" his lady cousin cried, thoroughly infuriated. "I wish to make just one last simple remark that I would care to say myself with in your respects, Mister Herbert Hingsworth Atwater and Mister Henry Root!"

"Oh, say not so, Florence!" they both retorted. "Say not so! Say not so!" "I'll just simply state the simple truth," Florence announced. "In the first place you're going to live to see the day when you'll come and beg me on your bent knees to have me beg poems or anything I want to on your newspaper, but I'll just laugh at you!" "Indeed!" they said. "So, you come begging around me, do you?" He said, "I'll say—I guess it's a little too late for that! Why I wouldn't—"

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Her conclusion was drowned out. "Oh, Florence, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!" The hateful entry sat nestled in her respectful ears that night, as she felt asleep; and she passed into the beginnings of a dream with her lips slightly dimpling the surface of her pillow in belated reprieve. And upon waking, though it was Sunday, the first words, half slumbrous in the silence of the morning, were, "Vile things!" Her faculties became more alert, during the preparation of a toilet which was to serve not only for breakfast, but with the addition of a poem she had written, accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem satires somewhat from the experience of the youthful publishers in the "art conservative."

But in all of these pictures, where in pre-eminently she seemed the sort of deathly powerful Queen of Poetry, the postures assumed by the figures of Messrs. Atwater and Root (both in an extremity of rage) were miserably suppliant. So she soothed herself a little—but not long. Herbert in the next pew in church, and Henry in the next beyond that, were perfect composites in smugness. They were cold, contented, aristocratic; and had an imperturbable understanding how to look over the paper with attention to details. She returned hastily to the newspaper building, but would have been wiser to remain away, since all subscribers had received their copies by the time she got there, and under the circumstances little reparation was practicable.

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Booth Tarkington

"Go on," Florence urged. "Patty, you got to."

"Well, when I got to," said Patty. "Don't you think your poem Herbert and Henry Root have got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?"

"Who?" Florence said, staggered. "I do," Patty said. "Her charming voice. I think Herbert and Henry's got the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"I think," said Florence, "Their eyes are just horrible."

"Herbert's eyes," continued Florence, "are a very worst looking pair of eyes I ever saw, and that nasty little Henry Root's eyes—"

But Patty suddenly became edgily. She hurried away to the fence. "Come over here, Florence," she said. "Let's go over to the other side of the yard and talk."

And it was time for her to take some such action. For she wished to say to her father, "I should like to see you and Herbert, seated quite together upon a box (to the other side of the fence) with their backs to the knot-hole, were beginning a show of signs of nervous disturbance, already with unexpected inflexibilities, their complexions had grown even pinker upon Florence's open-hearted expressions of opinion. Slowly they turned their heads to look sternly at the fence upon the other side of which stood the maligner of their eyes. Not that they cared what that old girl thought—but she oughtn't to be allowed to go around talking like this and perhaps prejudicing everybody that had a word to say for them."

"Come in over here, Florence," called Patty huskily, from the other side of the yard. "Let's talk over here."

Florence was puzzled, but consented. "What you want to talk over here for?" she asked. "Oh, I don't know," said Patty. "Let's go to it in the front yard."

NEWTON'S THEORY WRONG

Idea Held for More Than Two Hundred Years is Vigorously Combated as Erroneous.

Here is a test for one kind of intellectuality. From July 1 to January 1 the earth falls about 3,000,000 miles toward the sun to perihelion; then, from January 1 to July 1 this weight of heavy earth moves upward, from the sun the 3,000,000 miles to the starting point again. This movement toward and from the sun takes place every year.

This is the third century that man has been taught by Sir Isaac Newton's theory to believe that the sun attracts the earth so fast in this fall of 3,000,000 miles from July 1 to January 1 as to cause this great weight to rush past the sun at perihelion and to ride up from the sun 3,000,000 miles from January 1 to July 1, to the starting point again.

Any man who believes this idea has missed the truth, and as long as he believes it he never can be able to understand the simple truth that the plus electricity, magnetism and the cause of all changes of weather.

The idea of the sun's attraction pulling the earth fast enough to cause it to go past the sun and move upward from the sun to the original height from which it started is an ignorant idea akin to those ideas of misguided people who think with perpetual motion machinery. It is a blight on intellectuality.

The effect of this erroneous idea, whose authorship was scrambled over by Hooke and Newton—which has been exploited over 200 years, has been to retard the progress of all physical sciences because the explanation of the cause of the earth's movements is the fundamental principle upon which all physical sciences depend. Here is a sample of the public opinion of a couple of centuries:

Important French Discovery. It has been claimed that the beauty of old oil paintings is enhanced by the darkening of the pigments which occurs in the course of centuries. This claim has been contested, but the question has never been settled. A discovery by the French scientist, M. Pierre Lambert, has made it possible to fix paintings as they originally appeared, by means of painted light rays.

Illustrated article in the Popular Mechanics Magazine. An intense light from an arc or incandescent lamp of low voltage is focused in a lantern provided with a condenser, followed by a lens which makes the rays parallel during their passage through the polarizing apparatus, a Nicol prism. A diverging lens then enlarges the pencil of luminous rays and lights up the entire picture, the plane of which is almost normal to the axis. The observer, looking through the Nicol prism, is able to find a position in which the superficial reflections are completely suppressed. Old full pictures become perfectly distinct, colors more intense and the details otherwise almost invisible assume the value they had when originally painted.

Doubtful. "Maud appears to be well preserved." "Oh, yes; but I hardly think she would stand a chemical analysis." Boston Transcript.

Not Normal. Bernard—Been fishing? Peters—Yes. "Caught anything?" "No; even the fish refuse to return to their former bait."—London Answers.

Slumped. Midge—He used to tell her that the world was his if he'd only tried. Marjorie—Now they're married he can't even get an apartment—New York Sun.

MOTHER! MOVE

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG-SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "Fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

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.

JILT NOT ALWAYS A FLIRT

In Fact, Writer Asserts, Few of Them Deserve the Condemnation That They Receive.

The psychologist, or mind doctor, sees love as a disease of the intellect. Not a disease in the physical destroying sense, but an obsession or overcrowding of ideas and emotions in one particular direction.

Most persons think that the "jilt" is heartless flirt, as a fact, among many lovers who suddenly put a full stop to their love affairs, there are few of the callous type.

As a rule, psycho-analysis says, the "jilt" is often at a loss to know why he or she has ended without a word of warning the sweet association with another, which should have reached its perfection in marriage.

All the psycho-analyst can do is to explain to these lovers why they acted as they did, and remove from their harassed minds the idea that they are fit only for unattractive aims.

When a person falls in love certain ideas and emotions form in the brain. These emotions all center round the subject of attraction. As the love intensifies these ideas become "masses" as it were; they grow in strength, very often subduing whole parts of the lover's personality and obliterating even deeply rooted principles. At certain stages of his passion he is certainly not himself.

The sudden reversion which completely wipes out the state of love and causes him to jilt his sweetheart may come from a variety of causes. What sometimes happens is similar to what occurs when a seasoned tourist suddenly takes to religion, or a man of fixed principles unaccountably changes his politics.

Some seemingly trivial incident sends its message to the deepest recesses of the mind and stirs into violent activity his store of hidden but sleepless memories. To put it in another way, the mental "haze" of love is dispelled and the mind is deluged with sense. The love that grows upon the rock of quiet friendship and mutual appreciation has nothing to fear.—Exchange.

Floating Palace. The most extravagantly apologetic yacht, writes a yachting correspondent, I ever sailed in was the wooded Eleanor, owned by a Mr. Slater. She cost over \$2,000,000, and a description would baffle a far abler pen than mine. I shall never forget my sensations the first time I peered into the kitchen. The walls and the floors, being all silver-plated, made me think for the moment that I was on board the yacht Monte Cristo. The bathroom for visitors was of real silver; that fitted in the servants' quarters electro-plated. The vessel was just like a hotel; there was a steam laundry, a machine for the manufacture of ice, a slaughterhouse and a billiard room so hung as to be quite steady unless there was a heavy sea on. The yacht actually boasted a smoking room, a studio, a library and a large nursery.—Exchange.

Three to One. Knick, Jr.—What is the rule of three? Knick, Sr.—Wife, daughter and mother-in-law.—New York Sun.

Capital Punishment. "How do you spell income tax?" "I don't know, but it is pronounced with a short 'i'."—Wayside Tales.

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Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earsache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocristalline of Salicylic Acid.