for that COUGH! KEMP'S BALSAM
Pleasant to take Children like it.

More Absorbing.

"I had a long talk with Cousin Jurd Lopp in town today," he related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"How did he say his folks was?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

"I plumb forgot to ask him. You see, he was telling me all about a sick dog he's got."—Kansas City Star.

MOTHER! OPEN CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Your little one will love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even if constipated, bilious, irritable, feverish, or full of cold. A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. 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.

Taken Literally.

She—There isn't a single man that I really care for.

He—That's all right. I'm married. Shall we sit down?—The Argonaut.

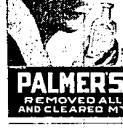
Some of the most successful magazine writers devote their talent to the advertising pages.

Beauty and Health Go Hand in Hand

IF YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER READ THIS ADVICE.

Lansing, Mich.—"When my daughter was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, she caught a severe cold which caused trouble for a whole year. She was under a doctor's care all that time but only seemed to be drifting away from us. One of my neighbors advised me to give her Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the first bottle relieved her and started her on the road to recovery. Five bottles restored her to perfect health, which she still enjoys, never having the slightest sign of inward trouble since. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is worthy of the highest praise I can give it." Mrs. Mary Leary, 742 Center St.

A beautiful woman is always a well woman. Get this Prescription of Dr. Pierce's in liquid or tablets and see how quickly you will have sparkling eyes, a clear skin and vim, vigor, vitality.



PALMER'S LOTION SOAP
CONTAINS THE WONDERFUL PALMER'S LOTION AND I USE IT.
ALL DRUGGISTS.
GUARANTEED BY SOLON PALMER NEW YORK
PALMER'S LOTION
REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

YOU CAN'T CUT OUT
A Bog Spavin or Thoroughpin but you can clean them off promptly with
ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. $2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write.
Book 4 A free.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE

Florida 20-acre producing farm; immediate occupancy; good land, high state cultivation; newly fenced; new five room cottage, well, barn; fronting 60 foot highway in highly developed modern farming community; near large canning factory, syrup factory and dairy; within three-quarters mile railroad loading station. Good Irish potato land; planted in January under fair conditions. Irish potatoes should yield 50 barrels per acre ready for market April and May and present indications should bring $8.00 or more per barrel. Irish potatoes should be planted, cultivated, harvested and marketed within cost of $125.00 or less per acre. Excellent marketing facilities; abundance good farm labor. Natural drainage—no swamps or overflows; one or more additional money crops may be produced on same land after potatoes. This fine farm may be yours for cash payment of $1,200.00 and balance within five years. No better investment anywhere. Think! Investigate. Act.

Florida Farms and Industries Co.
Dept. "P" Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Mitchell Eye Salve FOR SORE EYES
Great relief and solid eye comfort for those afflicted with weak, sore eyes or granulated lids.
25c—At All Druggists, or by mail from
HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.
147 Waverly Place, N.Y.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 2-1922.

The ORIOLE

By Booth Tarkington

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WALLIE TORBIN.

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss," 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 a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publishers in the "art preservative." Her not altogether unreasonable demand for republication of the masterpiece, with its beauty unmarred, is scorned, and the break between Miss Atwater and the publishers of the Oriole widens. The Sunday following, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Florence's openly expressed disapproval, by Herbert and Henry. Florence will not play. Patty and the visitors indulge in a series of innocent Sunday games. Among them is one called "Truth," the feature of which is a contract to write a question and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is duly carried out. Florence is told as a family secret that her beautiful aunt, Julia Atwater, has apparently become engaged to a man named Crum, altogether unknown to the Atwaters. Florence finds the notes in the "Truth" game, in which both Herbert and Henry admit that they have pretty eyes.

PART II—Continued.

—8—

As he grew older, his insatiate curiosity enabled him to expose unnumbered weaknesses, indiscretions and social misfortunes on the part of acquaintances and schoolmates; and to every exposure his noise and energy gave a hideous publicity; the more his victim sought privacy the more persistently he was sought out by Wallie, vociferous and attended by hilarious spectators. But above all other things, what most stimulated the demoniac boy to prodigies of satire was any tender episode or sympton connected with the dawn of love. Florence herself had suffered excruciatingly at intervals throughout her eleventh spring, because Wallie discovered that Georgie Beck sent her a valentine; and the humorist's many, many squealings of that valentine's affectionate quatrain finally left her unable to decide which she hated the more, Wallie or Georgie. That was the worst of Wallie: he never "let up"; and in Florence's circle there was no more sobering threat than, "I'll tell Wallie Torbin!" As for Henry Rooter and Herbert Illingworth Atwater, Jr., they would as soon have had a bear-hunter on their trail as Wallie Torbin with anything in his hands that could incriminate them in an implication of love—or an acknowledgement of their own beauty.

The fabric of civilized life is interwoven with blackmail; even some of the noblest people do favors for other people who are depended upon not to tell somebody something that the noblest people have done. Blackmail is born into us all, and our nurses teach us mere blackmail by threatening to tell our parents, if we won't do this and that—and our parents threaten to tell the doctor—and so we learn! Blackmail is part of the daily life of a child; displeased, his first resort to get his way with other children is a threat to "tell"; but by-and-by his experience discovers the mutual benefit of honor among blackmailers. Therefore, at eight it is no longer the ticket to threaten to tell the teacher; and a little later, threatening to tell any adult at all is considered something of a breakdown in morals. Notoriously, the code is more liable to infraction by people of the physically weaker sex, for the very reason, of course, that their inferiority of muscle so frequently compels such a line, if they are to have their way. But for Florence there was now no such consolation. Looking toward the demolition of Atwater & Rooter, an exposure before adults of the results of "Truth" would have been an effect of the sickliest pallor compared to what might be accomplished by a careful use of the catastrophic Wallie Torbin.

All in all, it was a great Sunday for Florence. On Sunday evening it was her privileged custom to go to the house of her fat, old great-uncle, Joseph Atwater, and remain until nine o'clock, in chatty companionship with Uncle Joseph and Aunt Carrie, his wife, and a few other relatives who were in the habit of dropping in there on Sunday evenings. In summer, lemonade and cake were frequently provided; in the autumn, one still found cake, and perhaps a pitcher of clear new cider; apples were always a certainty.

This evening was glorious; there were apples and cider and cake and walnuts, perfectly cracked, and a large open-hearted box of candy. Naturally, these being the circumstances, Herbert was among the guests; and, though rather at a disadvantage, so far as the conversation was concerned, not troubled by the handicap. The reason he was at a conversational disadvantage was closely connected with the unusual supply of refreshments. Uncle Joseph and Aunt Carrie had foreseen the coming of several more Atwaters than usual, to talk over the new affairs of their beautiful relative, Julia. Seldom have any relative's new affairs been more thoroughly talked over than were Julia's that evening, though all the time by means of various symbols, since it was thought wiser that Herbert and Florence should not yet be told of Julia's engagement, and Florence's parents were not present to confess their indiscretion. Julia was preferred to as "the traveler," and other makeshifts were employed with the most knowing caution; and all the while Florence merely ate inscrutably. The more sincere Herbert was as placid; such foods were enough for him.

"Well, all I say is, the traveler better enjoy herself on her travels," said Aunt Fanny finally, as the subject appeared to be wearing toward exhaustion. "She certainly is in for it when the voyaging is over and she arrives in the port she sailed from, and has to show her papers. I agree with the rest of you; she'll have a great deal to answer for, and most of all about the shortest one. My own opinion is that the shortest one is going to burst like a balloon."

"The shortest one," as the demure Florence had understood from the first, was her Ideal—none other than Noble Dill. Now she looked up from the stool where she sat with her back against a pilaster of the mantelpiece. "Uncle Joseph," she said—"I was just thinking. What is a person's reason?"

The fat gentleman, rosy with firelight and cider, finished his fifth glass before responding. "Well, there are

It Staggered Him. "What—What—You Mean?"

persons I never could find any reason for 'em at all. 'A person's reason!' What do you mean, 'a person's reason,' Florence?"

"I mean like when somebody says, 'They'll lose their reason,'" she explained. "Has everybody got a reason, and if they have, what is it, and how do they lose it, and what would they do then?"

"Oh, I see!" he said. "You needn't worry. I suppose since you heard it, you've been hunting all over yourself for your reason and looking to see if there was one hanging out of anybody else, somewhere. No; it's something you can't see ordinarily, Florence. Losing your reason is just another way of saying 'going crazy!'"

"Oh," she murmured, and appeared to be somewhat disturbed.

At this, Herbert thought proper to offer a witticism for the pleasure of the company.

"You know, Florence," he said, "it only means acting like you most always do." He applauded himself with a burst of changing laughter, which ranged from a bullfrog croak to a collapsing soprano; then he added: "Especially when you come around my and Henry's newspaper building! You certainly lose your reason every time you come around that ole place!"

"Well, course I hat to act like the people that's already there," Florence retorted, not sharply, but in a musing tone that should have warned him. It was not her wont to use a quiet voice for repartee. Thinking her humble, he laughed the more raucously.

"Oh, Florence!" he besought her. "Say not so! Say not so!"

"Children, children!" Uncle Joseph remonstrated.

Herbert changed his tone; he became seriously plaintive. "Well, she does act that way, Uncle Joseph! When she comes around there you'd think we were livin' a lunatic asylum the way she takes on. She hollers and bellers and squalls and squawks. The least little teeny thing she don't like about the way we run our paper, she comes flappin' over there and goes to screechin' around, you could hear her clear out at poorhouse farm!"

"Now, now, Herbert," his Aunt Fanny interposed. "Poor little Florence isn't saying anything impolite to you—not right now, at any rate. Why don't you be a little sweet to her just for once?"

Her unfortunate expression revolted all the cousinly manliness in Herbert's bosom. "'Be a little sweet to her?'" he echoed, with poignant incredulity, and then in candor made plain how poorly Aunt Fanny inspired him. "I just exactly as soon be a little sweet to an alligator," he asserted; such was his bitterness on this subject.

"Oh, oh!" said Aunt Carrie.

"I would!" Herbert insisted. "Or a mosquito. I'd rather, to either of 'em, because, anyway, they don't make so much noise. Why, you just ought to hear her," he went on, growing more and more severe. "You ought to just come around our newspaper building any afternoon you please, after school, when Henry and I are tryin' to do our work in, anyway, some peace. Why, she just squawks and squals and squ—"

"It must be terrible," Uncle Joseph interrupted. "What do you do all that for, Florence, every afternoon?"

"Just for exercise," she answered dreamily; and her acidity the more exasperated her journalist cousin.

"She does it because she thinks she ought to be running our own newspaper, my and Henry's; that's why she does it! She thinks she knows more about how to run newspapers than anybody alive. But there's one thing she's goin' to find out; and that is, she don't have anything more to do with my and Henry's newspaper. We wouldn't have another single one of her ole poems in it, no matter how much she offered to pay us! Uncle Joseph, I think you ought to tell her she's got no business around my and Henry's newspaper building."

"But, Herbert," Aunt Fanny suggested, "you might let Florence have a little share in it of some sort. Then everything would be all right."

"It would?" he demanded, his voice cracking naturally, at his age, but also under strain of the protest he wished it to express. "It would? Oh, my goodness, Aunt Fanny, I guess you'd like to see our newspaper just utterly ruined! Why, we wouldn't let that girl have any more to do with it than we would some horse!"

"Oh, oh!" both Aunt Fanny and Aunt Carrie exclaimed, shocked.

"We wouldn't," Herbert insisted. "A horse would know any amount more how to run a newspaper than she does; anyway, a horse wouldn't make so much noise around there. Soon as we got our printing press: we said right then that we made up our minds Florence Atwater wasn't ever goin' to have a single thing to do with our newspaper. If you let her have anything to do with anything she wants to run the whole thing. But she might just as well learn to stay away from our newspaper building, because after we got her out yesterday we fixed a way so's she'll never get in there again!"

Florence looked at him demurely. "Are you sure, Herbert?" she inquired.

"Just you try it!" he advised, with heartiest sarcasm; and he laughed tauntingly. "Just come around tomorrow and try it; that's all I ask!"

"I certainly intend to," she responded with dignity. "I may have a slight surprise for you."

"Oh, Florence, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

At this she looked full upon him, and already she had something in the nature of a surprise for him; for so powerful was the still balefulness of her glance he was slightly startled. "I might say not so," she said—"if I was speaking of what pretty eyes you know you have, Herbert."

It staggered him. "What—what—you mean?"

"And her really left him paralytic with terror. 'Wallie Torbin!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Told of John Burroughs.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, was not interested in nature's larger aspects. Geysers and volcanoes bored him. His one exception was the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which he called "the Divine Abyss." Despite his intentness on study when a boy, Burroughs was fond of girls and kept a systematic record of his engagements with them, writers on his life say.

Fortuitous Circumstances.

"Did you have a good time at Smith's last evening?" "Can't say that I did. Mrs. Smith is an old sweetheart of mine and I owe Mr. Smith $10."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
6 BELL-ANS Hot Water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS
25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

Making Good an Old Boast.

A process has been discovered whereby old leather can be converted into gelatin. Such transformation offers a ready way of utilizing many articles after their value to every one but the junk man appears to be gone. Since head coverings are sometimes made of leather, it would appear that at least the man confident that his candidate will win in an election may literally back up his confidence with the time-honored promise that he will eat his hat in the event that his man loses.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN
Bayer-Tablets Aspirin
WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.
Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for
Colds, Headache, Rheumatism, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Earache, Lumbago, Pain, Pain
Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE for Coughs & Colds
This syrup is different from all others. Quick relief. No opiates. 35c everywhere.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep
Mothers Rest After Cuticura
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

HELP INVALIDS TO FORGET

Presence of a Canary or Goldfish in the Sickroom Invariably Has Beneficial Effect.

Next time you sit in a room, the furnishings of which include a bowl of goldfish, consider how much time you spend watching the small fish as they swim slowly about or dart about in pursuit of each other.

Probably you will conclude you were indulging the usual tendency of the normal person to be attracted to moving objects. In sick persons and convalescents this tendency is more pronounced, and in the aged and very young it is still more so.

That psychology of this attraction was given by Dr. Edward N. Leavy, formerly veterinarian to the animals in Central park zoo. He is now connected with a Fifth avenue pet store.

"Sick persons lying in bed spend a great deal of time watching the goldfish if an aquarium is in their room," he said. "It takes their minds off their pains and aches and is very beneficial."

Canaries share with goldfish the honor of being the chief animate entertainment to the sick.—New York Sun.

One isn't troubled much by the laws against violence if he isn't troublesome.

The Wrong Foot.

From a telegram recently received by the district superintendent of an Indian railway from a Babu station master: "Coming on duty early in the morning clad in my new and white uniform I perceived a man seated on a box in a naked and aggressive manner. Taking him to be an ordinary passenger, I proceeded to slap him, whereupon he hastily arose, unlocked the said box, clad himself in a policeman's uniform he took thereout and arrested me. The shoe is thus situated on the erroneous peddle. Please arrange."—London Morning Post.

National Emblems.

The rose, England's national flower, was chosen as the country's symbol at the close of the War of the Roses. The shamrock is firmly imbedded in Irish hearts because St. Patrick used it to illustrate one of his sermons. The thistle was adopted as the national emblem of Scotland because, in the reign of Malcolm II, a moat filled with thistles saved a Scotch fortress from Danish invasion.

A Forgotten Art.

In New York's streets there may be counted hundreds of signs that read "Watchmaker." Yet perhaps less than a dozen of such concerns could make a watch.

The crooked path is longest.

You are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Why not take advantage of it?

The law is very careful in protecting the rights of a prisoner charged with a crime.

How about the Law of Common Sense and the man who has committed an error only? Isn't this a good place to use the benefit of the doubt, too?

Take your own case: If you don't know for sure whether tea or coffee is harming you, you do know that many are harmed by the drug element in tea and coffee, and that headaches, nervousness, or high blood pressure are symptoms which often tell that the drug, caffeine, is giving the nervous system too much jolt.

Probably you know, too, that some people can't drink a cup of tea or coffee at bed-time, and sleep well that night.

Where many have been harmed by tea and coffee, and you may be harmed, isn't it well to put the benefit of the doubt on your side before doubt becomes an unpleasant certainty?

There's charm without harm in Postum—a pure cereal beverage, rich in flavor, fully satisfying; the favorite table drink of thousands.

Suppose you try giving yourself this benefit today, and keep up the test for ten days; then judge the results. See if you don't feel better and work better. You can get Postum wherever good food and drink are sold or served.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum *for* Health
"There's a Reason"